CICERO's EPISTLES TO ATTICUS.

WITH

NOTES Hiſtorical, Explanatory, and Critical.

Tranſlated into *Engliſh*,

By *WILLIAM GUTHRIE*, Eſq;

VOL. II.

Quæ qui legat, non multum deſideret hiſtoriam contextam eorum temporum. Nep. Vit. Attici.

LONDON:

Printed for T. WALLER, oppoſite *Fetter-Lane*, *Fleet-Street*.

M.DCCLII.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

By WILLIAM GUTHRIE, Eſq;

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BOOK VIII.

EPIST I.

AFTER ſending off my Letter for you, I received one from *Pompey*, upon the Subject of what has been done in *Picenum*, (according to his Intelligence from *Vibullius*) and the Levies of *Domitius*, which you know of. His Hopes were not however ſo ſanguine in his Letters as thoſe of *Philotimus* were in his. I ſhould have ſent you a Copy of the (1) Letter itſelf, were not my Brother's Slave in a hurry

(1) *Orig. Ipſam tibi epiſtolam miſiſſem.* But he certainly means no more than a Copy of *Pompey*'s Letter, ſince the hurry the Slave was in, could be no Reaſon why he could not ſend him the Original.

to be gone; but I will ſend it to you To-morrow. *Pompey*, however, towards the Cloſe of his Letter, writes thus with his own Hand. "In my Opi-"nion you ought to come to *Luceria*; you can be "no where in greater Safety." Now, from this Expreſſion, I conclude, that he gives up the Towns, and the Sea Coaſt here, for loſt; nor am I at all ſurprized that the Man, who has abandoned the Head, ſhould likewiſe ſacrifice the Members, of the Empire. I immediately ſent him in anſwer an Expreſs by one of my Attendants, that I gave myſelf no concern where I could be with Safety, and that if I could ſerve either him, or my Country, I would inſtantly repair to *Luceria*; but I counſelled him, if he expected Supplies of Proviſions from the Provinces, that he ſhould ſecure the Sea Coaſt. I perceive my Advice in this goes for nothing; but as I then declared my Opinion for his keeping Poſſeſſion of *Rome*, ſo I declare it now for his not leaving *Italy*. By all Appearances, he intends to make *Luceria* the general Rendezvous of his Forces; not that he is reſolved to make good that Poſt, but that he may the more readily eſcape, if he ſhould be puſhed by *Cæſar*.

You are therefore to be the leſs ſurprized at my Backwardneſs in embracing a Party which never paid the ſmalleſt Regard to the Means, either of Negotiation or Conqueſt; but have ever kept their Eye upon thoſe of a ſcandalous, ruinous Retreat. But it ſeems I muſt follow the Rout; that I may take my Chance, be what it will, with Men of worth rather than ſeem to abandon them. And yet I can perceive, that the City will ſoon be filled with thoſe Men of worth (I mean in Lands and Mo-

Money) and that it will be crammed with them when they have left the Corporations hereabouts. I ſhould be of their Number, were I not encumbered with thoſe troubleſome Lictors of mine; for I never ſhall be aſhamed of the Company of *Manius Lepidus*, *L. Volcatius*, and *Servius Sulpicius*, ; for I believe every one of them to be as wiſe as *Domitius*, and as determined as *Appius*.

Pompey is the only Perſon who ſways me on this Occaſion, and that not upon a Principle of Regard but of Gratitude. For what regard is owing to a Man who, in this Cauſe, loved *Cæſar*, when the reſt of Mankind dreaded him; and, when he began to dread him, thought that the reſt of Mankind ought to go to war with him. I will go, however, to *Luceria*, tho' I believe I ſhall be no very welcome Gueſt there to *Pompey*; for never can I make it a Secret, that I am extreamly diſguſted with the Conduct of the Party. Could I ſleep I would not peſter you with ſuch long Letters: But ſhould you be in the like Condition, I give you leave to pay me in the like Coin.

EPIST. II.

EVERY Thing from you ——, the Hearſays you have written me, the Matters which you have heard but have diſbelieved, becauſe they were incompatible with my Attachments, your own Sentiments upon what occurs; all, all, I ſay, is welcome to me. My firſt Letter to *Cæſar* was from *Capua*, and was in anſwer to his to me concerning his *Gladiators*. It was ſhort but civil; and ſo far from re-

reproaching, that it highly commended, *Pompey*; for I could not write otherwiſe, conſiſtently with my Project of an Accommodation between them. If *Cæſar* has parted with a Copy of mine, I wiſh it may become as public as poſſible. I wrote my next Letter to him this very Day; and I could not avoid doing it, as both he and *Balbus* had wrote to me. I have ſent you a Copy of mine, and I believe you will be diſpleaſed with nothing that is in it. If you are, point it out to me, that I may know how to avoid the like for the future. Perhaps you will tell me, I ought not to have wrote at all: but would that have ſtopt the Mouth of Calumny and Faction? Well, I will do all I can to pleaſe you.

You deſire me to call to my Memory what I have done, what I have ſaid, and likewiſe what I have wrote. This, I am ſenſible, is the effect of your kind, your friendly Concern; but it is plain, that your Judgment is very different from my Opinion of that Conduct upon this Occaſion, which is moſt becoming me to purſue. For my own Part, I know of no Leader or General, in any Country, who ever acted more ſcandalouſly than our friend has done. Sorry I am, that, in abandoning *Rome*, he abandoned his Country, tho' to fall in our Country and for our Country, is of all Deaths the moſt glorious. You ſeem to me to be inſenſible how great our Calamity is. For, at preſent, you are even enjoying yourſelf at home. But believe me, you hold it only during the Will and Pleaſure of the moſt profligate of Mankind.—Is it poſſible to figure to ourſelves Scenes of greater Diſtreſs, of greater Wretchedneſs, than this, to

ſee

ſee us, like Vagabonds and Beggars, wandering about with our Wives and Children; our Hopes reduced to the precarious Life of one Man, who, Year after Year, is brought by Sickneſs to the Gates of Death; ourſelves, not driven, but deluded, out of our Country, which we have abandoned, not that it might be preſerved for our Return, but that it may be plundered and burnt in our Abſence. So many of us (1) here are reduced to this diſmal Situation, that the Seats and Suburbs about *Rome*, nay *Rome* herſelf almoſt are, or will ſoon be, compleatly abandoned. We are driven to *Luceria*, even from *Capua*, and we are now likewiſe giving up the Sea Coaſt. We are impatient for the Arrival of *Afranius* and *Petreius*, for the Credit of *Labienus* has fallen very low (2). "Others, you will tell me, ſay the ſame of you, and for the ſame Reaſon."

Well, I ſhall put myſelf out of the Queſtion, but let us ſee how it ſtands with you and your Friends. You keep at Home, and all of you are good Patriots. How forward once upon a Time were you all? But who, amongſt you, appears a-

(1) There is a great Variety in the original Reading here. I have tranſlated it in the Senſe I thought moſt agreeable to *Cicero*'s Meaning. A probable Conjecture is all that can be formed of many Paſſages in thoſe Places, even when there is little or no diſpute about Readings. But it unfortunately happens in many Parts of this Work, that the Reading is entirely loſt or unintelligible, which is the Caſe in the Paſſage before us.

(2) It is no new Thing in Hiſtory, to find a Man of great Uſe and Authority in one Party of very little Importance when he has left it. This happened to be the Caſe of *Labienus*, and our Author very finely applies his Caſe to his own. I cannot here help, once for all, obſerving, that notwithſtanding all the fine Things *Cicero* ſays, at this critical Juncture, upon Patriotiſm, public Spirit, and the like, he is very much ſhaken by his own Danger, and *Cæſar's* Civilities.

gainſt this Rebellion, for I can now call it no other? *Vibullius* (1) has made a glorious Campaign of it as you may learn by *Pompey*'s Letter which I ſend you. Pray obſerve the Paſſage with a Caret (2). You will there ſee what the Sentiments of *Vibullius* himſelf is concerning our Friend *Pompey*.

Well, and what does this Declamation of mine tend to? I tell you, my Friend, I could die with Pleaſure for *Pompey*, nor is there a Man in the World whom I more Regard. But, at the ſame Time, I cannot be brought to think, that the Salvation of my Country depends ſolely upon his Perſon. You write me, (ſomewhat inconſiſtently with your former Sentiments,) that if he ſhall leave *Italy*, I ought to do the ſame. This is a Step that could do no Service to my Country, it might be of Prejudice to my Children, and above all it is diſhonourable in itſelf. Well then! Can you bear to ſee a Tyrant? But let me tell you there is but little Difference between ſecuring his Perſon and hearing his Actions; nor can I give you a better Authority for that, than the Example of *Socrates*, who never put his Foot out of the City, though the Government of his Country was uſurped by thirty Tyrants. I have likewiſe another weighty Reaſon (3) for not leaving *Italy*, and I wiſh I had an Opportunity to impart it to you in Perſon.

I write this Letter by the ſame Lamp at which I burnt yours on the 17th of *February*, being about

(1) This is an Irony. He was ſent by *Pompey* to repoſſeſs *Picenum*, but found it wholly in *Cæſar*'s Hands.

(2) *Orig.* διπλᾶ. *Dupla.*

(3) This probably was on Account of his Wife's bad Management of his private Affairs, which he very much complained of.

to

to ſet out from *Formiæ* to *Pompey*. Should there be a Treaty, I ſhall have a principal Hand in it. But if there ſhould be War, what ſhall I be then?

EPIST. III.

HArraſſed as I am with ſuch a Variety of Wretchedneſs, I fly to your Advice by Writing, becauſe I cannot conſult you in Perſon. The whole Point is this. I ſuſpect *Pompey* is to leave *Italy*, and if he ſhould, what would you counſel me to do? That I may aſſiſt you in the Opinion you ſhall form, I will lay before you, in a few Words, the Arguments on both Sides that ſuggeſted themſelves in my own Mind.

Pompey's Services to me in my Diſtreſs, and his Friendſhip to me ſince, have been very great; his Cauſe is that of my Country, ſo that I ought to embrace his Party, and to follow his Fortune. Beſides, ſhould he leave *Italy* without me, I muſt then abandon the Company of our beſt and moſt illuſtrious Citizens, and become ſubject to one Man. This Man indeed gives me many Intimations of his Friendſhip, which you know I had made the proper Diſpoſitions before-hand to ſecure, foreſeeing the Storm that was to happen. Now, upon the whole, we are to conſider how far *Cæſar* is to be truſted in his Profeſſions; and, ſuppoſing them to be ſincere, whether it is conſiſtent with the Character of a brave Man and a worthy Patriot, to live in a City dependent on the Will of another, after having, in that very City, been veſted with the higheſt Honours and Commands, managed her moſt

important Concerns, and born the moſt illuſtrious of all Diſtinctions, that of Prieſthood. Muſt not he, in that Caſe, expoſe himſelf to danger, perhaps to Infamy, ſhould *Pompey* again recover his Importance in the Government? So much on the one Side, now for the other.

Our Friend *Pompey*'s Conduct has hitherto been in all reſpects, fooliſh, cowardly, and, let me add, the reverſe of my public Opinion and private Advice (1). I ſhall not here touch upon his former Miſconduct of foſtering up, ſtrengthening, and arming *Cæſar*, againſt the Government of his Country; his moving for paſſing Laws by force, and againſt the Auſpices; his joining the *tranſalpine Gaul* to *Cæſar*'s Government, and taking *Cæſar*'s Daughter in Marriage; his acting as Augur upon the Adoption of *Publius Clodius*; his being more zealous in repealing, than in preventing, the Sentence of my Baniſhment; his befriending *Cæſar* in continuing the Term of his Government; his aſſiſting him, in all his Meaſures, during his Abſence; and the Struggle he made, even in his third Conſulſhip, when he had begun to eſpouſe the Cauſe of the Conſtitution, that the ten Tribunes ſhould bring in a Reſolution to diſpenſe with *Cæſar*'s ſtanding for the Conſulſhip in his Abſence (which Reſolution he afterwards ſtrengthened by a Proviſo of his own;) and laſtly, his oppoſing, on the 1ſt of *March*, the Conſul *Marcus Marcellus*, who moved that the Time of *Cæſar*'s Government ſhould determine.

But not to inſiſt upon theſe Matters, could any Thing be more ſcandalous, more precipitant, than

(1) *Orig. Auctoritas.*

his

his laſt Retreat, or rather, his cowardly running, from *Rome*. What Terms of Accommodation would not have been preferrable to his leaving his Country? The Terms were diſgraceful, I grant you, but not ſo diſgraceful as ſuch Cowardice. "But, ſay you, he may yet recover the Conſtitution." Let me aſk you, when? What Steps has he taken for that Purpoſe? Has he not loſt all *Picenum?* Has he not thereby cleared the Way for *Cæſar* to *Rome?* Has he not delivered over to our Enemy, both the public and private Properties of the People? In ſhort, *Rome* now has no Party, no Force; ſhe has no Place where her Friends, who are willing to defend her, can dare to aſſemble. As to *Apulia*, which is now their Rendezvous, it is the worſt provided Part of all *Italy*, and at the greateſt Diſtance from the Place where the Streſs of this War will lie, and our deſperate Conduct makes it evident, that our main View is to fly, and to have an Opportunity of eſcaping by Sea.

It was with Reluctance, I undertook that Commiſſion at *Capua*, not that I would have declined it, had we been acting upon any Concert. But I could ſee no declared, ſincere, Concern for their Country, in any of our public Bodies, nor, in Reality, amongſt private Perſons. Our Patriots had, indeed, ſome heavy, drouſy Senſations as uſual, and, as I had foreſeen; while the unſteady Mob diſcovered a manifeſt Biaſs to *Cæſar*, and moſt of them were fond of a Revolution. I have declared to *Pompey* himſelf, that I would undertake nothing without Troops and Money. I therefore, did not intermeddle in Buſineſs, becauſe, I ſaw from the very Beginning, that all that was intended was to

ſecure

ſecure a Flight. Now, ſhould I be willing to follow him in this Flight, how can I do it? I cannot go along with *Pompey*; for, when I ſet out to join him, I underſtood, that *Cæſar* was in thoſe Quarters, ſo that I could not come with any Safety to *Luceria*. I muſt undertake a Voyage in the dead of Winter, upon the *Tuſcan* Sea, and without knowing how to ſteer my Courſe. But let me ſee—— whether I ſhall take my Brother along with me, or ſhall I leave him behind me? Shall I carry my Son, if I ſhould not take him along with me, how can I leave him? Both are attended with the greateſt Difficulty, and give me the greateſt Anguiſh of Spirit. Mean while, in my Abſence, how will *Cæſar* vent his Fury on all that belongs to me? With more Bitterneſs than upon others, becauſe, he may, perhaps think, he will have ſome popular Merit in oppreſſing me.

Let us now conſider, how inconvenient it is for me to carry out of *Italy* theſe Fetters of mine, I mean, my laurell'd Badges of command. What Place of ſafety can I find, even ſuppoſing my Voyage to be favourable, until I join with *Pompey*? But how, or where I am to do that, I know not. Now, ſuppoſing I ſhould remain here, and that I ſhould be at my Liberty in *Italy*, my Conditon will then be the ſame as was that of *Philippus*, of *Lucius Flaccus*, and *Quintus Mucius*, under the Tyranny of *Cinna*; however, fatally it ended for the latter. But, he foreſaw what happened, and he ſaid, he preferred Death to his marching in Arms againſt the Walls of his Country. The Conduct of *Thraſybulus* was different, and perhaps, more virtuous. But *Mucius* acted, as well as *Thraſybulus* did, upon a rational determined Principle, and it

may

may be as neceſſary to comply with the Times, as not to loſe an Opportunity when it preſents.

But, ſuppoſing me to comply, there occurs the following Inconveniency from the laurell'd Badges of Command. I ſhall ſuppoſe, but only for Arguments Sake, that *Cæſar* will be my Friend; why, then of Courſe, he will offer me a Triumph. In that Caſe, I muſt expoſe myſelf either to Danger from him, or to Reſentment from our Patriots. You muſt allow me, that this is a painful and inextricable Situation, and yet I muſt determine upon ſomewhat. But upon what? You are not, however, to imagine, that my Inclination leads me to ſtay in *Italy*, becauſe, I have been ſo copious in Defence of that Meaſure. In Debates of this Kind, it very often happens, that the more Words there are on a Side, there is the leſs Juſtice. I would therefore, aſk your Advice from a moſt diſintereſted diſpaſſionate View, upon this important Head. I have a Veſſel ready for me both at *Cajetæ*, and at *Brunduſium*.

But while I am writing this at *Calenum*, a Courier arrives with Letters, that *Cæſar* is marching towards *Corfinium*, where *Domitius* is with a ſtrong Army, which is eager to be in action. I cannot imagine, that our General would leave *Domitius* behind him, though he has ſent *Scipio* on before him to *Brunduſium*, with two Battalions, and though he has ſent his Orders in Writing to the two Conſuls, that one of them ſhould go over to *Sicily* at the Head of the Legion raiſed by *Fauſtus*. But after all, it would be ſcandalous to abandon *Domitius*, who calls upon him for Aſſiſtance and Relief. I have ſome faint Hopes, though People here are very poſitive

poſitive on the Head, that there has been an Engagement upon the *Pirenæans*, between *Afranius* and *Trebonius*, to the Diſadvantage of the Latter, and that even your Friend *Fabius* has come over to us with his Battalions; but above all, that *Afranius* is advancing hither with a great Reinforcement. If thoſe Accounts ſhould be true, we may perhaps ſtill remain in *Italy*.

For my own Part, as it was uncertain whether *Cæſar* would take the Rout of *Capua*, or of *Luceria*, I have ſent *Lepta* with a Letter to *Pompey*, and for fear of falling into the Enemies Hands, I am returned to *Formiæ*. I think it proper to ſend you this Intelligence, which I write with a Heart more at Eaſe than it was when I begun this Letter, yet without obtruding upon you any Judgment of my own, but inviting yours.

EPIST. IV.

YOUR, rather than my, Friend *Dionyſius*, is a Man whoſe Diſpoſitions, though I was ſufficiently acquainted with, yet I was willing to be guided by your Judgment, rather than my own; this Man, I ſay, without fearing to belye the high Character you had often beſtowed upon him to me, has looked down with Contempt upon the State to which he thought I was fallen. I will, however, apply all the Means that fall within human Foreſight, to direct the Movements of my Fortune by the Conduct of Reaſon. Was there a Mark of Honour, or Regard, that I omitted towards that deſpicable Fellow? Even to ſuch a Degree, that I choſe

choſe my Brother *Quintus*, and the Herd of my Acquaintance, ſhould call my Judgment of Mankind in Queſtion, rather than ſuffer him to paſs without my diſtinguiſhing Approbation; and I choſe myſelf, to aſſiſt him teaching my Son and my Nephew, rather than ſupply them with any other Tutor. Immortal Gods! what Letters did I ſend him; how full of Reſpect and Affection! By Heaven, had you read them, you would have thought I was inviting a *Dicæarchus*, or an *Ariſtoxenus*, and not a Fellow, who, of all Mankind, is the moſt Talkative, and the leaſt fit to be a Tutor. He has, however, a good Memory, but he ſhall ſay that I have a better. Yet, he anſwered thoſe Letters in a Strain that I would not have made Uſe of towards any Man, whoſe Cauſe I had refuſed to undertake. For my Excuſe in ſuch Caſes, always was, "If can; if I am not prevented by ſome other indiſpenſible Buſineſs." Never in my Life did I give ſo peremptory a Denial to a Perſon who was to be tried at a Bar, be he ever ſo mean, be he ever ſo deſpicable, be he ever ſo guilty, be he ever ſo much my Enemy, as he gave to me; for he gave me, without the ſmalleſt Ceremony, a flat Denial. Never did I know a Man guilty of ſo much Ingratitude, that ſum of all other Baſeneſs. But I have ſaid too much of ſuch a Fellow.

I have got a Ship in Readineſs. I am, however, impatient for your Letters in Anſwer to my Doubts and Difficulties. I hear, that *Attius* of *Peligni*, opened the Gates of *Sulmo*, though he had five battalions in the Place, to *Antony*. You know, that *Quintus Lucretius* is fled from thence; that

Pompey

Pompey is marching to *Brunduſium* after abandoning us. Our Hopes are at an End.

EPIST. V.

MY laſt concerning *Dionyſius*, was written before Day break, upon the 22d, and in the Evening of the ſame Day, *Dionyſius*, ſwayed, I ſuppoſe, by his Awe for you, for I can put no other Conſtruction upon it, paid me a viſit. He uſes, it is true, to repent himſelf of any unadviſed Step he makes, but he never in his Life acted more conſiſtently than he has done upon this Occaſion. For, I heard ſince I wrote to you, that he had not been gone three Miles, before he took one of his Fits, like a raging Bull, "ſnuffing up the Air, and kicking up the Sand;" (1) and, as I am told, he poured forth a Torrent of Abuſe againſt me, which muſt all return upon himſelf.——But (ſee how forgiving I am) I had put into your Packet, a Letter for him, which I deſire you will ſend back to me, and I diſpatch *Pollux* one of my Footmen, expreſs to you, for that Purpoſe ſingly.——I write you this Letter at the ſame Time, to beg you will ſend it back to my Hand, if you have received it, without ſuffering it to be delivered to *Dionyſius*. Had there been any Thing new, I would have wrote it. I am anxious about the Event of the *Corſinian* Buſineſs, which will be critical to our Country. I beg you will take Care, that the Packet directed to *Manius Curius*, may be duly

(1) *Orig.* Ῥῖψαι πολλὰ μάτην κεράεσσιν ἐς ἠέρα θυμήναντα. *Cum fureret, multa cornibus fruſtra in aerem proruiſſe.*

delivered;

delivered; and that you will recommend *Tyro* to him, that, at my Requeſt, he may ſupply him with what Money he may require for his Charges.

EPIST. VI.

AFTER making up my laſt Packet, which I wrote in the Evening, and which I was to ſend off, (as I did) before Day break, the Prætor *Caius Soſius*, came to our Neighbour *Lepidus* (to whom he had been Quæſtor) at *Formiæ*, with the following Copy of a Letter from *Pompey* to one of the Conſuls.

"I received a Letter from *L. Domitius* on the "17th of *February*, of which I encloſe you a Copy. "Now, though I had not wrote to you, I know "you are ſenſible, how important it is for our "Country, that, as ſoon as poſſible, there ſhould be "a general Muſter, at one Place, of all our Forces. "Therefore, if you pleaſe, you will make all "poſſible Diſpatch to join me, and leave at *Capua* "ſuch a Gariſon, as you ſhall judge ſufficient."

He then annexes a Copy of the Letter from *Domitius*, which I ſent you two Days ago. Immortal Gods, how my Blood runs cold with Anxiety for the Event! I have, however, a great Dependance upon the mighty Name of our great General (1) and upon the Terror which his Approach will ſtrike into the Enemy. I am even glad, that as

(1) This and ſome following Paſſages, are miſerably defaced in the Original, and I have tranſlated it from Conjecture only.

I have

I have ſuffered nothing from his Meaſures, that I have not altered mine. (1)

I juſt now learn, that your Ague has left you; let me die, if I could have been more rejoiced, had I been delivered myſelf. Tell *Pylia* from me, that it is improper for her to keep hers longer, and unſuitable to the Sympathy that ſubſiſts between you. I underſtand, that my Secretary *Tyro*, has got rid of another. But, I perceive, he has borrowed Money from others, and not from *Curius*, on whom I gave him Credit for what he ſhould want. I hope, this is owing to the Modeſty of *Tyro*, and not to the Churliſhneſs of *Curius*.

EPIST. VII.

THERE remains but one Meaſure to compleat the Sum of *Pompey*'s Diſgrace, I mean, his not ſuccouring *Domitius*. I am, it is true, almoſt ſingle in thinking that he will not. Will *Pompey* then, when he is at the Head of thirty Battalions, abandon ſuch a *Roman*, and ſuch Noblemen as, you know, ſerve under him? If I am not entirely miſtaken, he will. His Conſternation is incredible, and he thinks of nothing but flying.

I know, you think, that I ought to attend him. Alas! I know the Man I ought to fly; but not the Man I ought to follow. You mention with Applauſe, a Saying of mine, which you think ought to be recorded, that I would rather chooſe to be vanquiſhed with *Pompey*, than to conquer with *Cæſar*. I am ſtill of the ſame Mind. But it

(1) A Chaſm.

was

was with *Pompey*, ſuch as he then was, and ſuch as I took him to be, but not with this *Pompey*, who fled before he knew where, or whom, he was flying; who betrayed our Intereſts, who has abandoned our Country, and is now about to abandon *Italy*. If that was my Choice, I have had it, for I am already vanquiſhed. In ſhort, I cannot bear to ſee Things I never apprehended, nor, by Heavens, can I behold with Patience, the Man by whoſe Means, I am robb'd, not only of the Comforts of Life, but of myſelf.

I have writ to *Philotimus*, concerning my travelling charges, that he ſhould receive the Money for them, either at the Mint, or from your Gueſts, the *Oppii*, for there is no getting Money where it is owing. I ſhall afterwards lay before you whatever may be proper for you to know.

EPIST. VIII.

DIſgraceful, and therefore miſerable, Meaſure! for ſuch are my Sentiments, that what is diſgraceful is the laſt, nay, the only, Character of Miſery.—He (1) had foſtered up *Cæſar*'s Power; of a ſudden, he begins to fear him, he diſcourages all Advances for an Accommodation, he neglects all Preparation for War, he abandons the City, his Miſconduct loſes *Picenum*, he pins himſelf up in *Apulia*, he prepares to go for *Greece*, he abandons us with bidding us adieu (2), and utter Strangers to thoſe mighty, thoſe monſtrous, Reſolutions. Well, all at once a Letter comes from *Domitius* to him,

(1) Meaning *Pompey*.
(2) *Orig.* ἀπροσφωνήτους. *Non compellatos.*

and another from him to the Conſuls. You would then have thought him impaſſioned with all that was graceful (1), with all that was becoming his Character, and that as ſuch he thus broke forth. "Let them plant all their Arts, let my Enemies "bend all their Force againſt me, while I am in the "Way of my Duty, I will ſtand to the Conſequences "be what they will (2)." But with thoſe fine Sentiments (3) in his Mouth, he marches for *Brunduſium*. Now, we underſtand, that when *Domitius*, and thoſe under his Command, heard of this Step, they ſurrendered themſelves. A Cataſtrophe ſo deplorable, that my Sorrow interrupts my Writing.———I expect to hear from you.

EPIST. IX.

I AM by no Means uneaſy at your Information, that my Letter (4) has become public. I myſelf parted with a great many Copies of it. Paſt Events, and our impending Situation, make me deſirous to bear my public Teſtimony for the Terms on which I wiſh an Accommodation.

(1) *Orig.* Τὸ καλὸν. *Honeſtum.*

(2) *Orig.* Πρὸς τᾶθ' ὅ, τι χρὴ κὴ παλαμάσθων,
Καὶ πάντ' ἐπ' ἐμοὶ τεκταινίσθων.
Τὸ γὰρ εὖ μετ' ἐμᾶ.

Adverſus hoc quod officium poſtulat ſtruant quidlibet & in me omnia machinentur, rectum enim a me fiat. This is a Verſe taken from *Ariſtophanes*.

(3) *Orig.* Πολλὰ χαίρειν τῷ καλῷ. *Multam ſalutem honeſto.*

(4) Meaning his Letter to *Cæſar*, which the Reader will find after the eleventh Letter of the ninth Book. I have not altered the uſual Arrangement of thoſe Letters, but this one is evidently miſplaced, and in a regular Order it ought to have been preceded by our Author's Letter to *Cæſar* here referred to.

While

While I was doing all I could to bring a Man, and a Man too of *Cæſar's* Character, into the ſame Sentiments, could I take a more ready Way to influence him than by inſiſting upon it, that what I propoſed was a Meaſure the moſt becoming his Wiſdom? Granting I might give it the Epithet of "Admirable," it muſt be conſidered, that I was ſpeaking to ſave my Country; in ſuch a Cauſe I can diſregard the Reproach of being a Flatterer; in ſuch a Cauſe, with Pride could I crawl at the Feet of *Cæſar*. As to the Expreſſion, "Allow me ſome Time;" that is not applicable to the Accommodation, but to my own Perſon, to induce him to have ſome Regard to what becomes my Character. As to my aſſuring him that I was againſt all violent Meaſures; beſides the Notoriety of the Thing, it was proper for me to write in that Manner, that my private Sentiments might have the greater Weight with him; and, for the ſame Purpoſe, I added, that I thought he had the better Cauſe. But to what Purpoſe is all this? I wiſh to Heaven that the Letter had taken effect.

I even conſent that this Letter ſhould be read before an Aſſembly of the People, ſince *Pompey* himſelf, in one of his Letters to *Cæſar* which he publiſhed, made uſe of the Expreſſion, "for your Atchievements the moſt glorious that ever were performed." What! more glorious than thoſe of *Pompey* himſelf, than thoſe of the *African Scipio?* What is there in that? It was but ſpeaking to the Juncture. Even your Friend and you, ſtout Patriots as you are, propoſed to meet *Cæſar* five Miles out of Town. From whence then is this ſame *Cæſar* coming? What is he doing? What is

he about to do? What Spirit, what Reſolution will it give him in purſuing his Deſigns, when he ſhall ſee you and others, of your high Quality, crowding to welcome his Approach, with Joy, not only upon your Tongues, but in your Countenances? Am I then in the Wrong? I do not ſay that you are(1). But the Truth is, all Symptoms are now confounded, by which it is poſſible to diſtinguiſh what is ſincere from what is diſguiſed. Nay, let me appeal to the Reſolutions of the Senate. But this is going farther than I intended. The laſt of this Month I deſign to be at *Arpinum*, and then I will ſaunter round my little Villas, with a deſign to bid them an eternal Adieu.

I (2) approve greatly of your Counſel, which is at once ſo generous (3) and ſo prudent, conſidering the Juncture. As to *Lepidus*, who takes it very kind of me, that I generally ſpent the Day (4) with him, he was always againſt our leaving *Italy*, and *Tullus* was much more ſo. For *Lepidus*'s Letters often come through other Hands to mine, but I pay no great Regard to their Sentiments. Their Country has from them fewer Pledges than ſhe has from me. But, by Heavens, your Advice has made a ſtrong Impreſſion upon me, as it preſents me with

(1) I have tranſlated this ſomewhat different from Monſieur *Mongault*, as I think my Conſtruction is more natural as there is no Occaſion for introducing an Apoſtrophe, riſing either from the Words or the Senſe.

(2) *Orig.* ἐνγενῶ. *Generoſa.*

(3) This probably was the Beginning of another Letter, and ought to have the Precedence of what is before, as it ſeems to have been written at that Time, when both *Pompey* and *Cæſar* were on their March to *Brunduſium*, and the preceding Part not till after *Cæſar*'s Return from thence.

(4) *Orig.* συνδιημερεύομεν. *Simul diem conterimus.*

the

the Method of retrieving all that is paſt, and improving all that is preſent.

But think, my Friend, what can be more wretched, than for the one Leader to purchaſe Applauſe from the vileſt, and the other to incur Reproaches in the beſt, of Cauſes; for the one to be eſteemed as the Preſerver of his Enemies, the other as a Deſerter from his Friends. By Heavens, though I have all due Regard and Affection for our Friend *Pompey*, yet never can I vindicate him in not relieving ſuch illuſtrious *Romans*. What could be more ſcandalous, if he was afraid? or what more cruel, if he believed, as many think he did, that their Blood would prove the ſtrongeſt Cement to his Intereſt? But no more of this Subject, the retouching it increaſes my Pain.

On the Evening of the 24th, the younger *Balbus* came by a Bye-Road to me, in Poſt Haſte, for *Lentulus* the Conſul, with a Meſſage, a Letter, a Commiſſion, and a Promiſe of a Province from *Cæſar*, if he would return to *Rome*; but all, I believe, will be to no Purpoſe, without a Meeting on both Sides. *Balbus* told me, at the ſame Time, that *Cæſar* wiſh'd for nothing more than to overtake *Pompey*, (that I believe) and to regain his Friendſhip, (that I don't believe), and I am afraid that he has ſhown all this Clemency to make this dreadful Blow the more ſecure. It is true, the elder *Balbus* writes to me, that *Cæſar*'s higheſt Ambition is to give *Pompey* the Pre-eminence, and to live with him in Peace. You believe all this, don't you?

Pompey might have left *Brunduſium* by the Date of this Letter, which is the 25th of *February*, for he had out-marched his Legions from *Luceria*. But this

Cæſar (1) is an aſtoniſhing Miracle of Buſineſs, Diſpatch, and Application. I know not, indeed I know not, where all this will End.

EPIST. X.

WHEN contrary to my Expectation, *Dionyſius* came to wait upon me, I ſpoke to him very much upon the Footing of a Gentleman. I laid before him the Neceſſity of the Times, entreated him to tell me what he had reſolved upon, and told him, that I deſired nothing of him againſt his own Inclination. His Anſwer was, that he was quite a Stranger to the State of his own Affairs; that ſome People did not pay him, and that the Notes of others to him were not yet due; and he ſpoke ſomewhat concerning ſome Slaves he has, as a Reaſon why he could not attend me. I agreed to all; and parted with him, not with Pleaſure, as he is the Tutor of our Boys, but not with Reluctance, as he is an ungrateful Fellow. I was willing you ſhould know my Sentiments concerning his Behaviour.

EPIST. XI.

YOU imagine now, that I am in a terrible flurry of Spirits. Why, there is ſomething in that, but not ſo much as you may ſuppoſe. There is an End of Care, when our Reſolution is fixed, or when our Concern is unavailing. We are

(1) *Orig.* Τέρας. *Monſtrum.*

ſtill

ſtill at Freedom to lament, which I do from Morning to Night, and that without Effect, to the no ſmall Reproach, I am afraid, of my Studies and Learning. I therefore, waſte the Time in dwelling upon the Idea of that Man, whom, you allow, I have drawn ſo happily in my Writings. Are you quite Maſter of the Character of that Patriot whom I wiſhed to be veſted with the laſt Reſort of Government? For, if I remember right, *Scipio* thus ſpeaks in the 5th Book, "As a happy Voyage is "the Purpoſe of the Pilot, Health of the Phyſi-"cian, and Victory of the General, ſo the Pur-"poſe of a chief Magiſtrate ought to be the "Happineſs of his Countrymen, that their Power "may be well founded, their Intereſts extenſive, "their Renown noble, and their Courage virtuous. "Such, ſuch is the Buſineſs, the beſt, the moſt "glorious which can happen to Man, that I allot "for my Patriot Prince to compleat."

Never did our Friend *Pompey*, and on this Occaſion leſs than ever, think upon this Character. Both are Rivals in Power, but not for making this a flouriſhing and virtuous Government. *Pompey* did not abandon *Rome*, becauſe it was untenable, nor *Italy*, becauſe he was driven out of it; but his original Deſign was, to move Earth and Sea, to rouſe barbarous Monarchs, to introduce the Troops of Savage Nations into *Italy*, and to levy numerous Armies. He has a great many to ſecond him in what he has long thirſted for, a Species of *Sylla*'s Tyranny. Do you imagine, that thoſe two Rivals can come to no Accommodation? that they can enter upon no Agreement? They may, but now

or never is the Time; though neither of them has our Happineſs ultimately in View (1); for that is a Thing inconſiſtent with the Intereſt of both. Thus you have what you deſired, when you call'd upon me for my Sentiments with Regard to our public Calamities, a ſhort State of our Situation.

I thus, my deareſt Friend, not from the Gift of Prophecy (2) like that of *Caſſandra*, but of my Conjectures, and Conjectures too as melancholy as were her Prophecies foretell,

Now o'er the mighty Sea (3).

Yes, we have a Scene of Calamities hanging over us, enough to fill a whole *Illiad* (4). Let me tell you, however, that they who are gone beyond Sea, are in a much better Situation than we who ſtay behind. They have only *Cæſar* to dread, but we both *Cæſar* and *Pompey*. Then, ſay you, why did not you follow them? I have three Anſwers to this; Compliance with your Advice, my not meeting with *Pompey*, and the Rectitude of the Meaſure. I tell you again, that by next Summer, you will ſee the Boſom of our wretched Country trampled under Foot, you will ſee it ſinking under the Tread of the vileſt of Slaves. No, I do not ſo much apprehend a Proſcription which we were often threatened with at *Luceria* (5) as an univerſal Maſ-

(1) *Orig.* Σκοπὸς. *Scopus.*

(2) *Orig.* Προθεσπιζω. *Præſagio.*

(3) In the Original, here is the firſt Line of an old Poem, ſuppoſed to be the Propheſy of *Caſſandra*, and which was very well known at that Time.

(4) *Orig.* Ἰλιάς. *Ilias.*

(5) *Pompey* often declared there, that he would conſider all the *Romans* who did not join him, as ſo many Traitors to their Country, and *Cæſar*, that he would conſider all who remained neutral as Friends to himſelf.

ſacre,

ſacre. So great do I foreſee will be the Shock of the contending Parties. This is my Opinion. You, I ſuppoſe, imagined I ſhould ſend you ſome Comfort. No, that is all over, our Situation is wretched, deſperate and ſhameful beyond Deſcription.

You aſk me concerning the Contents of *Cæſar*'s Letters to me. Why, they are the ſame he has often repeated; that he takes it very kindly that I lie by, and begging me to continue in my neutral Diſpoſitions. The Commiſſion he charged *Balbus* with, was much to the ſame Purpoſe, but his chief Errand was, to carry *Cæſar*'s Letters to the Conſul *Lentulus*, with mighty Promiſes, if he would return to *Rome*. By my Calculation, however, *Lintulus* muſt have ſet ſail before *Balbus* could have an Interview with him.

I think it proper you ſhould be acquainted with two cold Letters, which *Pompey* wrote to me, and the very particular Manner in which I wrote to him. I therefore incloſe you Copies of all. I am impatient about the Conſequences of *Cæſar*'s haſty March through *Apulia*, towards *Brunduſium*, and wiſh for ſome *Parthian* (1) Providence to interpoſe. I will write to you as ſoon as I know any Thing for certain. I deſire you will let me know the Diſcourſes of our Patriots, who are ſaid to ſwarm at *Rome*. I know, that you do not appear in public, yet for all that, you muſt have a great deal of Intelligence. Now, that I think of it, you have received a Treatiſe from *Demetrius Magnes*, concerning public Unanimity (2). I know it was ſent to you,

(1) This is the ſame Alluſion which he has in ſeveral Paſſages of the firſt Volume. See Vol. I. Page 208, 209.

(2) *Orig.* Περὶ Ὁμονοίας. *De Concordia.*

and

and I beg you will let me have it. You underſtand what is the Subject of my preſent Studies.

The LETTERS *incloſed from* Cicero *to* Atticus, *are as follow.*

Cnæus *the Great, Proconſul, to* Marcus Cicero, *Commander in Chief.*

ON the 29th of *January*, I learned from *Quintius Fabius*, who came to me, that *Lucius Domitius* was marching to join me with eleven Cohorts of his own, and fourteen Cohorts, which were brought him by *Vibullius*; that he intended to march from *Corſinium* on the the 14th of *February*, and that he was to be followed by five Cohorts under *Caius Hirrus*. My Opinion is, for you to meet me at *Luceria*; for there, I think, you will be in the greateſt Safety.

Marcus Cicero, *Commander in Chief, to* Cnæus *the Great, Proconſul.*

ON the 15th of *February* I received your Letter at *Formiæ*, by which I learned that what had happened in *Picenum*, was much more to our Advantage, than what we were made to believe, and it is with Pleaſure that I give you Joy of the Courage and Conduct of *Vibullius*. Hitherto, I have always had a Ship in Readineſs upon the Coaſt where I command. I thought this Precaution neceſſary, becauſe, by what I heard, and what I feared, it was proper to follow you in whatever Courſe you determined

mined upon. At preſent, as your Conduct in public and Opinion in private have re-aſſured me, and I will remain where I am, if you think *Tarracina*, and its Coaſt, can be defended, even though the Towns are diſfurniſhed of Garriſons. For there is, in the Neighbourhood, none of our Order beſides *Marcus Eppius* (1), whom I had ſtationed at *Minturnæ*, a vigilant active Perſon. For *Lucius Torquatus*, that brave wiſe Man, is not now with us at *Formiæ*. He has I ſuppoſed joined you.

I actually came to *Capua* that very Day you wiſhed for, I mean that on which you left *Teanum Sidicinum* (2), for you had a ſtrong Inclination that I ſhould take upon me the Management of Affairs there, with the Proprætor *Marcus Conſidius* (3). When I came thither I ſaw *Titus Ampius* very buſy in recruiting, and that *Libo* received from him his new Levies, and was at great Pains to ſerve him with all the Intereſt he had in that Colony. I remained at *Capua* as long as the Conſuls did, and by their Orders, I returned to *Capua* on the 5th of *February*, where I ſtaid for three Days before I returned to *Formiæ*.

Now I am at a Loſs to know your Reſolution, or how you intend to behave during this War. If you think this Coaſt tenable, as I believe it to be, as it is both convenient and honourable, and contains many illuſtrious *Romans*, ſome Perſon muſt neceſ-

(1) He was probably the ſame Senator whom *Cæſar* pardoned, after his Victory over *Scipio* in *Afric.*

(2) This Town lay in *Campania*, and is called, to this Day, *Teano.*

(3) He was named to ſucceed *Cæſar* in his Government of the *Ciſalpine Gaul.*

ſarily

ſarily be appointed to command it. But if all our Force is to be collected into one Point, I will join you, without farther Delay, with the greateſt Pleaſure; and, I think, I told you ſo much the Day on which we left *Rome* together. Should any imagine me too indolent at this Juncture, it would give me no Concern ſo long as you do not think I am. Mean while, if, as I expect we ſhall, we muſt have War, I hope I ſhall do my Duty to the Satisfaction of all the World. I have employed *Marcus Tullus* (1), who lives with me, to be the Bearer of this, and, if you pleaſe, you may give him your Anſwer to me.

Cnæus *the Great, Proconſul, to* Cicero *Commander in Chief.*

YOUR Letter gave me Pleaſure, and I hope that this will find you in good Health; for I perceive you ſtill retain your former Virtue, even at this Juncture ſo critical for our Country. The Conſuls are repaired to the Army, which I had in *Apulia*. I conjure you in the moſt earneſt Manner, by your conſtant, your matchleſs, Zeal for our Country, to repair to me, that, by our joint Counſels, we may adminiſter ſome Relief, and Aſſiſtance to our languiſhing Government. My Advice is, that you come by the *Appian* Road, and make what Speed you can to *Brunduſium*.

(1) He was ſo active an Enemy to *Cæſar*, that he was called the Trumpeter of the civil War, notwithſtanding which, *Cæſar* generouſly pardoned him.

Marcus

Marcus Cicero, *Commander in Chief, to* Cnæus *the Great, Proconſul.*

WHEN I diſpatched that Letter, which you received at *Canuſium* (1), it had not entered into my Head, that the public Service was to carry you beyond Sea; and I was in great Hopes that *Italy* was the moſt proper Country, either for effecting an Accommodation, which, in my Opinion was the moſt deſireable Meaſure, or for defending our Country with the greateſt Glory. Mean while, before you could have received my Letter, perceiving from the Order which you charge *Decius Lælius* (2), to communicate to the Conſuls, what your Reſolution was, I did not think proper to wait for your Anſwer, and I inſtantly ſet forth with my Brother *Quintus*, and our Children, to meet you in *Apulia*. When I came to *Teanum Sidicinum*, I underſtood from your Friend *Caius Meſſius* (3), and a great many others, that *Cæſar* was marching towards *Capua*, and that he would lay that very Night at *Eſernia* (4). This, I own, diſconcerted me a good deal, foreſeeing if this Intelligence was true, that my Journey not only muſt be ſtopt, but that I muſt fall into his Hands ſhould I advance farther. I therefore went to *Calvi* to reſide there, till I could learn ſome certainty from *Eſernia*, concerning his Motions.

(1) This Town lay upon the Confines of *Apulia*.

(2) He afterwards commanded a Fleet upon the Coaſt of *Aſia*.

(3) He is mentioned, Vol. I. P. 217.

(4) This Town lay in the Country of the *Samnites*, near the Source of the River *Volturno*.

While

While I remained at *Calvi*, I ſaw a Copy of the Letter you wrote to the *Conſul Lentulus*. I thereby learned that you received a Letter (a Copy of which you ſubjoined) from *Lucius Domitius*, dated the 17th of *February*, and you wrote that it was of the utmoſt public Importance, that all your Troops ſhould rendezvous, as ſoon as poſſible, at one Place, leaving a ſufficient Garriſon at *Capua*. On reading thoſe Letters I fell in with the general Opinion, that you was to march to *Corfinium* with all your Forces, to which Place I thought I could not ſafely repair as *Cæſar* was encamped before that Town.

While we were greatly at a Loſs how to proceed, we heard at once, and at the ſame Time, both what had happened at *Corfinium*, and of your marching to *Brunduſium*, and, when both I and my Brother were reſolved to go to *Brunduſium*, we received Intelligence by many coming, both from *Samnium* and *Apulia*, to take Care leſt we ſhould be intercepted by *Cæſar*, who was upon his March for the very ſame Places to which we were bound, and who would reach them much ſooner than we poſſibly could. Matters being thus ſituated, neither I nor my Brother, nor any of our Friends choſe, by our Raſhneſs, to endanger either ourſelves or the public Cauſe, eſpecially as we knew, for certain, that, ſuppoſing the Road to be quite open, we could not come up with you. Mean while we received your Letter from *Canuſium*, dated the 20th of *February*, requiring me to make the beſt of my Way to *Brunduſium*. As I did not receive this Letter till the 27th, we concluded that you was, before that Time, at *Brunduſium*, and conſequently that

that our Communication with that Place, was entirely cut off, and that we were as much Priſoners as they who went to *Corfinium*; for we did not think that a State of Captivity is confin'd to the Condition of thoſe who are actually in the Hands of armed Enemies, but that it extends to thoſe who are in the Heart of a Country, ſurrounded by the Garriſons and the Quarters of an Enemy, and thereby barred from all Eſcape.

This being our Caſe, my chief Wiſh was, that I had always been in your Company. A Wiſh which I intimated to you when I declined the Command of *Capua*, which I did not to avoid Trouble, but becauſe I was ſenſible that that City was not tenable without an Army. Now I was unwilling to undergo the Fate which I am ſorry has happened to ſome of our braveſt Countrymen. However, as I had not the good Fortune to be with you, I wiſh I had known your Reſolution. For I could have no Manner of Suſpicion, and it would have been the laſt Thing I could have thought of, that the Cauſe of our Country could not have been maintained in *Italy* under your Command. In this I do not reproach your Conduct, but I bewail the Fate of our Government; neither do I think your Conduct to be leſs admirably wiſe, becauſe I am unacquainted with its Motives.

I have always been of Opinion, and I believe you may remember it, that we ought firſt to have an Eye to an Accommodation, even though a bad one, and then to the City, for you never gave me the leaſt Intimation concerning *Italy*. But as I was not vain enough to think that my Opinion ought to have prevailed, I followed yours, and that not for the

the Sake of our Country, of which I deſpaired, which lies now in Ruins, and which cannot be raiſed again without a moſt deſtructive civil War. But I was fond of you, I deſired to be with you, nor ſhall I omit any Opportunity if any preſents for that purpoſe.

During all this Conjuncture, I eaſily underſtood that I gave great Offence to Men who delight in Blood. For my open Profeſſion, and firſt Wiſh was Peace, not but that I apprehended the ſame Conſequences from it as they did, but ſtill I thought that thoſe were preferable to a civil War. After this, when Hoſtilities commenced, and when you had anſwered punctually and honourably the Terms of Accommodation that were offered to you, I took a Review of my own Conduct, which, befriended as I was by your Partiality for me, I thought I could eaſily juſtify to you; I recollected that I was the only Perſon whoſe ſignal Services, to our Country, had drawn upon him a diſmal, and barbarous Puniſhment; that I was the only Perſon who muſt be expoſed to the like Conflicts, ſhould I exaſperate the Man to whom, even when we were in Arms againſt him, a ſecond Conſulſhip and the moſt glorious Triumph were offered. Thus my Perſon ſeems to have been marked out for the moſt profligate *Romans* to wreck their public Fury upon. I was openly frightened with this before I ſuſpected it, nor was I ſo fearful of encountering thoſe Difficulties, if encounter them I muſt, as I was anxious, to avoid them, if I could avoid them with Honour.

You now ſee the Plan of my Conduct during our ſhort Proſpect of Peace. Since then our Situation has put me out of a Condition of doing any Thing.

To

To thoſe whom I diſguſt, I have a ready Anſwer, that I never was a greater Friend to *Caius Cæſar* than they are, nor are they better Friends to their Country than I am. The Difference between them and me is, that as they are ſincere Patriots, and as I have ſome Pretenſions to that Character, I was for embracing the Terms to which I underſtood you inclined, but they choſe to appeal to the Sword. As their Sentiments have prevailed, believe me, my Conduct ſhall be ſuch, that my Heart ſhall never be wanting to my Country as a Patriot, nor to you as a Friend.

EPIST. XII.

THE Humour in my Eyes incommodes me now more than ever. Yet I choſe to dictate this Letter, rather than not charge our very good Friend *Gallus Fabius* with a Letter for you. It is true, I wrote, the Day before, in the beſt Manner I could, the prophetic Letter which I earneſtly wiſh may not be verified. But I write this Letter not only becauſe I am reſolved not to let ſlip a Day without writing to you, but for a much better Reaſon, that I may prevail with you to take a few Moments, (and I know it will not coſt you more) for laying before me your undiſguiſed Sentiments, ſo as that I may be compleatly Maſter of your Plan of Conduct.

I am as yet under no Engagements to either Party. I have hitherto taken no Steps but what are, not only plauſible, but prudent. I cannot ſurely be blamed for declining the Command of *Capua* in

its defenceleſs Condition, becauſe I wanted to avoid not only the Blame of our ſlow Levies, but the Suſpicion of Treachery. Neither was I to be blamed after an Accommodation was propoſed by *L. Cæſar* and *Fabatus*, for my Tenderneſs not to exaſperate the Man, to whom, after the Commencement of mutual Hoſtilities, *Pompey* offered the Conſulſhip and a Triumph. Nor is even the laſt Part of my Conduct in not paſſing the Seas juſtly reprehenſible. For though it was a Meaſure that required Conſideration, yet it was out of my Power to purſue it. I could have no hint that *Pompey* deſigned to paſs the Sea, eſpecially as by his own Letters, you, as well as I, made no doubt of his marching to relieve *Domitius*. Upon the whole, I frankly own, that I wanted farther Time for conſidering upon the Conduct that was moſt virtuous in itſelf, and moſt prudent in me, to follow.

In the firſt Place then; 'tis true you have given me a Hint, but I require your full Sentiments upon thoſe Matters. In the next Place, I deſire that you would look a little forward, and form, to yourſelf, ſome Idea of what is moſt becoming for me to do; where or how I can do moſt Service to my Country; whether a pacific Mediator is not wanted at this Juncture; and whether no Room is now left for any, but warlike Abilities. For my own Part, my Duty is my only Standard of Conduct; but yet well do I remember your Counſels, and had I followed them I ſhould have eſcaped the Bitterneſs of a certain Juncture. I remember, and I have remembered it often with Anguiſh of Spirit for neglecting them, the Advices you gave me by *Theophanes* and *Culeo*. Well then; let us turn back to the

the Pages we then overlooked, let us adopt Measures that are guarded as well as glorious. But I leave you to your own Thoughts, which I desire you to write me very particularly.

I beg likewise that you will inform yourself, and I know you have the proper Agents; what my Friend *Lentulus*, what *Domitius*, is a doing, or about to do, whether they blame, whether they reproach, any Body. Any Body!—I mean whether they reproach *Pompey*, who lays the whole Blame of the Miscarriage upon *Domitius*; as you may perceive by his Letters of which I send you Copies: These are the Particulars I recommend to your Care; and, as I wrote you before, that you will send me the Treatise of *Demetrius Magnes* upon Unanimity, which he made a present of to you.

Cnæus *the Great, Proconsul, to* M. Marcellus *and* Lucius Lentulus, *Consuls, wisheth Prosperity.*

BEING persuaded, that while we remain'd scattered, we could neither serve our Country nor defend ourselves, I wrote to *L. Domitius*, that he should make all Haste to join me with his whole Force, and if he had any Apprehensions with Regard to himself, that he should send me the nineteen Cohorts which were upon their March, to join me from *Picenum*. It happened, as I dreaded, that *Domitius* was surrounded, without having with him Forces sufficient for a regular Encampment; my nineteen Cohorts, and his own twelve, being quartered in three different Towns, for he had

quartered ſome of them at *Alba*, and ſome at *Sulmo*; nor, indeed, could he eſcape ſhould he attempt it. Now, you muſt know, that this Accident gives me the greateſt Diſquiet imaginable. At the ſame Time, that I earneſtly deſire to deliver ſo many illuſtrious *Romans* from the Danger of being beſieged, it is impoſſible for me to relieve them, becauſe I judge it unſafe to march the two Legions I command here into thoſe Quarters; and of thoſe two Legions, I can bring together no more than fourteen Cohorts, having thrown a Gariſon into *Brunduſium*, and taken Care of *Canuſium*, which I did not think proper to leave without a ſufficient Force to defend it.

As I was in Hopes that our Army would grow ſtronger, I charged *Lælius*, with a Requeſt, if you thought proper, that one of you ſhould repair to me, and that the other ſhould go to *Sicily* with the Troops you have raiſed at *Capua*, or in its Neighbourhood, and with the Levies of *Fauſtus*, and that *Domitius* ſhould join them with his twelve Cohorts; that the reſt of the Troops ſhould aſſemble at *Brunduſium*, and be ſhipp'd over from thence to *Dyrrachium*. Now, as Things are circumſtanced, I can no more than you can relieve *Domitius*, who cannot get off by the Mountains. We are to take Care, that the Enemy ſhall neither come up with thoſe fourteen wavering Cohorts, nor overtake me in my March. I therefore think proper, and I am joined in Sentiments by *Marcellus*, and the other Noblemen of our Rank in this Place, to march the Troops I command here to *Brunduſium*. I therefore requeſt you, to make all poſſible Diſpatch to join me there, with as many Troops as you can get together.

My

My Opinion is, that you give to the Troops you have with you, the Arms you propoſed to ſend to me, and if any are over, it will be of great public Service if they can be conveyed in Waggons to *Brunduſium*. I beg, that you will give our Friends Advice concerning that Matter. I have ſent to require the Prætors *P. Lupus* and *C. Coponius* to join me, and to reſign to you the Command of their Forces.

Cnæus *the Great, Proconſul, to* Domitius, *Proconſul, wiſheth Proſperity.*

I AM ſurpriſed at my not hearing from you, and that all my public Intelligence comes through other Hands than yours. With Forces ſo diſunited as ours are, it is impoſſible for us to be a Match for our Enemies; but, were they united, I am in Hopes we may be yet the Means of ſaving our Country, and our own Perſons. Therefore, as *Vibullius* wrote me, on the ninth of *February*, that you was about to march from *Corfinium* to join me with your Army, I cannot comprehend why you have altered your Reſolution. The Reaſon *Vibullius* intimated to me, *viz.* becauſe you had Intelligence of *Cæſar*'s March from *Firmum* to the Caſtle of *Truentum*, was a trifling one. For the quicker the Enemy's Advances towards you were, your Diſpatch ought to have been the greater to join me, before *Cæſar* could have the Means of either obſtructing your March, or of cutting off my Communication with you. I therefore, in the moſt earneſt Manner, repeat to you my former Orders, to take the very firſt Opportunity of

marching to *Luceria*, before the Troops, which *Cæſar* propoſes to draw together, can cut off our Communication with one another. Should any endeavour to perſuade you to remain as a Guard to their Properties, you cannot in Juſtice refuſe to ſend me the Cohorts which came from *Picenum* and *Camerinum*, and which have left behind them all their Fortunes.

Cnæus *the Great*, *Proconſul*, *to* Domitius, *Proconſul*, *wiſheth Proſperity*.

M. *Calenius* brought me a Letter from you the 16th of *February*, informing me, that you intended to obſerve *Cæſar*'s Motions; and ſhould he point his March for me, by the Sea, that you would forthwith join me in *Samnium*; but ſhould he tarry about thoſe Parts, that you was reſolved to check him, in Caſe he ſhould attempt to extend his Quarters. I am ſenſible, this Reſolution proceeds from your Courage and Magnanimity; but we muſt be upon our Guard, leſt our being divided may give the Enemy a Superiority, as his Army, which is already ſtrong, is hourly encreaſing. It is inconſiſtent with your Wiſdom, to have an Eye only to the Number of Cohorts, which *Cæſar* at preſent commands againſt you, without reflecting upon the great Force both of Cavalry and Infantry, which he will in a very ſhort Time aſſemble. The Letter I received from *Buſſenius*, is an Evidence of this Fact; for he tells me, and his Intelligence is confirm'd by my other Correſpondents, that *Curio* has drawn all the Gariſons out of *Umbria* and *Tuſcany*, and is marching at their Head to join *Cæſar*. Now, ſhould all thoſe Troops join, ſo as

that

that Part ſhould be detached towards *Alba*, and part of them defile towards you, you muſt be ſhut up, as the Enemy needs not fight you but on his own Terms; neither can you ſingly, in the Face of ſuch an Army, ſend out foraging Parties to maintain your Numbers. I therefore, again, earneſtly conjure you, forthwith to march all your Troops hither, the Conſuls having come to the ſame Reſolution.

I ordered *Metuſcilius* to acquaint you, how neceſſary it was for me to take Care, that the two Legions ſhould not, without the *Picentine* Battalions, come in Sight of *Cæſar*'s Quarters. You are therefore to give yourſelf no Concern if you ſhall hear, that I retreat upon *Cæſar*'s advancing againſt me. I muſt take Care not to be coop'd up; for, both the Seaſon of the Year, and the Diſpoſitions of my Soldiers, render it impracticable for me to form a regular Encampment; nor would it be adviſeable for me to draw all our Gariſons from the fortify'd Places, leſt I ſhould be cut off from all Retreat. I have, therefore, aſſembled no more than fourteen Cohorts at *Luceria*. The Conſuls are either to join me with the Troops they have drawn from the fortified Places, or they are to go to *Sicily*. For, we muſt either have an Army ſtrong enough to force our Way through the Enemy, or we muſt take Poſſeſſion of ſuch Paſſes as they cannot force. Now, both theſe Expedients are impracticable for us at this Juncture, both becauſe *Cæſar* is Maſter of great Part of *Italy*, and becauſe our Army is neither ſo well provided, nor ſo numerous as his. We are therefore to be the more cautious of expoſing our Country. I again

and again conjure you inſtantly to join me with all your Troops. We may yet reſtore the Government, if we ſerve her in Concert with one another; but by being diſſipated, we ſhall become weak; ſuch are my Sentiments.

P. S. When I had finiſhed this Letter, *Sica* delivered to me your Letter and Commiſſion, exhorting me to march towards *Corfinium*, but that, I think, is what I cannot venture to do, eſpecially as I put no great Truſt in the Fidelity of the Legions I command (1).

Cnæus *the Great*, *Proconſul*, *to* Domitius, *Proconſul*, *wiſheth Proſperity.*

YOUR Letter of *February* 17th, came to my Hand, adviſing me of *Cæſar*'s having encamped before *Corfinium*. I foreſaw, and forewarned you of what has happened; that as Things now ſtand, he would not venture to fight you, and that he would draw together all his Force, to coop you up, and to obſtruct the Communication between you and me, and to prevent your joining the well affectioned Troops you command, with my ſuſpected Legions (1). Your Letter alarms me the more, becauſe I cannot ſtake the whole Fortune of our Country upon the Loyalty of the Troops that ſerve under me, nor am I yet joined by thoſe the Conſuls have levy'd. I therefore recommend it to you, to do all you

(1) Theſe were the two Legions we have already taken Notice of, which *Pompey* obliged *Cæſar* to part with on Pretext to ſerve againſt the *Parthians*.

can,

can, if it is now poſſible, to diſengage yourſelf, and immediately to join me before the Enemy's Junction can be compleated: For our new Recruits cannot march Time enough to this Rendezvous, and though they were already come up, you are ſenſible how little Dependence there is upon raw Men who are Strangers to one other, againſt *Veteran* Legions (1).

EPIST. XIII.

MY uſing my Secretary's Hand, and the ſhortneſs of this Letter ſufficiently intimates, that the Defluction upon my Eyes ſtill continues; and yet, indeed, I have, at preſent, nothing material to write you. All my Hopes reſt upon our Accounts from *Brunduſium*. If *Cæſar* has had an Interview with our Friend *Pompey*, I ſhall ſtill have glimmering Hopes of an Accommodation; but if the latter has paſſed the Sea without ſeeing him, I am apprehenſive of a moſt deſtructive War. Are you not now ſenſible, what a diſcerning, what a vigilant, what a reſolute Leader our Government has to do with. By Heavens, if he does not dip his Hand in Blood, or ſtretch it out

(1) If we are to form a Judgment of *Pompey*'s Conduct by what our Author writes of him to *Atticus*, he muſt have been a very bad Soldier, as well as a daſtardly Fellow. But in Fact, he was neither. If he had not ſo great Genius as *Cæſar* had, he ſhewed himſelf to have a true Judgment in the mechanical Part of War. The Reaſons which he gives in this Letter for his Conduct, are undoubtedly very ſolid, and muſt have been admitted to be ſo by our Author, had he not been unreaſonably prepoſſeſſed againſt *Pompey*'s Perſon.

in

in Rapine, he will become the Darling of thoſe who have dreaded him the moſt. I have had a great deal of Talk with our Townſmen, and a great deal with our Country Gentlemen in theſe Quarters; and, take my Word for it, they have no Concern but about their Lands, their Farms, and their Money. You ſee what a Paſs Things are come to. They fear the Man they truſted; they love the Man they feared. It is with Anguiſh, that I recollect the Miſcarriages, and Miſconduct that has brought us to this. But I have wrote you my Sentiments upon what we are to expect; and I am now impatient for your Anſwer.

EPIST. XIV.

THOSE daily Letters I ſend you are, doubtleſs, irkſome to you, as they give you no freſh Matter of Information, and as I have now no new Fund for Reflection. But it would be ridiculous in me to ſend you Couriers with blank Letters, finding, after all the Pains I take for Information, that I have no Subject to write upon. Now I cannot bring myſelf to let ſlip an Opportunity, eſpecially of my own Servants going to *Rome*, without ſending you a Letter. And let me tell you, I find ſome Eaſe amidſt my Troubles, in converſing, as it were, with you; and much more in reading your Letters. The Truth is, ever ſince all this Hurry and Conſternation began, we have not had a Time, ſo void, as this is, of all Matter for Writing; both becauſe there is nothing new at *Rome*, nor here; though we are two or three Days Journies

Journies nearer *Brunduſium* than you are. As to *Brunduſium*, the Succeſs of theſe firſt Operations will depend upon the Blow that is to be ſtruck there. I am tortured with Anxiety about the Event; but we ſhall have more early Intelligence than you.

For, I perceive, that *Pompey* ſet out from *Canuſium* the Morning, and *Cæſar* from *Corfinium* the Afternoon, of the ſame Day; that is, on the Anniverſary of the *Feralia* (1). But *Cæſar* marches with ſuch Rapidity, and quickens the Motions of his Soldiers with ſuch largeſſes, that I am afraid he will reach *Brunduſium* ſooner than we could wiſh. Then, ſay you, to what Purpoſe ſhould you anticipate your Uneaſineſs about an Event, that you muſt be certainly informed of in three Days? Why, that is true; but as I have already ſaid, I love to converſe with you.

You muſt know, at the ſame Time, that I am now wavering in the Reſolution which I thought had been entirely fixt. The Precedents, which you approve of, have not Weight enough to determine me. Shew me a bold Action performed by any one of the Men you quote for their Country hitherto: and how are we to look for any glorious Reſolution from them hereafter? Nor, by Heavens, do I think, thoſe Men are to be mentioned with Ap-

(1) This was a Feaſt in Honour of the infernal Gods, or the *Dii Manes*, and, in our Author's Time, it was celebrated on the 21ſt of *February*. It ſeems to have obtained ſo univerſally amongſt the Ancients, that the Cuſtom of carrying Diſhes of Victuals to the Graves of dead Friends, (from which Cuſtom, the Feaſt took its Name) continued in the Times of Chriſtianity; and I am not ſure, that it is, even at this Time quite aboliſhed in ſome Parts of *Chriſtendom*.

plauſe,

plauſe, who, in Order to carry on the War, have gone beyond Seas, though, 'tis true, *Cæſar*'s Proceedings are intolerable. For, I foreſee, what a dreadful, what a pernicious War this will be. But there is one Man who ſways me, the Man whom it becomes me to attend in his Flight, or to partake in his Attempts to retrieve the Conſtitution. What ſay you, will you never fix to one Point? Indulge me my Friend, I commune with you as I do with my own Heart, and is it not natural for every Man in ſo critical a Situation, to diſpute backwards and forwards with himſelf? I am deſirous at the ſame Time to pump out your Sentiments; if they are ſtill the ſame, they will fix me; if they are changed, I will agree with you.

It is abſolutely neceſſary for me, before I can come to a fixed Reſolution, to know what Meaſures *Domitius* and our Friend *Lentulus* will take. We have different Accounts concerning *Domitius*. Sometimes, that he is at *Tiburtum*, the Houſe of *Lepidus* (1), and that he is to ſet out with *Lepidus* from thence; but this too I perceive to be a falſe Report. For, *Lepidus* gives out, that *Domitius* has gone off by certain Bye-Ways, either to hide himſelf, or to get to Sea, he is doubtful which. He knows nothing of the younger *Domitius*. He adds another Piece of bad News, that the elder *Domitius* had a conſiderable Sum of Money ſeized at *Corfinium*, which never was returned him (2). As to *Lentulus*,

(1) The Original here is irretrievable, ſo that I muſt ſupply it by Conjecture.

(2) This ſeems not to have been true; for *Cæſar* himſelf aſſures us (in *Bello Civili*, Lib. 1. Cap. 22.) that he reſtored to *Domitius* all his Money, though he knew it had been given him by *Pompey*, for paying of his Soldiers.

I hear

I hear nothing concerning him. I beg you would enquire after thoſe Matters, and write to me what you can learn.

EPIST. XV.

ON the 3d of *March*, *Egypta* delivered to me Copies (1) of ſeveral Letters from you. The oldeſt was dated the 26th of *February*, which you ſay, you gave to *Pinarius*, and which I have not ſeen. In that you tell me, that you are impatient concerning the Succeſs of the Commiſſion with which *Vibullius* (2) is charged, but it is certain, that *Vibullius* was not even ſeen by *Cæſar*, (I perceive, by your next Letter, that you know this laſt Circumſtance to be true) and that you are impatient, concerning the Manner of my receiving *Cæſar* upon his Return. I am, you muſt know, by all Means, determined to avoid him. I think, you are in the Right in your Reſolution (3) to retire to your Eſtate in *Caonia*, and to alter your Scheme of Life. You ſay, you know not whether or not *Domitius* (4) has quitted his Badges

(1) *Orig. Epiſtolas mihi tuas.* They ſeem however only to have been Copies.

(2) He was one of thoſe who were taken Priſoners at *Corfinium*, and, notwithſtanding what *Cicero* ſays here, *Cæſar* certainly ſaw him (*Vide Bell. Civ. Ibid.*) and very probably charged him with ſuch a Commiſſion as is here mentioned for *Pompey*.

(3) The Original here is deſperate.

(4) He was entitled to have Lictors, and the Badges of Authority, by being named to be *Cæſar*'s Succeſſor in the Government of the *Tranſalpine Gaul*. If he diſmiſſed thoſe Diſtinctions, it was a Sign, that he approved of *Cæſar*'s Pretenſions, and would have been an excellent Excuſe for our Author to have done the ſame.

of

of Authority. When you do, I pray you let me know.

So much for your firſt Letter; your two next, which came to my hands, both of them dated the laſt of *February*, have quite plucked me from my former Reſolution, and which, as I wrote you before, was then ſtaggering. I am not a Whit moved by your Expreſſion, "that *Pompey* will not even ſpare the Gods themſelves." For our Danger is equal from the Reſentment of either Side. As to Victory, it is uncertain, 'tis true; but, for all that, the worſt Cauſe appears to be the better provided. Even the Conduct of the Conſuls, makes no Impreſſion upon me, for they are as eaſily moved, as a Leaf, or a Feather. What I owe to myſelf and my Country, is the Conſideration that gives me, and has given me, all my Pangs. Caution clearly requires my remaining in *Italy*, but the Voice of Honour ſeems to call me Abroad; and I am ſometimes inclined, that many ſhould Reproach me for want of Caution, rather than that a few ſhould blame me for want of Honour. As to what you enquire concerning *Lepidus* and *Tullus*, why really, they have agreed without any Difficulty, to be at *Cæſar*'s Devotion, and to aſſiſt in the Senate.

Your laſt Letter is dated the 1ſt of *March*, and in it you wiſh for an Interview, and do not deſpair of an Accommodation between *Cæſar* and *Pompey*. But, in my preſent Way of Thinking, I cannot believe that there will be any Interview, or if there is, that *Pompey* will agree to any Terms. As to your not making a Doubt that I can be at no Loſs, in what Manner to determine myſelf ſhould

the

the Conſuls go beyond Seas: Their doing ſo is beyond all doubt, and it is probable they are already gone. But you are to remember that, excepting *Appius*, every great Officer of the Republic who attends him, has the right of going beyond Seas. For every one of them has either a Command that authoriſes him to do ſo, ſuch as *Pompey*, *Scipio*, *Setenas*, *Fannius*, *Voconius*, *Seſtius*, and the Conſuls themſelves, (whoſe Commiſſions, in the Terms of our Anceſtors, allows them to viſit any Province in the Empire,) or they are Lieutenants to thoſe who bear ſuch Commiſſions. But I make no Handle of this, I underſtand your Sentiments, and I am now at little or no Loſs concerning my own Duty. This Letter ſhould be longer could I write with my own Hand, but I am in Hopes of being able to do it in two Days. I ſend you a Copy of a Letter from *Balbus Cornelius*, which I received the ſame Day with yours, in which you will ſee how much I am to be pitied when he ventures ſo much to affront my Underſtanding (1).

Balbus *to* Cicero, *Commander in Chief, wiſheth Proſperity.*

I Conjure you my dear Friend, charge yourſelf with a Care and Concern that is ſuitable to your Virtue (2), that of bringing *Cæſar* and *Pompey*, who

(1) *Viz.* In endeavouring to make him believe, that *Cæſar* was well diſpoſed to an Accommodation with *Pompey*.

(2) *Orig. Digniſſimam tuæ Virtutis.*

are

are now at Variance through the Treachery of bad Agents, to live in their former good Correſpondence with one another. *Cæſar*, believe me, will not only put himſelf into your Hands, but will even own himſelf indebted to you in the higheſt Degree, if you will attempt this Reconciliation. Had *Pompey* but the ſame Diſpoſitions.—But it is rather my Wiſh than my Belief, that, at this Juncture, he can be brought to any Accommodation. But ſhould he take Breath, ſhould he recover out of his Conſternation, I ſhould then begin to hope that he would be greatly ſwayed by your Counſels.

As to your Opinion, that the Conſul *Lentulus* ought to remain in *Italy*, *Cæſar* takes it kind, but by Heavens I am overjoyed with it, for ſo great is my Regard for that Conſul, that it is equal to that for *Cæſar* himſelf. O! had but *Lentulus* indulged me in my uſual Familiarity with him, had he not again and again avoided my Converſation! I ſhould, this Hour, have been leſs unhappy than I am. For you are not to imagine that any Thing gives me greater Pain at this Juncture, than to ſee the Man I love, beyond myſelf, a Conſul, without any one of the Eſſentials of that Office. But ſhould he incline to your Admonitions, ſhould he truſt me concerning *Cæſar*'s Sentiments, ſhould he paſs the remaining Time of his Conſulſhip in *Rome*, then ſhould I begin to hope that the Authority of the Senate, your Motions, and his Mediation, might effect a Reconciliation between *Pompey* and *Cæſar*. Could that take Place, I could then wiſh to ſee the End of my Days.

I know

I know you will own that the whole of *Cæſar*'s Behaviour (1) at *Corfinium*, was a Maſter-piece. Nothing ſurely could give him greater Advantage upon ſuch an Occaſion, than to prevent the ſmalleſt Effuſion of Blood. I am extreamly pleaſed to think that the Viſit of your and my *Balbus*, was ſo agreeable to you. I know that he will, by the Effects, prove every Thing he has ſaid concerning *Cæſar*, and every Thing that *Cæſar* has written, to be ſtrictly true, be his Succeſs what it will.

EPIST. XVI.

I Have now got every Thing ready, excepting a ſecret, and a ſafe, Paſſage to the upper Sea, for it is impoſſible for me, at this Seaſon of the Year, to paſs by the nether Sea. But, by what Means, ſhall I arrive at the Place my Soul covets, and my Situation points out? For my Diſpatch muſt be quick, leſt ſome Incident ſhould hamper and fetter me down. It is not *Pompey*, as is generally ſuppoſed, who influences me: he is a Man whom, for a long Time, I have judged to be void of all political (2), and I judge him now to be no leſs void of all military Accompliſhments (3). It is not, I ſay, he who influences me, it is the public Talk which *Philotimus* informs

(1) *Viz.* The unparallelled Clemency with which he uſed his Conqueſt.

(2) *Orig.* ἀπολιτικώτατον. *Civilis gubernationis omnino imperitum.*

(3) *Orig.* Ἀστρατηγικώτατον. *Artis imperatoriæ maxime ignarum.*

This juſtifies my former Obſervation upon our Author's Prepoſſeſſions againſt *Pompey*.

me of in his Letters. For he tells me, that I am taken in Pieces by our Men of high Quality. Of what Quality immortal Gods! ſee how they flock; ſee how they ſell off themſelves, to *Cæſar!*

As to our Corporations, they treat him as a God, but without the Inſincerity they ſhowed when they put up public Prayers for *Pompey*'s Recovery. But as much Merit has been made of the Miſchief which the ſecond *Piſiſtratus* has not done, as if he had prevented its being committed by another. People hope from the Clemency of *Cæſar*; they fear from the Wrath of *Pompey*. How our Towns pour out to meet (1) *Cæſar!* What Honours they pay him! They fear him, you tell me. I believe they do, but by Heavens not ſo much as they do *Pompey*. They are charmed with the inſidious Clemency of the one, and daunted by the implacable Reſentment of the other. I, every Day, ſee ſome one or other of thoſe eight hundred and fifty Judges (2), who were devoted to our Friend *Pompey*, and who are terrified by, I know not what, Fulminations (3) of his at *Luceria*.

Let me therefore ask you who thoſe Men of Quality are, who are for forcing me away, and yet can remain quiet in their own Houſes? But, be who they will, I am afraid of public Reflections (4). Yet I am ſenſible what I have to truſt to where I am going, and that I am about to join a Man who

(1) *Orig.* ἀπαντήσεις. *Obviam itiones.*

(2) Theſe Judges had been named by *Pompey*. Three hundred of them were of the ſenatorial Order, and the reſt were Knights, or Commiſſioners of the Treaſury.

(3) He publicly declared that he would hold all neutral Perſons to be Traitors to their Country.

(4) *Orig.* αἰδίομαι Τρῶας. *Timeo Trojanos.*

bids

bids fairer to plunder *Italy*, than to conquer. What then do I look for? Yes, on this 2d of *March*, I look for ſome News from *Brunduſium*. But what kind of News? The ſcandalous Manner in which *Pompey* has fled from thence, and the Progreſs and Marches of his Conqueror. When I ſhall hear any Thing certain, if *Cæſar* ſhould come by the *Appian* Way, I will retire to *Arpinum*.

CICERO's EPISTLES TO ATTICUS.

BOOK IX.

EPIST I.

THOUGH, by the Time this Letter came to your Hand, I imagine I may know what has paſt at *Brunduſium*, (for *Pompey* went from *Canuſium* the 2d of *February*, and I write this on the 7th of *March*, the fourteenth Day after) yet I am tortured by Impatience after every Hour's Occurrence. I am ſurpriſed that I have not heard ſo much as a Whiſper from thence,—Surely this Silence is wonderful indeed. But perhaps I now (1) torture myſelf to no Purpoſe. Well, it cannot be long before I am at the End of my Expectation.

There is another Thing gives me Pain; that I can, by no Means, learn where our Friend *Lentulus*,

(1) *Orig.* κενόσπουδα. *Vanæ Curæ plena.*

and

and where *Domitius* are. I want to know, that I may the more eaſily learn how they intend to behave; whether they are to join *Pompey*; and if they are, which Way, or when? At preſent I hear the City is ſtuffed with Men of Quality; and that *Soſius* and *Lupus*, whom our Friend *Pompey* thought would be at *Brunduſium* before himſelf, act upon the *Prætorian* Bench at *Rome* (1). The People go in droves from this Place to *Rome*, and even *Manius Lepidus*, with whom I uſed to ſpend the Day, thinks To-morrow of ſetting out thither. As to myſelf, I ſhall, that I may be nearer the Fountain Head of News, remain at *Formiæ*, and then I deſign to go to *Arpinum*, from thence to ſet out for the upper Sea by the moſt private Road, having firſt quitted, or entirely diſmiſſed, my Lictors. For I hear that a great many worthy Men, who now ſerve their Country, and who have often greatly ſerved her before, are diſguſted with my lingering here, and that they paſs many ſevere Reflections againſt me, eſpecially when they ſit down to their long Meals (2).

Well, then let us be gone. To merit the Character of Patriots, let us invade *Italy* by Land and Sea, and let me re-kindle, againſt myſelf, the hatred of the wicked, which was before extinguiſhed. In ſhort, let us be guided by the Counſels of *Lucceius* and *Theophanes* (3). For *Scipio* has either the Excuſe of his Allotment for his going to *Syria*, or

(1) This News appears to have been falſe.

(2) *Orig. Multaque in me, et ſevere in conviviis tempeſtivis quidem diſputari.*

(3) They were two great Confidents of *Pompey*. The Reading here is pretty extraordinary, for our Author puts *Theophani* as the Genitive of *Theophanes*. Several Inſtances of the like Kind occur.

of Honour, for ſtanding by his Son-in-law, or of Fear, for avoiding *Cæſar*. As to the *Marcelli*, they would have ſtaid in *Italy*, but for the Dread of *Cæſar*'s Sword. *Appius* is influenced by the ſame Motive, and by ſome later Cauſes of Diſguſt he has given to *Cæſar*, and all the reſt, excepting he and *Caius Caſſius*, are Lieutenants; *Fauſtus* is *Proqueſtor*; and I was the only one who have the Liberty of Choice.

My Brother will attend me, though it is hard that he ſhould be the Companion of my Fortunes, as *Cæſar* will be more particularly incenſed againſt him. But I cannot prevail with him to ſtay behind. Well, we will repay *Pompey* all that we owe him; for no Conſideration, but that of his Perſon, influences me; not even the Talk of thoſe who are Patriots only in Name; nor the Cauſe itſelf, the Management of which is cowardly, as its End muſt be ruinous. Such is the Sacrifice I make to *Pompey*, and to *Pompey* only, and that without his Solicitation; and though he ſays that he fights not for himſelf but for his Country. I am impatient to know your Reſolution concerning your going over to *Epirus*.

EPIST. II.

THOUGH I looked for a long Letter from you, on the 7th of *March*, which, if I miſtake not, is your Day of Confinement, yet I write this in Anſwer to the ſhort Line which you wrote

(2) *Orig.* ἀναπάρητον. *Remotum ab omni Occurſu.*

me

me the 5th, ſome Time before your Fit (1). You tell me you are very well pleaſed at my remaining in *Italy*, and you continue ſtill in your former Sentiments. Now I underſtood, from your former Letters, that you was poſitive as to my going beyond Seas, if *Pompey* ſhould carry any conſiderable Force out of *Italy*, and if the Conſuls ſhould attend him. Can this be owing to your Forgetfulneſs, to my Miſunderſtanding, or to your changing your Opinion? But I ſhall either know your real Senſe, by the Letter which I expect from you, or I ſhall learn it by a ſubſequent one.

We have yet no News from *Brunduſium*. How difficult, how deſperate, is my Situation? How more than minute you are in laying its particulars before me, but how more than vague are you in explaining your Sentiments as to the Conduct I ought to follow? You compliment me upon my not going along with *Pompey*, and you lay before me, how ſcandalous it would be for me to be preſent in the Senate, where I could not, with Decency, approve of any Meaſures which ſhall be propoſed againſt him. Then ſurely I muſt throw myſelf into the Oppoſition. May the Gods, ſay you, guide you. What then can be done if the one Meaſure is attended by Guilt, and the other by Puniſhment. You will obtain, ſay you, from *Cæſar*, a Licence to be abſent, and to live at your Eaſe. Muſt I then Petition him for ſuch a Licence? How wretched! What if I ſhould not obtain it.——

You will tell me likewiſe, that I ſhall thereby preſerve my Pretenſions for a Triumph. But what

(1) *Orig.* ὑπὸ τὴν διάλημψιν. *Sub ipſam acceſſionem febris.*

if *Cæſar* ſhould preſs me to accept of it. Shall I accept of it? That would be ſcandalous. Shall I refuſe it? He will then think that I have an Averſion for all he does, more than he formerly did in the Matter of the twenty Commiſſioners (1). Now when he opens himſelf, he commonly loads me with the whole Blame of that Juncture, and tells me, that I had ſuch an Averſion to him, that I would not even accept of a Place of Honour under him. But how much more will he now be exaſperated, as the Honour of a Triumph is more glorious, and he himſelf more powerful!

You tell me, that you make no doubt that I am out of all Favour, with *Pompey*, at this Time. I can ſee no Reaſon for that; at leaſt, if we conſider Circumſtances. After he had loſt *Corfinium*, he imparted to me his Reſolution; and will he blame me for not coming to *Brunduſium*, though *Cæſar* lay between me and that Town? In the next Place, he is conſcious that it very ill becomes him who is ſo much in the Wrong (2) to reproach others, and he knows that I ſaw farther, than he did, into the Weakneſs of our Corporations and new Levies; that I was in the Right in all my Counſels concerning an Accommodation, concerning the City, concerning the public Money, and concerning the getting Poſſeſſion of *Picenum*. But if, when I am at Liberty, I ſhould not attend him, then is his Time for being my Enemy. That, however, would give me no Pain on Account of what I might ſuffer. For what could he do,

Who dares to die can never be a Slave (3).

But

(1) See Vol. 1. p 89.

(2) *Orig.* ἀπαξηνοίαςον. *Reprehendendi libertate carentem.*

(3) *Orig.* Τίς δεῖ δοῦλος, τὸ θανεῖν ἄφοντις ἄν. *Quiſnum eſt ſervus*

But the Charge of Ingratitude fills my Soul with Horror. I therefore hope that, as you write, he will make me moſt welcome (1) when I go to him, go when I will.

You tell me that you would not be ſo forward in giving me Advice, if *Cæſar* ſhould proceed with Temper. But how can he proceed otherwiſe than as a public Ruffian? Think upon his Life, his Manners, his paſt Conduct, his preſent Scheme, his Aſſociates, and how he will be ruffled by the Power, and even by the Inflexibility, of our Patriots.

Scarcely had I read your Letter when *Poſthumus Curtius* came to me, in great Haſte, on his Way to *Cæſar*, breathing forth nothing but Fleets and Armies. *Cæſar* has conquered Spain, he poſſeſſes *Aſia*, *Sicily*, *Afric*, and *Sardinia*, and now we have him purſuing his Enemies into *Greece*.—If this is true, and ſhould I follow *Pompey*, it would not be to aſſiſt him in fighting, but in flying. And indeed I cannot bear the Talk of thoſe—What ſhall I call them?—For ſurely they are not Patriots, as they affect to be called. And yet I can't help being curious to know what they ſay, and I beg you, in the moſt earneſt Manner, to learn what it is, and to inform me of it. As yet, I am an abſolute Stranger to what has happened at *Brunduſium*. I ſhall be determined by that Event, and the Circumſtances of the Time. But I will do nothing without conſulting you.

ſervus mortem non timens. This is a Sentiment taken from *Euripides*.

(1) *Orig.* ἀσμένιστον. *Gratiſſimum.*

EPIST. III.

THE younger *Domitius*, on the 8th Inſtant, went by this Place to *Formiæ*, in haſte, to ſee his Mother at *Naples*; and, upon *Dionyſius*, one of my Slaves being pretty importunate with him for News, he ordered him to acquaint me, that his Father was at *Rome*. Now, I had Intelligence that he was gone either to *Pompey* or to *Spain*. I wiſh I knew the Truth of this. For it is of Importance to my preſent Difficulties, if *Domitius* is not yet gone, that *Pompey* ſhould know that it is no eaſy Matter for me to leave *Italy*, eſpecially in the Winter-time, and, filled as it is, with *Cæſar*'s Armies and Garriſons. For if the Seaſon were more favourable, I would paſs over by the *Tuſcan* Sea, whereas now I can only go by the *Adriatic*, and my Paſſage to it is ſhut up. You will therefore inform yourſelf both as to *Domitius* and *Lentulus*.

I have as yet no News from *Brunduſium*, though this is the 9th of *March*, and by my Calculation, either this Day or Yeſterday, *Cæſar* arrived at *Brunduſium*, for, on the 1ſt of this Month, he lay at *Arpi*. If we are to believe *Poſthumus*, he is gone in purſuit of *Pompey*, who he thinks, by all he can gueſs from the Wind and the Weather, is gone beyond Seas. I cannot think that *Cæſar* can get Mariners for his Tranſport-veſſels. *Poſthumus* is confident he can, on Account of *Cæſar*'s great Character of Liberality amongſt the Seamen. But it is impoſſible I can be long ignorant of every Thing, be what it will, that is paſt at *Brunduſium*.

EPIST.

EPIST. IV.

THOUGH I have a Reſpite from Pain ſo long as I am writing to you, or Reading your Letters, yet all my Subject is now exhauſted, which I believe is the Caſe with you likewiſe. As to our eaſy familiar Correſpondence, the Juncture debars it, and we have exhauſted all that can be ſaid upon public Matters. But that I may not give myſelf up quite to Melancholy, I have propoſed certain Queries (1) of the political Kind, but adapted to the preſent Juncture; both that I may relieve my Spirit from this plaintive Mood, and that I may be employed in ſomewhat that relates to my preſent Situation. The Queries are as follow.

Whether a Man ought to live in a Country that has fallen under the Power of a Tyrant? Whether in ſuch a Caſe, the Downfall of the Tyranny is not to be attempted, even at the Riſk of the very Being of the State? Whether it may not be proper to watch the Ambition of the Man, who overthrows a Tyranny? Whether it is not the Duty of a Man, when his Country falls under Tyranny, to aſſiſt her by his Exhortations and Addreſs rather than by Arms? Whether it is conſiſtent with the Character of a good Patriot, to retire, and to be at his Eaſe, while his Country is enſlaved? Whether any Danger is too great to be hazarded for our Country? Whether, when ſhe is enſlaved, we ought not to march in Arms againſt her, and even attack her Walls? Whether the Man who diſapproves of overthrow-

(1) *Orig.* Ζήτησις. *Quæſtiones.*

ing

ing a Tyranny by War, ought to mingle in the Liſt of Patriots? Whether we ought not to riſk all Dangers for our Country, in common with our Benefactors and Friends, though they be fundamentally wrong in their Meaſures? Whether the Man who has greatly ſerved his Country, and has thereby drawn upon himſelf a Load of the ſevereſt Penalties and Hatred, is bound in Duty to offer her his Services in her ſucceeding Dangers? Whether it is lawful for him to have any Regard for himſelf and his Family, without mingling in the Oppoſition to Power (1)?

(1) *Orig.* Εἰ μενετέον ἐν τῇ πατρίδι τυραννευμένῃ. Τυραννευμένης δ' αὐτῆς, εἰ παντὶ τρόπῳ τυραννίδος καταλυσιν πραγματευτέον, κἂν μέλλῃ διὰ τοῦτο περὶ τῶν ὅλων ἡ πόλις κινδυνεύσειν. Εἰ εὐλαβητέον τον καταλύοντα, μὴ αὐτὸς αἴρηται. Εἰ πειρατέον ἀρήγειν τῇ πατρίδι τυραννευμένῃ καιρῷ καὶ λόγῳ μᾶλλον, ἢ πολέμῳ. Εἰ πολιτικὸν τὸ ἡσυχάζειν, ἀναχωρήσαντά ποι, τῆς πατρίδος τυραννευμένης. Εἰ διὰ παντὸς ἰτέον κινδύνου τῆς ἐλευθερίας πέρι. Εἰ πόλεμον ἐπακτέον τῇ χώρᾳ, καὶ πολιορκητέον ταύτην τυραννευμένην. Εἰ καὶ μὴ δοκιμάζοντα τὴν διὰ πολέμου καταλυσιν τῆς τυραννίδος, συναπογραπτέον ὅμως τοῖς ἀρίστοις. Εἰ τοῖς εὐεργέταις, καὶ φίλοις συγκινδυνευτέον ἐν τοῖς πολιτικοῖς κἂν μὴ δοκῶσιν εὖ βεβουλεῦσθαι περὶ τῶν ὅλων. Εἰ ὁ μεγάλα τὴν πατρίδα εὐεργετήσας, δι' αὐτό τε τοῦτο ἀνήκεστα παθὼν, καὶ φθονηθεὶς, κινδυνεύσειεν ἂν ἑθελοντὴς ὑπὲρ τῆς πατρίδος. Εἰ ἐφετέον αὐτῷ ἑαυτοῦ ποτε, καὶ τῶν οἰκειοτάτων ποιεῖσθαι πρόνοιαν ἀφεμένῳ τὰς πρὸς τοὺς ἰσχύοντας διὰ πολιτείας.

An manendum in patria tyrannide oppreſſa; ea vero tyrannide oppreſſa an quovis modo tyrannidis everſio tentanda eſt, etiam ſi civitas propter id de ſumma rerum periculum ſubitura ſit? Utrum cavendum ne, qui tyrannidem evertit, ipſe evertatur? An tentandum ſit opem ferre patriæ tyrannide oppreſſæ verbis & tempore potius quam bello? An boni civis ſit, ſecedentem aliquo quieſcere oppreſſa a tyranno patria? An periculum quodvis ſubeundum pro libertate? An bellum inferendum patriæ, eaque ſit obſidenda ſi a tyranno opprimatur? An etiam is qui non probet ut bello tyrannis evertatur, tamen nomen dare cum bonis debeat? An cum bene meritis & amicis ſubeunda pericula in Rep. etiam ſiminus recte de ſumma rerum conſuluiſſe videantur? Utrum de patria bene meritus, ob eamque cauſſam graviſſima quæque paſſus & invidea oppreſſus, ultro pro patria diſcrimen ſubire debeat? An permittendum ei ut ſui ipſius tandem & familiæ rationem habeat, dimiſſis adverſus potentes concertationibus pro republica.

Such

Such are the Subjects in which I exerciſe myſelf, diſputing on both Sides, ſometimes in *Greek*, ſometimes in *Latin*, and thereby gradually weaning my Mind from its Uneaſineſs, by applying the whole to my preſent Caſe (1). But I am afraid, I ſhall become impertinent (2) to you. For, if the Bearer of this Letter goes ſtraight to you, you will receive it on the very Day of your Fit.

EPIST. V.

THE Letter which you wrote me upon your Birth Day, was full of ſound Advice, ſeaſoned with great Affection, and true Prudence. I received it from *Philotimus* the Day after he had it from you. The Matters you touch upon are of the moſt difficult Nature. To get to the *Adriatic*. —To ſail on the *Tuſcan* Sea—My going to *Arpinum* —The Danger of appearing to fly from *Cæſar*—Of throwing myſelf in his Way, to compliment him, ſhould I remain at *Formiæ*.—But the moſt wretched of all Circumſtances is, that I have lived to this woful Day on which I ſee, what I cannot help, the Miſeries that thicken every Hour. *Poſthumus* has been with me. I wrote you before, what an Air of Importance he wore. *Fuſius* likewiſe came to me; but had you ſeen his Looks, his Earneſtneſs, his Hurry to reach *Brunduſium*, ſometimes railing at *Pompey*'s Treaſon, and ſometimes at the Senate's want of Reſolution and Wiſdom. If I cannot bear

(1) *Orig.* τῆν περέργειαν. *De iis quæ ad rem pertinent.*
(2) *Orig.* ἄκαιρος. *Importunus.*

ſuch

ſuch Inſolence in my Villa, can I bear it of *Curtius* (1) in the Senate. Well, ſuppoſe I could bring my Mind down to bear it; but when they call out, "Hear *Marcus Tullius*," what will then be the Conſequence? I ſhall not here ſpeak of the Cauſe of our Country, which I think to be irretrievable, not more through her Wounds, than the Remedies that has been applied to them. But I aſk you, how I am to behave, with regard to *Pompey?*

It ſignifies nothing for me to deny to you, that I am angry with him. For the Springs of Events always affect us more than the Events themſelves. When I reflect, or rather when I perceive, that thoſe Calamities (than which none can be greater) happened through his Miſconduct and Miſtakes, I blame him more than I do *Cæſar*. Our Anceſtors held the Day, on which the Battle of *Allia* was fought, to be more fatal than that on which their City was taken, becauſe the one Calamity was the neceſſary Conſequence of the other. Therefore, I ſay, the one Day is marked out in the Calender, though the other Day is not ſo much as known to the Public. Agreeable to this Maxim, when I reflect upon a ten Years Miſconduct, (which includes the Year in which my Calamity happened without his endeavouring to prevent it, that I may give his Conduct the ſofteſt Turn); when I ſee his Raſhneſs, his Indolence, and his Negligence, at this Juncture, I cannot help being in a Paſſion. But I have got now the better of all thoſe Conſiderations. I now look forward only to the Services he has done me, I look forward to his Dignity in the State. The

(1) *Curtius Poſthumus* was a Kind of Dependant upon *Cicero*.

Letters,

Letters, and the Language of *Balbus*, prevented me from underſtanding ſo ſoon as I wiſh I had done, that *Cæſar* has Nothing in View, that he had Nothing in View, even from the very Beginning, but to kill *Pompey*. You remember that *Homer* brings in the Goddeſs, Mother of *Achilles*, telling him.

When Hector *falls, thou dy'ſt,—Let* Hector *die,*
And let me fall! (Achilles *made reply*).
Far lies Patroclus *from his native Plain!*
He fell, and falling, wiſh'd my Aid in vain (1).

In like Manner, I aſk you, how I am to behave towards a Man who has been not only my Friend (2) but my Benefactor, (3) to a Man of his Rank, at the Head of ſuch a Cauſe. For my own Part, I am of Opinion that ſuch Obligations ought to be recompenſed only by Life itſelf.

As to your Men of Quality, I truſt them not, I have even loſt all Complaiſance for them. I can ſee how they are going over, and how they prepare to go over, to *Cæſar*. Do you think, that the Acts of our Corporations for public Prayers for *Pompey*'s Recovery, were more extraordinary than their Gratulations for *Cæſar*'s Victory? This, you tell me, proceeds from Fear; but they tell you, they were afraid of *Pompey* likewiſe. But let us ſee what has

(1) *Orig.* Αὐτίκα γάρ τοι ἔπειτα μεθ' Ἕκτορα πότμος ἕτοιμος. *Matri ipſe reſpondit,*

(2) *Orig.* Αὐτίκα τεθναίην, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἄρ' ἑμελλον ἑταίρῳ. Κτεινομένῳ ἐπαμῦναι.

Statim enim tibi deinde poſt Hectorem Mors parata.—Utinam ſtatim moriar, quandoquidem ſodali, cum interficeretur, non eram opem laturus. The *Engliſh* Tranſlation is from Mr. *Pope*.

(3) *Orig.* Ἑταίρῳ. *Sodali.*

(4) *Orig.* Εὐεργέτῃ. *Bene merito.*

been

been done at *Brunduſium*. That may, perhaps, give Riſe to my purſuing other Meaſures, and writing more Letters.

EPIST. VI.

NOT a Word as yet from *Brunduſium*. *Balbus* writes me from *Rome*, that he is of Opinion, the Conſul *Lentulus* is gone beyond Seas before the younger *Balbus* could meet with him; that he received this Intelligence at *Canuſium*, from whence his Nephew wrote to him. He adds, that the Six Cohorts that were at *Alba*, had gone over to *Curius* upon the *Munician* Road. That he learned this by a Letter from *Cæſar*, who, in a ſhort Time, was to be at *Rome*. I will take your Advice in not removing to *Arpinum* at this Juncture. And yet, as I intended to have given my Son his manly Robe at *Arpinum*, I might have left that as an Excuſe to *Cæſar* for my Departure. But, perhaps, that very Circumſtance may give him Offence; for why, did I not rather perform that Ceremony at *Rome*? And yet, if meet him I muſt, I chuſe to meet him here. After that, I can come to a determined Reſolution, as to where, how, and when.

Domitius, I hear, is at his Houſe at *Coſa*, and is ſaid to be in Readineſs to ſail. If for *Spain*, I am againſt the Voyage; if to join *Pompey*, I am for it. But, let him go any where, rather than ſee *Curtius*. I who am his Patron, cannot bear to ſee him; what then muſt be the Caſe with others? But, I believe, I ought to be quiet, for fear of arraigning

raigning my own Miſcarriages; becauſe, my Love for *Rome*, that is, for my Country, and my Hopes of an Accommodation were ſo ſtrong, that by my Conduct, I find my ſelf actually encloſed and impriſoned.

Having written thus far, I received from *Capua* a Letter in the following Words, "*Pompey* has "put to Sea with all his Troops, to the Number "of thirty thouſand Men, and is attended by the "two Conſuls, the Tribunes of the Commons, "and the Senators who were along with him, with "all their Wives and Children. He is ſaid to "have embarked the 4th of *March* (1), and the "Winds ever ſince have been northerly. It is re-"ported he has broken up, or burnt all the Ships "he did not make Uſe of. This Intelligence came "in a Letter to *Capua* to the Tribune *Lucius Me-*"*tellus*, from his Mother-in-Law *Clodia*, who is "likewiſe gone to Sea."

Hitherto I was vexed and uneaſy, (and no Wonder I was, conſidering my Situation,) becauſe it was impoſſible for me, with all the Addreſs I had, to diſingage myſelf. But now, that *Pompey* and the Conſuls have left *Italy*, my Anguiſh riſes to Agony, my Heart fails within me, and my Brain turns round; I am not, believe me, in my Senſes, through that Cloud of Infamy that now overſhadows my Character. That I ſhould not at firſt have followed *Pompey*, however, he might have been miſtaken! that I ſhould not have been amongſt the Friends of my Country, however raſhly they may have proceeded! eſpecially, as the very Perſons,

(1) *Pompey* did not embark till the 15*th*.

for whoſe Sake I was ſo tender in truſting myſelf to Fortune, I mean, my Wife, my Daughter, and my two Boys, were for my following *Pompey*, and did think it ſcandalous, and baſe in me, that I have not. As to my Brother, he always ſaid, that he would determine himſelf by my Pleaſure, and follow it with the moſt perfect Reſignation.

I now feel ſome Comfort in reading over your Letters from the Beginning. Your moſt early ones admoniſh, and beg me not to throw myſelf away. In your next, you expreſs your Joy for my having remained in *Italy*. During the Moments in which I read them (but no longer) ſome Part of my Shame vaniſhes in my Mind, but my Grief and my Ideas of my Infamy, again inſtantly overwhelm me. Therefore, I conjure you, my deareſt Friend, pluck thoſe Sorrows from my Soul, or diminiſh their Pangs by your Conſolation, by your Counſels, or by ſome Means or other. But I am too far gone for you, for any Man, or, almoſt, for any God to relieve me.

I will endeavour to follow your Advice, (which you think practicable) to obtain of *Cæſar* Leave to be abſent from the Senate, when any Meaſures againſt *Pompey* are in Agitation. But I am afraid, I cannot obtain that Indulgence. *Furnius* (that you may know what Kind of Men are to direct us) came from *Cæſar*, and he tells me, that the Son of *Quintus Titinius* is with him, and that *Cæſar* is more profuſe than I could wiſh him, in owning his Obligations to me. But you will effectually learn from his own Letter, which is but ſhort, what he aſks of me.

How

How unhappy it makes me, that you have been indiſpoſed! Were we together, we ſurely ſhould hit upon ſomewhat. Two Heads, you know, as the Poet (1) ſays——But let us not react the Scene, let us look forward. Hitherto I have been deceived in two Circumſtances. I flattered myſelf at firſt with the Hopes of an Accommodation, and if that had happened, I might then have retired to a private Life, and have paſſed my old Age in quiet. In the next Place, I ſaw that *Pompey* was about to kindle a bloody, and a deſtructive War. I imagined, by Heavens, that a worthy Patriot, and a good Man, would chooſe the moſt dreadful of Puniſhments, rather than be a Director, or even a Party, in ſuch Scenes of Miſery. I thought Death was preferable to the Company of ſuch Men. Conſider, or rather conclude, my *Atticus*, ſomewhat, upon thoſe Circumſtances. Nothing can happen ſo inſupportable to me as is my preſent Anguiſh of Spirit.

Cæſar *Commander in Chief*, *to* Cicero *Commander in Chief*, *wiſheth Proſperity.*

HAVING but juſt ſeen our Friend *Furnius*, without any Conveniency for ſpeaking with, or hearing him, as I was upon a haſty March, and as my Legions were gone before; yet, I was unwilling to let ſlip an Opportunity of writing to you by him, and returning you my Thanks, as I have often done before, and, ſo well do you

(1) Viz. *Homer.*

deſerve from me, that, I believe, I ſhall continue to do the ſame. In the firſt Place, as I am in Hopes of being very ſoon at *Rome*, I beg that I may ſee you there, where I may be directed by your Advice, Intereſt, Authority, and Aſſiſtance in all Things. But to end as I begun, I beg you will pardon the Hurry and the Shortneſs of this Letter. I refer you to *Furnius* for the reſt.

EPIST. VII.

I Wrote you a Letter, which I delivered for you upon the 12th, but the Perſon to whom I ordered it to be given, is not yet ſet out. The nimble footed Courier came on the very Day that was mentioned by *Sallus*, and brought me your Letters, which were ſo full of Information, and which refreſhed the little Spirit that is in me, with ſome Drops of Comfort; for, I cannot ſay, that I am recovered, and yet you have made me the next Thing to it. Believe me, I do not now flatter myſelf with any happy Event, for I can foreſee, while *Pompey* and *Cæſar* are alive, or even *Pompey* himſelf, that the Conſtitution never can be re-eſtabliſhed. I therefore, do not ſo much as dream of any Eaſe to myſelf, for I have laid my Account for the worſt. I am now under no Apprehenſions, but leſt I may do, or may have done, ſomething that is mean. You are therefore to be aſſured, that your Letters have reſtored me to Life. I do not only mean your long Letters which are at once ſo extreamly particular and elegant, but even your ſhort ones, which gave me the very great Pleaſure

ſure to underſtand, that my Conduct and Behaviour was approved of by *Sextus*. A Piece of Intelligence, which was the more agreeable to me, as I am ſenſible, not only of his great Affection to me, but of his being a thorough Judge of what is right.

As to your longer Letter, it relieved not only me, but my Friends and Family, from our Uneaſineſs. I will therefore, follow your Advice, and remain at *Formiæ*, leſt too much Notice ſhould be taken of the Meeting between *Cæſar* and me at *Rome*, and leſt he ſhould think, I purpoſely ſhun him, if I ſhould ſee him neither there nor here. As to the Favour you deſire me to aſk of him, that I may act with Regard to *Pompey*, in the ſame Manner I did with Regard to him, you may perceive by the Letters from *Balbus* and *Oppius*, of which I ſend you Copies, that I made that Requeſt ſome Time ago. I likewiſe ſend you *Cæſar*'s Letter to them, which conſidering his Fever of Ambition, is written with great Coolneſs. But, if *Cæſar* will not indulge me in this, you adviſe me publicly to declare myſelf a Mediator for an Accommodation. No Danger ſhall deter me from that. For, ſurrounded as I am with Dangers, act how I will, if I comply I muſt, why ſhould it not be in the Manner that ſhall do me the moſt Honour? But I am afraid leſt this ſhould gall *Pompey*. I am afraid

Leſt he ſhould ſhake his Gorgon Locks at me.

For you cannot believe how much our Friend *Pompey* affects the Domination of *Sylla*. I know what I ſay, and he never made leſs a Secret of any Thing in his Life, than he does of this. If ſuch, ſay

you, are his Diſpoſitions, would you follow him? Believe me, my Friend, I follow him for the Kindneſſes he has done me, not as he is the Head of a Party. I befriend him as I did *Milo*; as I did, (1).—But where have I got—Then, ſay you, you diſapprove of his Party's Principles. No, theſe are excellent. But (mark what I ſay) their Proceedings has been moſt ſcandalous. They ſet out with a Deſign to ſtarve *Rome* and *Italy*, then, to plunder and burn the Country, and to ſeize the Properties of monied Men. But, as I am afraid of the ſame Conſequences from the other Party, if I meet with no Kindneſs there, I think it would be more eligible for me to ſuffer all Extremities at Home. But I conceive my Obligations to *Pompey* to be ſo great, that I dare not ſtand the Reflection of being ungrateful, and yet, what you urge even upon that Head, has in it a great deal of Force.

With regard to my Triumph, I entirely agree with you, and I reſign all Thoughts of it with Eaſe and Pleaſure. You rightly hint, that while I am acting in this Manner towards *Cæſar*, the fine Weather for ſailing is ſtealing on. But, ſay you, that is only if *Pompey* is at the Head of a ſufficient Army. His Army, let me tell you, is greater than we looked for. You need be under no Apprehenſions for him; though, I promiſe you, if he ſhould prevail, he will not leave in *Italy* one

(1) Nothing renders thoſe Letters ſo agreeable to a Reader, as Paſſages of this Kind. We here ſee the Sentiments of our Author, ſtript of all Party and Perſonal Conſiderations. Who, after reading his pathetic Oration for *Milo*, can think, that he knew him to be guilty, and that all the Concern he took for his Defence, was merely a Matter of Intereſt and Party?

Stone

Stone upon another. Then, ſay you, will you attend him in ſuch an inhuman Progreſs? If I do, it is, by Heavens, againſt my own Judgment, and againſt the whole Current of Precedents from our Anceſtors. But I wiſh to be gone, not ſo much to aſſiſt *Pompey*, as to avoid being the Witneſs of *Cæſar*'s Proceedings. For you are not to imagine that the Fury of his Party will either be tollerable or bounded. But you are ſenſible of all this, that when the Laws, the Courts of Juſtice, and the Authority of the Senate, are ruined, neither the private nor the public Revenues of the *Romans*, will be ſufficient to ſupply the Luſts, the Preſumption, the Exceſſes, and the wants of ſo many needy Perſons.

Let me therefore begone from hence, embark where I will. But even that ſhall be as you ſhall adviſe me. But begone I muſt. We ſhall be at a Certainty as to what you wait for, I mean News from *Brunduſium*. You tell me, that our beſt Patriots approve of my Conduct hitherto, and know that I have not left them, and this gives me Joy, if there is yet any Room left for Joy. I will make the moſt ſtrict Enquiry concerning *Lentulus*; I have committed that Charge to *Philotimus*, who is a Man of Courage, and a moſt furious Patriot (1).

Now that I am finiſhing I bethink me, that you will perhaps be at a Loſs for farther Subject to write upon. For we can now write upon nothing but public Affairs, and the Subject is actually exhauſted. But, as your Invention is fruitful, and Affection (I ſpeak, by Heavens, from my own Expe-

(1) This is Irony.

rience, and from the Effects it has upon my own Capacity) is communicative, go on in writing to me as oft as you can. I am ſomewhat piqued, as I ſhould be no unpleaſant Companion to you, at your not inviting me to go with you to *Epirus*. But adieu, for reſt is as neceſſary to me, as walking and rubbing (1) is to you, and, believe me, your Letters have reſtored me to my natural Reſt.

Balbus *and* Oppius *to* Cicero, *wiſh Proſperity.*

MAnkind, in general, is apt to judge of the Counſels, not only of mean Perſons, ſuch as we are, but of thoſe of the higheſt Rank, according to Events, rather than Motives. We have, however, ſo great Truſt to put in your Good-nature, that, with Regard to the Buſineſs you write of to us, we will give you what is, in our Opinion, the ſoundeſt Advice: It may not be perhaps the moſt prudent, but we can aſſure you it proceeds from honeſt Sentiments and faithful Hearts. Were we not perfectly well aſſured from *Cæſar* himſelf of his doing what we think he ought to do, by entering upon a Treaty, as ſoon as he comes to *Rome*, for accommodating all Matters between him and *Pompey*, we ſhould not continue to preſs you to concern yourſelf in that Negotiation, which muſt be the leſs embarraſſed, and proceed with the greater Dignity, if the whole of it ſhall paſs through your Hands, who are a Friend to both. On the other Hand, as we

(1) This was one Part of the Regimen preſcribed to *Atticus*.

have

have always earneſtly diſſuaded you from fighting againſt *Cæſar*, ſo we never would give our Advice for your taking Arms againſt the Man who has ſo highly obliged you (as *Pompey* has done) if we knew that *Cæſar* was determined to ſtand out, and to puſh the War againſt *Pompey*. But as for all that has happened, we write rather upon our Opinion, than Knowledge of *Cæſar*'s Intentions. All we can ſay is, that we cannot conceive how either your Rank or your Honour, which is ſo univerſally acknowledged, can permit you to take Arms againſt either, as you are under ſuch Tyes to both: And we make no doubt, *Cæſar*'s Good-Nature is ſuch, that he will approve of your Neutrality. However, if you think proper, we will write to *Cæſar*, to let us know poſitively what he intends to do in this Matter; and if we receive his Anſwer, we will inſtantly communicate to you our Sentiments upon the ſame; and we give you our Word of Honour, that our Advice to you ſhall be ſuited not to *Cæſar*'s Views, but to your Dignity; and we know *Cæſar*'s Indulgence to his Friends too well to fear that he will be offended at our Freedom.

Balbus *to* Cicero, *Commander in Chief, wiſheth Proſperity, and offers his Compliments.*

AFTER ſending off to you the joint Letter (1) I wrote with *Oppius*, I received one from *Cæſar*, of which I encloſe you a Copy. You may

(1) I have, after Monſieur *Mongault*, reſtored thoſe Letters to their natural Order, they being miſplaced in the common Editions of our Author.

perceive

perceive by it, how earneſt he is for reſtoring public Tranquillity, and of accommodating his Differences with *Pompey*, and how very averſe he is to all Cruelty. It gives me, as it ought, great Pleaſure, that he entertains ſuch Sentiments. I am, my deareſt Friend, as ſenſible as you are yourſelf, of what you owe to yourſelf, your Engagements, and your Gratitude, and, by Heavens, I think it incompatible with your Duty and your Character, for you to take Arms againſt a Man to whom you own yourſelf, to be under ſo ſtrong an Obligation. I have ſo great Experience of *Cæſar*'s matchleſs Humanity, that I know he will approve of my Sentiments in this Matter, and I know you will give him the moſt entire Satisfaction, by taking no Concern in the War againſt him, and by not joyning with his Enemies. This is an Indulgence he will not only ſhew to a Perſon of your great Rank and Abilities, but he has, of himſelf, been pleaſed to diſpenſe with even my ſerving in the Camp, that was to act againſt *Lentulus* or *Pompey*, to whom I own myſelf to be under great Obligations. He added, that he ſhould require no more of me than, at his Deſire, to do him ſome Services at *Rome*, and he left me at Liberty to do as much for them. In Conſequence of this Indulgence, I now manage and overſee the private Affairs of *Lentulus* at *Rome*, and perform to him, and *Pompey*, all I owe them upon the Footing of Duty, Honour, and Gratitude.

The Hopes of an Accommodation have been again dropt, but, by Heavens, I cannot ſee for what Reaſon, ſince *Cæſar* has the very ſame Diſpoſitions we ought to wiſh him to have. You ought,

I think, if it is agreeable to you, to write to him, and to aſk him for a Guard (1) as you formerly did (and I thought you in the right) from *Pompey*, in the Caſe of *Milo*. I am ſo ſure of *Cæſar*, that I will anſwer for his reſpecting your Dignity, rather than his own Intereſt. I know not how unguardedly I expreſs myſelf here, but I well know that every Thing, I write to you, flows from my entire Eſteem and Friendſhip for you, and may I periſh (ſo as *Cæſar* be but ſafe) if there are many in the World whom I eſteem equally with yourſelf. I beg you to write to me, as ſoon as you have come to any Reſolution, upon this Matter. For I am at great Pains to put you in the Way of Expreſſing the Affection, which you bear, and which, I am confident, you will expreſs to both. Farewell.

Cæſar *to* Oppius *and* Cornelius (2) *Health.*

I AM, by Heavens, extreamly glad at your expreſſing under your Hands, your very great Approbation of what has paſſed at *Corfinium*. I will follow your Advice with the greater Pleaſure, that it was always my own Diſpoſition to act with the utmoſt Lenity, and to court an Accommodation

(1) *Balbus* here artfully puts our Author in mind of *Pompey*'s overawing the Trial of *Milo* with his Guards. Dr. *Middleton*, in his Life of *Cicero*, is of Opinion, that the Offer of this Guard was inſinuated to make him *Cæſar*'s Priſoner. But I can ſee no Reaſon for that Suppoſition, when we conſider the open Manner in which *Cæſar* acted to all his Enemies.

(2) Though *Balbus* was a *Spaniard*, yet he took the Name of the Family of his Patron *Lentulus*.

with

with *Pompey*. Let us try whether it is poſſible, by this Means, to regain the Affections of Mankind, and to make our Succeſſes durable; ſince others (1), by Cruelty, fell into Deteſtation, and none of them, excepting *Sylla*, whom I do not chuſe to imitate (2) enjoyed his Succeſſes long. Let us ſhew the World a new Method of Conquering, and let Clemency and Munificence be my only Guards. I have already formed ſome Schemes, and many more may be formed, for effecting this. I deſire you to turn your Thoughts to the ſame Subject.

I took Priſoner *Cnæius Magius*, one of *Pompey*'s Maſters of the Works; but, according to the Plan I laid down, I inſtantly diſmiſſed him. He is the ſecond Maſter of the Works who has fallen into my Hands, and whom I have diſmiſſed. If they want to ſhew their Gratitude, they will exhort *Pompey* to prefer my Friendſhip to that (3) of thoſe Men

(1) This Letter is a noble Teſtimony of *Cæſar*'s Wiſdom and Magnanimity, and as his Actions anſwered the Sentiments he lays down here, there is no Room to doubt of his Sincerity. The Perſons, he means in this Paſſage, are *Marius* and *Cinna*, and he was related to both. For *Marius* married his Aunt, and he married *Cinna*'s Daughter. Notwithſtanding that, he blames their cruel Politics.

(2) *Sylla* was always the Enemy of *Cæſar*, and pretended to be the Reſtorer of the Nobility, and the Senate's Weight in the State, which he did by ſhedding a Deluge of the common People's Blood. *Cæſar* was profeſſedly the Friend of the Commons, but no Enemy to the Senate, and what he ſays here is a tacit Reproach upon *Pompey*, who always publicly declared he would imitate *Sylla*.

(3) It is a great ſhort Sightedneſs in Authors who take up the Commencement of the civil Differences in *Rome*, which ended ſo fatally for her Liberty, only at the Time when the Breach, between *Pompey* and *Cæſar*, was declared. The beſt Patriots of *Rome*, viz. *Cato*, *Bibulus*, *Domitius*, and even our Author (as we

Men who have ever ſhewn themſelves, his, and my inveterate Enemies; and by whoſe Practices the Republic is reduced to its preſent State.

EPIST. VIII.

WHILE we were at Supper, the Night of the 14th Inſtant, *Statius* brought me a ſhort Letter from you. As to *Lucius Torquatus*, whom you enquire after, both he and *Aulus* (1) are gone; the latter has been gone many Days. I am greatly alarmed at the News you write me from *Reate*, as if a Proſcription was about to take Place in the Country of the *Sabines*. I had, as well as you, heard that a great many Senators were at *Rome*.

we have ſeen in the foregoing Part of theſe Letters) foreſaw, and foretold, the Miſeries that followed from the Time of *Pompey*'s Intimacy with *Cæſar*, and they equally oppoſed the Growth of the Power of both. But *Pompey*'s Popularity, and *Cæſar*'s Intereſt amongſt the Commons, and with the *Marian* Faction, (which was ſtill very ſtrong,) bore down every Thing before them; becauſe, in effect, they formed a Kind of Coalition of Parties, eſpecially, as by Means of *Craſſus*, it was ſupported by the money'd Intereſt, *viz.* the Knights. Notwithſtanding this, as the real Patriots had great Weight, they often found means to open the Eyes of their Countrymen ſo effectually, as went near to overthrow all the Power of *Pompey* and *Cæſar*, *Vide* Vol. 1. p. 111, 114, 115, *&c.* We are not therefore, candidly ſpeaking, to imagine, that *Cæſar*, with all his plauſible Declarations, ever meant to reſtore the Conſtitution of *Rome*, to that equal Poiſe between the People and the Senate, which the true Patriots laboured for. This very Paſſage is a Proof, that this was not in his Thoughts, and that all he wanted was to compromiſe Matters with *Pompey*, at the Expence of *Cato*, and the reſt who had oppoſed both of them in their growing Power.

(1) *Lucius Torquatus* had been Conſul, and *Aulus Torquatus* had been Prætor.

Pray

Pray can't you gueſs why they are leaving (1) it? An Opinion, founded rather upon Conjecture than Information or Intelligence, prevails here, that, on the 22d of *March*, *Cæſar* will be at *Formiæ*. I wiſh I had with me here that *Minerva*, who, in *Homer*, appears under the Figure of *Mentor*, to whom I might addreſs myſelf,

Say how ſhall I approach, and how embrace him (2).

Never was I, in my Life, ſo much at a Loſs to determine how to behave. I am, however, determined; nor ſhall the ſad Occaſion diſorder me. I wiſh you well, for, if I miſtake not, you had a Fit Yeſterday.

EPIST. IX.

ON the 16th, I received three Letters from you, dated the 12th, 13th, and 14th, I will therefore anſwer them in Order of Time. I agree with you, that it is beſt for me to remain at *Formiæ*, and likewiſe as to what you write of the upper Sea; and, as I wrote you before, I will do my beſt to try, whether I cannot reconcile *Cæſar* to my taking no Manner of Concern in public Matters. You commend me for my writing to you, that I have forgot the Miſcarriages and Demerits of our Friend. It is true, I have, and even to ſuch a Degree, that

(1) *Viz.* To welcome *Cæſar*, who was then returning to *Rome*.

(2) *Orig.* Μέντορ πῶς τ' ἄῤ ἴω, πῶς τ' ἄῤ προσπτύξομαι αὐτὸν; *Mentor quonam modo adeam, quonam modo amplexabar illum? Homer.*

I have

I have even forgot his unkind Proceedings, which you mention, againſt myſelf. So very willing am I, that my Senſe of Favours ſhould prevail over my Reſentment of Injuries. Let me therefore, purſue what you recommend, and be myſelf again. For, in my rural Walks, I am inceſſantly reaſoning with myſelf (1), and conning over my Queries (2); but ſome of them are extreamly difficult to reſolve.

Let our great Men be what you will have them to be; but you know the Proverb, *Dionyſius lived at* CORINTH (3). The Son of *Titinius* is with *Cæſar*. You ſeem apprehenſive, leſt your Counſels ſhould be diſagreeable to me; ſo far from it, that my only Joy in Life is in receiving your Advices and Letters. Fulfil therefore, what you propoſe in continuing to write to me, whatever comes into your Thought; you cannot lay me under a greater Obligation.

I now

(1) *Orig.* Σοφιζόμαι. *Fictas Cauſas ago.*

(2) *Orig.* θέσεις. *Quæſtiones.*

(3) *Orig.* Διονύσιος ἐν Κορίνθῳ. *Dionyſius Corinthi.* Monſieur *Mongault*, with very great Juſtice, rejects the common Application which Critics have made of this proverbial Expreſſion, to our Author's Perſon, as if he had reproached himſelf for leading a Life unbecoming his Character. But I cannot agree ſo well with that Gentleman, in thinking, that *Cicero* means here to put *Atticus* in mind of the Mutability of Fortune, and that it was poſſible *Pompey* might one Day or other get the better. There is nothing in the Words here, as he ſuppoſes, that determines them to that Senſe, though I own, it is difficult to find out a better. If I were to hazard a Conjecture, I would apply it to that Thirſt of Tyranny which led *Dionyſius* to tyrannize over School-boys after he was expelled from his Throne. It is in this Light that this Occupation of *Dionyſius* chiefly ſtrikes our Author, rather than in that of the melancholy Reverſe of Fortune. He therefore, perhaps hints, that the Nobility

I now come to your ſecond Letter. You are in the Right, in not believing the Number of *Pompey*'s Soldiers to be as you have heard. *Clodia*'s Letter mentions it to be greater by half. The Account of the Ships being burnt, is likewiſe falſe. As to your commending the Conſuls, I too commend their Motives, but not their Meaſures. For, by their Seperation, all Negotiations concerning Peace are at an End; at leaſt, upon the Plan which I had projected (1). I have therefore, ſent you back by *Philotimus*, the Treatiſe of *Demetrius* concerning public Unanimity.

For my own Part, I perceive a moſt deſtructive War, ready to break out in Famine; and yet, I mourn for my not being concerned in this War. A War ſo deteſtable, that though it is the Height of Unnaturality not to ſubſiſt our Parents, yet our Leaders in this War, have taken their Meaſures for famiſhing the moſt venerable, the moſt ſacred of all Parents, I mean their Country. My Appre-

Nobility of *Rome*, were willing to live under either *Cæſar* or *Pompey*, provided they ſtill continued to enjoy the Power of oppreſſing Slaves, as they had formerly done Freemen. *Eſt autem*, ſays he, (*Tuſcul. Diſput. Lib.* 3. *Cap.* 12.) *impudens luctus mærore ſe Conficientis, quod imperare non liceat liberis. Dionyſius quidem tyrannus, Syracuſis expulſus, Corinthi pueros docebat; uſque eo imperio carere non poterat.* "Now, it is a moſt im-" pudent Grief for a Man to languiſh with Sorrow, becauſe he " cannot command the free. *Dionyſius* the Tyrant, was ſo un-" able to live without Power, that he taught Boys at *Corinth*, " when he was driven from *Syracuſe*." This Paſſage, I think, goes far to determine the Words in Queſtion, to the Senſe I have hinted at. He mentions this Circumſtance of *Dionyſius* (*Epiſt. Fam. Lib.* 9. *Ep.* 18.) in pretty much the ſame Light with regard to himſelf but jocularly.

(1) This happened to be true in Effect, for *Pompey* rejected *Cæſar*'s laſt Propoſitions, on Pretext that the Conſuls were not with him.

henſions

henſions do not ariſe from what I conjecture, but from what I heard. For all this Fleet from *Alexandria*, *Colchis*, *Tyre*, *Sidon*, *Aradus*, *Cyprus*, *Pamphylia*, *Lycia*, *Rhodes*, *Chios*, *Byzantium*, *Leſbos*, *Miletus*, *Smyrna*, and *Coos*, is getting ready to intercept the Proviſions of *Italy*, and to ſeize the Coaſts of the Corn-Countries. But in what a Paſſion will *Pompey* return! eſpecially with thoſe who wanted moſt to ſave their Country, as if they had abandoned him, and not he them; which was the Caſe. My Friendſhip, therefore, for *Pompey*, goes a great Way in determining my Doubts, as to my future Conduct; for, were it not for that Friendſhip, I ſhould chuſe to die in my Country, rather than to ruin it under the Pretext of ſaving it.

The North Wind, as you conjecture, has certainly carried off the Conſuls. I am afraid, that *Epirus* will have its Share in the public Troubles. But do you imagine, there is a Place in *Greece*, that will not be plundered? For, *Pompey* publicly avows, and demonſtrates to his Soldiers, that he will out-do *Cæſar* himſelf in Liberality. Your Advice is excellent, that, when I ſhall ſee *Cæſar*, I ſhould ſpeak to him rather in a Strain of Authority, than of Compliance. I am determined to do this. I think of going to *Arpinum*, but not till I have ſeen him, leaſt I ſhould chance not to be in the Way when he comes hither, or be obliged to ramble after him through very bad Roads. I hear, as you write me, that *Bibulus* is arrived, and that he returned on the 14th.

In your third Letter, you tell me, that you expected *Philotimus*; but he left me only on the

15th, for which Reaſon, my Anſwer, which I inſtantly wrote to yours, is ſo long a coming to your Hands. I agree with you in believing *Domitius* to be at his Houſe in *Coſa*, and that, it is not known how he will proceed. Of all ſcandalous Wretches, that Fellow (1) is the moſt ſcandalous, who maintains, that a Conſular Election may be held by a Prætor. But, that is of a Piece with all his former Behaviour towards his Country. This, however, explains *Cæſar*'s Expreſſions in his Letter, of which I ſent you a Copy, that he would *be directed by my Advice*; well, let that paſs as common Place.—*By my Intereſt*, that ſeems fooliſh enough. But, I ſuppoſe, he paſſes that Compliment to me, in regard to certain Sentiments of the Senators.——*Authority*—Perhaps, he means, the Weight which the Opinion of a Conſular carries along with it in the Houſe.——At laſt, he ſays, *My Aſſiſtance in all Things* (2). When I read your Letter, I began to ſuſpect he meant this, or ſome ſuch Thing. For, it is of great Importance to him, that there ſhould be no interreign, which he may prevent if a Prætor can declare the Election

(1) This probably was *Lepidus*, who was afterwards a *Triumvir*, and was then Prætor. Concerning the Affair mentioned here, *See Aulus Gellius*, *Lib.* 13. *Cap.* 14.

(2) Monſieur *Mongault* has not obſerved his uſual Accuracy in tranſlating this Paſſage. It plainly refers to *Cæſar*'s Letter to our Author, *Vide* p. 68. And the Identity of the Expreſſion in *Cæſar*'s Letter, ought to have been preſerved here, which Monſieur *Mongault* has neglected to do. I have been the more minute in this Obſervation, becauſe the political Senſe of the Words, *Conſilium*, *Gratia*, *Dignitas*, and *Opes*, which often occur in our Author, are very happily determined by this Comment of our Author upon *Cæſar*'s Words.

of

of Conſuls (1). Our Books, however, tells us, that a Prætor cannot lawfully declare Conſuls; nay, not Prætors, and that no ſuch Thing ever was done. That they cannot by Law make any Declaration of Conſuls, becauſe the higher Magiſtracy cannot lawfully be obtained from the Inferior: Nor of Prætors, becauſe they are, with regard to the Rites of their Election, on a Footing with Conſuls, whoſe Power is Paramount. *Cæſar* will go near to deſire my Deciſion in his Favour upon this Head, without depending upon that of *Galba*, *Scævola*, *Caſſius*, or *Antony* (2). *But may the yawning Earth firſt ſwallow me up* (3). Thus you ſee what a dreadful Storm is hanging over us. I will write you what Senators, have gone beyond Sea, as ſoon as I have more certain Intelligence. You are right in your Apprehenſions, concerning the Subſiſtence of *Pompey*'s Army, which can be furniſhed only by extraordinary Impoſts; nor, is it without too good Grounds, that you are afraid of thoſe who are about *Pompey*, and of a dreadful Civil War. I am very deſirous to ſee our Friend *Trebatius*, though he is, as you write, always in a State of Deſpondency. I beg you will deſire him to make Haſte to come to me, for it is very requiſite I ſhould ſee him before *Cæſar* comes this Way.

As to *Lanuinum* (4) as ſoon as I heard that *Phameas* was dead, I wiſhed that ſome of my

(1) He found another Way of preventing it, by being named Dictator, in right of which Office he preſided at the Conſular Elections.

(2) Theſe were all Creatures of *Cæſar*, and perhaps *Augurs*, as well as our Author.

(3) *Orig.* ——τότε μοι χάνοι εὐρεῖα χθών. *Tunc mihi debiſcat lata tellus.*

(4) This Seat lay near *Aricea*.

Friends would buy it; I mean, provided our Country ſhall have any Exiſtence; and yet, though you are the beſt Friend I have, you did not ſo much as come into my Mind. For, I know how much Intereſt, or how much Ground you require for your Money, and I ſaw your Books of Accompts, not only at *Rome*, but at *Delos* (1). But, though it is a pretty Eſtate, I put now a leſs Value upon it, than I did under the Conſulſhip of *Marcellinus*, when the Gardens that belonged to it would have greatly improved the Houſe I then had at *Antium*, and when the whole might have been had at a leſs Expence, than if I had repaired *Tuſculanum*. I offered him Security for 1600 *l.* and that the Money ſhould be advanced to *Phameas*, when he came to *Antium* to ſell it. But he refuſed it; yet, I ſuppoſe, the Price of Eſtates is now fallen, on Account of the Scarcity of Money. If you ſhould buy it, it would be extremely convenient for me, or rather for us. I would not, however, have you to ſlight the Oddities that are about it, 'tis in itſelf very beautiful. But in my Eyes, every Thing of that Kind is already the devoted Plunder of Soldiers. I have thus anſwered your three Letters. But I am impatient for more, for hitherto your Letters have been my only Support. *March* the 17th.

(1) The Original here is very obſcure. I have tranſlated it according to the beſt Authorities.

EPIST.

EPIST. X.

I HAVE nothing to write to you, becauſe, ſince I anſwered yours the Day before Yeſterday, I have had no freſh Intelligence. But, as fretting not only keeps me from ſleeping, but gives me the greateſt Pain, while I am awake, I ſet myſelf down to ſcribble ſomewhat or other, in which I have no Manner of Meaning, but to converſe as it were with you, who are my only Comfort. I now ſee, that I have been a Madman all along, and I am tortured by this ſingle Reflection, that I did not, as a Soldier follows his Colours, implicity follow *Pompey*. While he was tottering, or rather ruſhing into Ruin, I ſaw him on the 11th of *January*, under ſuch viſible Conteſtation, that I knew that very Day, what he intended to do. I never could be reconciled to him, ſince one Miſcarriage followed on the Back of another, without his writing all the while to me, and without his thinking of any Thing, but how to fly. Shall I tell you the Truth, as in Courtſhip (1), we are diſguſted with a ſlattern, ſtupid, ſlovenly Miſtreſs, ſo I was cooled of my Affection to him by his ſcandalous Flight, and his unaccountable Behaviour. He did not make one Step that could induce me to attend him in his Flight. But now my Love-Fit returns, now I cannot bear the want of him; all Books, all Reading, all Philoſophy, is now taſteleſs to me. Night and Day my Heart flutters like a Bird, as ſoon as I caſt my Eyes on the Sea, with Eagerneſs to fly over it. I am puniſhed, indeed,

(1) *Orig.* Ἐν τοῖς ἐρωτικοῖς. *In rebus amatoriis.*

I am, for my Raſhneſs. But what do I talk of Raſhneſs? what have I done, but upon the moſt mature Deliberation (1)? Had Flight been the only Queſtion, I would have attended him in Flight with the greateſt Pleaſure, but I was ſtruck with Horror when I reflected that this was only the Prelude to a War, the moſt dreadful and cruel that can be imagined, and its Conſequences impoſſible to be foreſeen. What Threatnings were thrown out againſt our Corporations? againſt the beſt of our Patriots in Particular, and againſt all who ſtaid behind? How frequent was that Saying in *Pompey*'s

(1) The whole of this Paragraph is inexpreſſibly beautiful, and the Manner of it is an infallible Proof of its being dictated from the Heart. Notwithſtanding which, I know Nothing in the human Syſtem ſo unaccountable as the Paſſion which our Author here pretends to have for *Pompey*. For my own Part, I cannot help frankly owning, that I believe, he miſtook the Object of his Paſſion, and that all he ſays here of *Pompey*, is no other than the Reſult of the Tenderneſs, the Delicacy, and the Soreneſs, which he was perpetually feeling for his own Character. His whole Reaſoning in this Letter, turns upon the ſame Principles, and he ingeniouſly juſtifies himſelf to himſelf, and to his Friend, from his Friends Letters, and from prudential Conſiderations. But to ſay the Truth, if *Pompey* was that low, mean ſpirited Wretch, that pitiful Politician, and that deſpicable General our Author repreſents him to be, how can we account for the Preference he always affects to give his Perſon, eſpecially as he tells us, his Views were more bloody and deſtructive than thoſe of *Cæſar*? The Truth is, a great Part of our Author's Patriotiſm ſprung from the vaſt Spirits he aſſumed from the Lenity of *Cæſar*. He was extremely cautious, while he thought that *Cæſar* would proceed on the ſame bloody Plan as *Sylla*, *Marius*, and former Tyrants had done, of coming to Extremities with him, by leaving *Italy* to follow *Pompey*. But when he found, that it was impoſſible for him to offend beyond the Meaſures of *Cæſar*'s Forgiveneſs, he then reſolved to follow *Pompey*, becauſe, he hereby reconciled Patriotiſm to Safety. I ſhould not have been ſo bold in this Obſervation upon our Author's Character and Conduct, did it not naturally riſe from the whole Tenor of theſe Letters.

Mouth,

Mouth, *If* Sylla *could do ſo and ſo, ſhall I be unable to do it?* I own, thoſe Things ſtuck with me. *Tarquin* acted unnaturally, when he armed *Porſena* (1) and *Octavius Mamilius* againſt his Country; *Coriolanus* was a Traitor, for applying for Aſſiſtance to the *Volſci*; *Themiſtocles* behaved like a Patriot, who preferred Death; *Hippias* the Son of *Piſiſtratus*, was a Rebel, for carrying Arms againſt his Country, when he fell in the Battle of *Marathon*. But *Sylla*, *Marius*, and *Cinna*, acted upon great Provocation, and perhaps, with ſome Colour of Juſtice (2); but what could be more cruel, what could be more fatal, than their Victories were?

I wanted to avoid a Repetition of the ſame Kind of War, and the rather, becauſe I ſaw Meaſures of a ſtill more cruel Nature in Agitation, and in Forwardneſs. Shall I march at the Head of *Goths*, of *Arminians*, of *Colchians*, againſt the City, of which I was termed the Preſerver, of which I was termed the Parent? Shall I bring Famine upon my Countrymen? Shall I introduce Deſolation into *Italy*? It firſt occured to me, that *Pompey* was mortal by Nature, and that his Death might be occaſioned by many Accidents, but that it was our Duty to do all we could, that our City and our Country ſhould ſurvive to Immortality, and ſtill I entertained the

(1) The Perſons mentioned here, are ſo well known in antient Hiſtory, that I ſhall not deſcribe them. It may, however, be proper to inform the Reader, that *Hippias* was a *Greek*, and upon his Brother's being killed, he fled to the King of *Perſia*, and perſuaded him to make War upon his Country.

(2) *Orig.* At *Sylla*, at *Marius*, at *Cinna recte, immo jure fortaſſe.* The Words *recte & jure* here, are too ſtrong to be tranſlated literally into *Engliſh*.

flattering Hopes of an Accommodation, before *Cæſar* ſhould be ſo far gone in Treaſon, or *Pompey* in Blood.

The whole Scene is now changed, and ſo are my Sentiments. The Sun, to make Uſe of an Expreſſion in one of your Letters, ſeems to be extinguiſhed in the Syſtem of the World. As there are Hopes while there is Breath in the Body of a ſick Man, ſo I continued ſtill to hope, while *Pompey* remained in *Italy*. Here, here I was miſtaken; and, (to ſpeak candidly) in this decline of Life, after inceſſant Toils, my Age ſeeks to glide into the Endearment of domeſtic Repoſe. At preſent, ſhould the Experiment coſt me my Life, yet I will try to fly from hence. I perhaps, make this Experiment when it is too late, but I was detained by the Reaſons I wrote you, and chiefly by your Opinion.

For, when I came to this Place, I peruſed a Bundle of your Letters, which I preſerve moſt carefully under Seal. Now, in that which you wrote me the 23d of *January*, were theſe Words. *But let us ſee how* Pompey *will proceed, and what his Views are. Should he leave* Italy, *I think, he will act very wrong, and in my Opinion, very abſurdly* (1). *But we cannot, before then, change our Meaſures.* This is wrote the fourth Day after I left *Rome*. Afterwards on the 25th of *January*, you write me, *Provided our Friend* Pompey *do not abandon* Italy, *as he has moſt abſurdly abandoned* Rome. There is another of yours of the ſame Date, in which you give this direct Anſwer, upon my aſking your Advice. Your Words are, *But I come to what you*

(1) *Orig.* Ἀλογίως. *Sine ratione.*

conſult

conſult me on; *if* Pompey *ſhould leave* Italy, *I think, you ſhould return to* Rome, *for there would be no End of travelling Abroad after him.* This I own to you, ſtuck with me. And now, I ſee that an endleſs War is to attend my wretched Flight, which you ſoften (1) into the Term of *travelling Abroad.*

Now follows your Prediction (2) on the 27th of *January. Should* Pompey *remain in* Italy, *and ſhould there be no Accommodation, I am of Opinion, the War would laſt a long Time. But ſhould he abandon* Italy, *I am of Opinion, that its Miſeries and Rage will be endleſs in our Time.* Such then is the War, in which I am forced to partake, act, and aſſiſt, an endleſs (3) civil War. Afterwards on the 7th of *February*, after ſeeing a little farther into *Pompey's* Views, you conclude your Letter thus. *I, for my Part, would not adviſe you ſhould leave* Italy, *to follow him in his Flight*; *for that would expoſe you to the greateſt Danger, without availing your Country, which you may hereafter ſerve if you ſhould ſtay in* Italy. Show me the Patriot, (4) or the Citizen of public Spirit (5), who would not be ſwayed by ſuch a Caution, by ſuch an Advice coming from a Man of Senſe, and a Friend?

Afterwards on the 11th of *February*, upon my again applying to you for Advice, you write me as follows, *As to this, you aſk me, whether I think a Flight in which I am to ſtick to* Pompey (6), *or my remaining here, by which I abandon the Company*

(1) *Orig.* ὑποκορίζῃ. *Leni vocabulo appella.*
(2) *Orig.* χρησμός. *Oraculum.*
(3) *Orig.* ἀσπονδον. *Implacabile.*
(4) *Orig.* φιλόπατρειν. *Studioſum patriæ.*
(5) *Orig.* πολιτικὸν. *Reipublicæ deditum.*
(6) The Original here is deſperate, and can be tranſlated only by Conjecture.

of

of our Patriots, the moſt adviſeable. For my own Part, I think at preſent, that your ſudden Departure, and precipitant Journey, would do no Service either to you or to Pompey, *and would expoſe you to Danger. I think it more adviſeable, that you ſhould hover a little about, and make your Obſervations. But by Heavens, I judge it at any Rate ſcandalous to think of flying.* Yet, this is a Scandal which our Friend *Pompey* has been meditating for theſe two Years paſt. So much has his Mind run in the ſyllizing and proſcribing Strain (1). After this, if I remember right, after writing me ſomewhat in general Terms (2), from which I imagined, I could gather ſome Hints, that you wanted me to leave *Italy*, you ſhow your Deteſtation of that in more expreſs Terms, on the 19th of *February. For my Part, I never gave you the leaſt Intimation, that if* Pompey *ſhould leave* Italy, *you ought to leave it likewiſe. Or, if I have given ſuch a Hint, it is inconſiſtent not only with my own Senſe, but with common Senſe.* In another Paſſage of the ſame Letter, you ſay, Pompey *has now no Shift but to fly, but as to your leaving* Italy, *with him, I am ſtill againſt it, and ever was againſt it.* But you handle the whole Doubts that can occur upon this Subject, more accurately in your Letter of the 22d of *February. If* Manius Lepidus, *and* Lucius Volcatius *ſhould ſtay, I think, you ought to ſtay likewiſe. But ſtill, if* Pompey *can preſerve himſelf, and make a Stand ſomewhere; I think, you ought to leave your Carrion-hunting Crew* (3), *and to chooſe to die with your Sword in*

(1) Orig. *Ita ſullaturit animus ejus & proſcripturit diu.*
(2) Orig. γενικώτερον. *Generalius.*
(3) Orig. Νεκυίαν. *Mortuorum turbam.*

your

your Hand with Pompey, *rather than to reign with* Cæſar *in his future Government of* Harpies. After expatiating a great deal to the ſame Purpoſe, you ſay in the Cloſe of your Letter, *but if* Lepidus *and* Volcatius *ſhould leave* Italy, *I am at a Loſs* (1) *how to adviſe you. Even in ſuch an Event, I think that what you have done is right* (2), *whatever the Conſequence may be.* If you was then at a Loſs how to adviſe, you ſurely can be at none now, as they have remained in *Italy.*

Afterwards on the 25th of *February*, when *Pompey* was upon the Wing, you write me, *mean while I doubt not of your remaining at Formiæ, where you can moſt conveniently hear* (3) *what happens* (4). On the 1ſt of *March*, when *Pompey* had been five Days gone from *Brunduſium*, you write me, *Then we can deliberate, not that I ſay you are quite free from Engagements, but ſurely you are leſs involved than you would have been, had you thrown yourſelf after Pompey.* Afterwards on the 4th of *March*, when you had a Fit of the Ague upon (5) you, you write me a few Lines, but they are as follows. *Tomorrow I will write you more fully as to every Thing. Mean while, I do not at all repent my adviſing you to ſtay in* Italy. *You encounter indeed with great Diſquiet, but with much leſs than if you had left* Italy. *I therefore am ſtill of the ſame Sentiments, and I am glad you have not changed yours.* Afterwards, while I was fretting and frightened leſt I had expoſed myſelf to ſome Diſgrace, you write me on the 5th of

(1) *Orig.* ἀπορῶ. *Dubito.*
(2) *Orig.* πρακτέον. *Probandum.*
(3) *Orig.* τὸ μέλλον. *Quod futurum eſt.*
(4) *Orig.* προσδοκήσεις. *Expectabis.*
(5) *Orig.* ὑπὸ τὴν λῆψιν. *Sub ipſam febris acceſſionem.*

March.

March. And yet I am not at all uneaſy at your not being with Pompey. *If it is neceſſary afterwards, you will have no great Difficulty in joining him, and you will be moſt welcome* (1) *to him, join him when you will. But I ſpeak with a Reſtriction. For ſhould* Cæſar *proceed in the ſame, ſincere, moderate, wiſe, Manner he ſets out with, I ſee we ſhall have great Reaſon to adviſe farther upon what is proper for us to do.* On the 9th of *March* you write me, that my remaining unactive is greatly approved of by our Friend *Peduceus*, whoſe Opinion has a vaſt Sway with me.

I comfort myſelf from thoſe Expreſſions of yours, with the Thoughts that I have hitherto done nothing that is diſgraceful. I leave it to you to ſupport your own Opinion, not that I require to be ſatisfied, but that others may be ſatisfied likewiſe. If I have not erred hitherto, I will take care of what is to come. Exhort me to perſevere in this, and aſſiſt me with your Thoughts on that Head. We have heard nothing concerning *Cæſar*'s Return. I am rewarded for writing this Letter, by the Satisfaction I have had in peruſing all yours.

EPIST. XI.

YOU muſt know that our Friend *Lentulus* is at *Puteoli*. I no ſooner learned this, which I thought an improbable Piece of Intelligence, from a Traveller, who ſaid that he ſaw and knew him

(1) *Orig* ἀσμένιστος. *Gratiſſimum.*

upon

upon the *Appian* Way, while the Windows of his Litter were ſomewhat open, then I ſent ſome Slaves to *Puteoli*, to find him out with a Letter from me. It was with Difficulty that they found him ſkulking about his Country Houſe, and he ſent me an Anſwer to my Letter, in which he wonderfully extols his Obligations to *Cæſar*, and tells me that he has intruſted *Caius Cæcius* to inform me of what he intends himſelf to do. I expect him this Day, which is the 20th of *March*. Yeſterday *Matius* paid me a Viſit. Upon my Honour, I think him a diſcreet, wiſe Man, and he has always been reckoned an Adviſer of peaceable Meaſures. How did he ſeem to diſapprove *Cæſar*'s preſent Proceedings, and to dread the Carrion hunting-Crew as you term them!

As we had a great deal of Converſation together, I ſhowed him *Cæſar*'s Letter to me, of which I ſent you a Copy, and I begged to know of him what he meant by his Expreſſions, of his wanting to be directed by my *Advice*, *Intereſt*, *Authority*, *and Aſſiſtance in all Things*. His Anſwer was, that he made no doubt *Cæſar* applied to me for my *Aſſiſtance* and *Intereſt* in bringing about an Accommodation. I wiſh to Heaven that, in this Diſtreſs of our Country, I had any Room for ſerving her in a political (1), peaceful, Capacity. As to *Matius*, he was very poſitive that *Cæſar*'s Sentiments were pacific, and he promiſed to recommend the Thing to him himſelf. But *Craſſipes* had paid me a Viſit the Day before, who ſaid, that he had left *Pompey*, upon the 6th, at *Brunduſium*, and they, who came from

(1) *Orig.* πολιτικὸν. *Reip. utile.*

thence

thence on the 8th, ſay the ſame Thing. All of them, and *Craſſipes* amongſt the Reſt, agree that *Pompey*'s Followers (to give you a Specimen of their Prudence) do nothing but throw out threatening Speeches, avow themſelves Foes to the Nobility, and Enemies to our Corporations; that they breath nothing but Proſcriptions, and profeſs themſelves to be ſo many *Syllas!* The Language that came from *Lucceius*, from the Gang of *Greeks* about *Pompey*, and above all that came from *Theophanes!*—Yet, upon ſuch Men, depend the whole Hopes of our Country's Preſervation. On their Account my Eyes are Strangers to Sleep, and my Soul to Reſt, and yet I am impatient till I aſſociate with Men ſo unlike myſelf, that I may avoid the public Plagues that form the other Party. Into what Seas of Blood, do you not think *Scipio*, *Fauſtus*, and *Libo*, will embark, now that their private Affairs are entirely ruined: ſhould they prevail, what Cruelties will they not inflict upon the Citizens of *Rome?*

As to *Pompey*, what romantic Projects (1) of his are we told of. No leſs than the laying aſide all Thoughts of going to *Spain*, and that he intends to go to *Egypt*, *Arabia* the Happy (2), and *Meſopotamia* (3). But there may be nothing in theſe wild Reports. It is however certain, that the Schemes of *Cæſar* are deſperate, and thoſe of *Pompey* dangerous; I am impatient for a Letter from you. Ever ſince I left *Rome* I have not let ſlip a Day without writing to you, I have ſent you a Copy of my Let-

(1) *Orig.* μαχροψυχίαν. *Vaſtum animum.*
(2) *Orig.* εὐδαίμονα. *Felicem.*
(3) *Orig.* Μεσοποταμίαν. *Meſopotamiam.*

ter

ter to *Cæſar*, and I imagine that it will have ſome Effect.

Cicero, *Commander in Chief, to* Cæſar, *Commander in Chief, wiſheth Proſperity.*

HAVING read your Letter, which I received from our Friend *Furnius*, in which you propoſe I ſhould return to *Rome*; I was not ſurpriſed at your deſiring to avail yourſelf of my *Advice* and *Authority*, but I was at a Loſs for your meaning in requiring my *Intereſt* and *Aſſiſtance*. I however flattered myſelf, that, conſiſtently with your admirable and matchleſs Wiſdom, you was willing I ſhould aſſiſt in your Meaſures for re-eſtabliſhing the Happineſs, the Peace, and the Tranquillity of our Country, and, in this Senſe, I think your are not miſtaken in my Diſpoſition, both by Nature and Situation. If that therefore is your Purpoſe, if you are touched with a Concern for the Safety of our Friend *Pompey*, and for reconciling him to yourſelf, and his Country, you can, by Heavens, find no Man more proper, than I am, to be employed in ſuch a Cauſe. I took the moſt early Opportunity of moving both him and the Senate to pacific Meaſures, nor have I taken the leaſt Concern in the War ever ſince Hoſtilities commenced, as judging you to be injured in a War, occaſioned by your Enemies and Enviers ſtriking at the Honours decreed you by the Favour of the People of *Rome*. But as, at that Juncture, I not only promoted your Pretenſions to thoſe Diſtinctions, but likewiſe ſollicited others to join your Party, ſo, at this Time,

I am

I am ſenſibly touched with Concern for the Dignity of *Pompey*. For it is ſeveral Years ſince I ſingled you both out as the Objects of my chief Regard, and as my moſt particular Friends, which you ſtill are.

I therefore deſire, or rather, I moſt earneſtly beſeech and conjure you, that, in the midſt of your mighty Concerns, you will ſpare a Moment to this Thought, alſo how I may acquit myſelf through your Indulgence, as an honeſt, grateful, worthy Man, towards a Perſon whom I remember to have laid me under the greateſt Obligation. Had this Requeſt a Regard only to my own Perſon, I flatter myſelf you would grant it. But I am of Opinion, that the Sincerity of your Profeſſions, and the Intereſt of our Country, require that you ſhould reſerve me out of thoſe few, whoſe Situation fits them to endeavour to reconcile you and *Pompey*, and to reſtore the public Tranquillity.

I already returned you my Thanks for your Kindneſs to *Lentulus*, by your ſaving the Man who had ſaved me. But when I read his Letters which he wrote me with a Heart full of Gratitude for your Generoſity, I thought that the Favour done to him was done to myſelf. If you approve of my Gratitude to him, I beg that you will give me an Opportunity of ſhewing the like to *Pompey* (1).

EPIST.

(1) This is the celebrated Letter for which our Author has apologized before. Notwithſtanding all he ſays in that Apology, it can ſcarcely be denied that he goes too far when he ſays, that he thought *Cæſar* had the juſter Cauſe, if he was ſincere in what he ſays at other Times, of his Abhorrence of *Cæſar's* Proceedings. The whole of the Letter, however, gives us a moſt beautiful Picture of the Goodneſs of our Author's Heart, and at the ſame Time of his exquiſite Delicacy and good Breeding

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EPIST. XII.

WHILE I was reading your Letter of the 20th of *March*, I received one from *Lepta*, with an Account that *Pompey* was inveſted, and that the Entrance of the Harbour was blocked up by moored Veſſels (1). By Heavens I cannot, for my Tears, think of, or write you, the reſt, I have therefore ſent you the Copy of his Letter. What Wretches are we who did not, all of us, hazard ourſelves along with *Pompey!* And now the ſame melancholy News are confirmed by *Matius* and *Trebatius*, who met *Cæſar*'s Couriers at *Minturnæ*. My Miſery now is ſuch, that I wiſh for the Fate of *Mucius* (2).

But how generous, how clear, how well digeſted were your Advices concerning my Journey, my Voyage, my Meeting, and my Converſation with *Cæſar*. What you propoſed was at once honourable and prudent. But as to the Invitation, you

ing. The worſt that can be ſaid of it is, that it is not written in the Spirit of a ſevere Patriot, and that it is not ſuch as *Cato*, *Brutus*, *Bibulus*, or any of the high Republicans, would have dictated. It was, however, conceived, in the moſt proper Terms for mollifying *Cæſar*. Our Author was indeed miſtaken, and ſo have all his Apologiſts, and none more than Dr. *Middleton*, in imagining that either *Cæſar*, or the Patriots, had any great Opinion of our Author's Integrity or Wiſdom, I believe they deſpiſed and diſtruſted both, but that did not prevent his being of great Importance to either Party, and, in fact, he was of a Character very proper for acting as a Mediator. if either Party was ſincerely diſpoſed to peace, perhaps much more ſo than he could have been, had he been leſs pliable.

(1) We have a full Account of thoſe Operations in *Cæſar*'s firſt Book of the civil War, to which I refer the Reader.

(2) *Quintus Mucius Scævola* was killed by Order of the younger *Marius*.

give me to *Epirus*, how much is it like a Friend, how much like a Gentleman, and how much like a Brother!

I am ſurpriſed at the Behaviour of *Dionyſius*; *Scipio* did not entertain *Panætius* more honourably than I did him, and yet, like a ſcandalous Fellow as he is, he deſpiſes me in this my fallen Condition: I hate the Scoundrel, and ever ſhall hate him. I wiſh I could be revenged upon him, but I will leave him to be his own Puniſhment.

Now, now, my Friend is the Time for your conſidering what I am to do. An Army of *Romans* beſiege *Pompey*. He is blocked up by a Ditch and a Rampart, he is cut off from flying. Yet are we alive? Does *Rome* ſtill ſtand? Do her Prætors ſit in Judgment? Are her Ædiles preparing their Sports? Are her Men of Worth laying out their Money at Intereſt? But what am I doing? Shall I madly run about? Shall I rouſe the Loyalty of our Corporations? The great will not follow me, the Mob will laugh me to ſcorn; they who aim at a Revolution, now (eſpecially that they are ſucceſsful and in Arms) will lay violent Hands on me. What then is your Opinion? How would you adviſe me to put an End to the Miſeries of ſuch a Life? My Sorrows, my Torments are redoubled, now that ſome People will think me either prudent or happy, for not having followed *Pompey*. My Sentiments are the Reverſe, for I have always wiſhed to be with *Pompey*, not to Share in his Victory but in his Diſtreſs. Let me now implore your Letters, let me have recourſe to your Wiſdom or your Kindneſs.—All is now deſperate.—We are now without Remedy.—I have not now even a

Wiſh

Wiſh to form, but that *Pompey* may be delivered by the Clemency of his Enemy.

P. S. No, I will not believe what is ſaid (1) of the Blockade by Sea. For what does *Dolabella* write me, upon the 13th of *March*, from *Brundiſium*, as if it was a happy Circumſtance (2) for *Cæſar*, that *Pompey* was upon the Point of flying, and that he would ſet ſail the firſt fair Wind. This Account is very different from that contained in the Letters, of which I have before ſent you the Copies. Here indeed People talk of the moſt flagitious Proceedings, but the Intelligence is neither freſher, nor is the Authority better, than that of *Dolabella*.

EPIST. XIII.

ON the 22d Inſtant, I received your Letter, in which you poſtpone the giving me any Advice, until we can know what has been done. You are certainly in the right of it. For indeed, at preſent, I cannot bring myſelf to think, far leſs to reſolve, upon any Thing. And yet *Dolabella*'s Letter invites me to reſume my former Thoughts. For the Wind was very fair on the 18th, and *Pompey*, I ſuppoſe, laid hold of it. The Quotations (3), I

(1) *Orig.* οὐκ ἔς' ἔτυμος λόγος. *Non eſt verus ſermo.* This ſeems to have been the Beginning of another Letter, written by our Author, after receiving one from *Dolabella*. The *Greek* here is hemiſtic of the firſt Line of a poetical Recantation writ by *Steſichorus*, upon his being ſtruck blind upon compoſing ſome abuſive Verſes upon *Helen*, and is mentioned by *Plato* in his *Phædrus*.

(2) *Orig.* εὐημερίαν. *Proſperitatem.*

(3) *Orig.* Συναγωγὴ. *Collectio.*

collected from your Letters, were not meant in the Way of Complaint of you, but of Comfort to myſelf. For I was not ſo much vexed by my Diſtreſſes, as by a Jealouſly, leſt my ill Conduct, or Raſhneſs, may have given Offence. But now, that Jealouſy is vaniſhed, becauſe my Proceedings and Conduct have been agreeable to your Advices.

You write me, that the Obligations, I ſeem to be under to *Pompey*, are owing more to my Acknowledgments than to his Merits. It is true, I have always exaggerated them, and the rather, that he may not think I retain the ſmalleſt Memory of former Grudges. But, ſuppoſing I did remember them, yet ſtill his Behaviour towards me, at that critical Juncture, ought to be now my Guide with Regard to him. When it was in his Power he gave me no Aſſiſtance, but he was afterwards my Friend to an Exceſs, for what Reaſon I know not; I therefore ought to befriend him in my Turn. In one Circumſtance our Fortunes are alike, that both of us have been deceived by the ſame Men (1). But I wiſh, that it were in my Power to do as much Service to him, as he could have done to me; I have, however, the moſt grateful Reſentment of what he did. But at preſent, I know not how I can ſerve him in any Reſpect, and if I could, I think, I ought not to aſſiſt him in his Preparations for this deſtructive War. All I mean, is not to give him Umbrage at my remaining in *Italy*. But, by Heavens, I cannot, at the ſame Time, be

(1) Meaning the *Optimates*, or Men of Quality, ſuch as *Bibulus*, *Hortenſius*, and *Lucceius*, whom *Cicero* bitterly complained of in the preceding Letters.

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an Eye Witneſs to, I cannot bear a Part in, thoſe Calamities which you may now figure to yourſelf.

But I have been the more dilatory in my Departure, becauſe it is no eaſy Taſk for a Man to reſolve voluntarily to leave his Country without the ſmalleſt Hopes of ſeeing it again. For, I perceive *Cæſar* to be very ſtrong in Infantry, in Cavalry, in Shipping, and in his auxiliary *Gauls*, whoſe Numbers *Matius* I believe exaggerated (1), when he ſaid, they had offered to maintain for him at their own Expence, ten Thouſand Foot, and ſix Thouſand Horſe. But, ſuppoſing this to be a Vaunt (2), yet it is certain, that he is very ſtrong, and he will not, like *Pompey*, be obliged to maintain them upon extraordinary Impoſts, for he will have the Riches of all *Rome* at his Command. And add to this, *Cæſar*'s enterprizing Spirit; the Weakneſs of our Patriots, who are Enemies to the War, for no other Reaſon, but, as you write, becauſe they have given him juſt Cauſe of Diſguſt. Yet I wiſh you had pointed out the Perſons you meant by this Hint. *Cæſar*, however, has been more moderate than he appeared to be at ſetting out, and the common People have loſt the great Affection they had for *Pompey*. As to our Corporations and Country Gentlemen, they dread *Pompey*, and hitherto they ſeem to be fond of *Cæſar*. The Situation therefore of the latter, is ſuch, that ſuppoſing he cannot conquer, yet I cannot ſee how he can be conquered.

(1) *Orig.* ἐλάπιζεν. *Inaniter jactabat.*
(2) *Orig.* λάπισμα. *Jactatio.*

For my own Part, I can ſee the Juggle (1) of his Careſſes, but I dread the Earneſtneſs of his Courtſhip. For, as *Plato* ſays, the Suits of Tyrants always carry with them a Neceſſity of Compliance (2). I perceive, you are againſt my pinning myſelf up in an inland Place (3). Why, I do not like it myſelf, but I remain there undiſcovered, and I was faithfully ſerved (4). Could I have the ſame Conveniencies at *Brunduſium*, I would chooſe to go thither. But I could not there remain without being diſcovered. However, as you write, we can come to no poſitive Reſolution till we are farther informed.

I am not very anxious about apologizing for my Conduct to our Men of Worth. What a Deſcription did *Peduceus* give me of the long Entertainments they gave and received! What Elegancies, what Luxuries were there! Well, I will allow them to be Patriots, but not better than myſelf, they would give me Diſquiet were they braver.

I was miſtaken, with Regard to the Houſe of *Phameas* at *Lanuinum*; I was dreaming of that at *Troy* (5), for which, I formerly offered 1600 *l.* but that is worth more. I could, however, wiſh that you would buy it, if you have the ſmalleſt Hopes of being able to enjoy it. You perceive, from this

(1) *Orig.* γοητείαν. *Præſtigias.*

(2) *Orig.* πειθανάγκην. αἱ γὰρ τῶν τυράννων δήσεις, *inquit* Πλάτων, οἶσθ' ὅτι μεμιγμέναι ἀνάγκαις. *Suaſionem violentam, nam tyrannorum preces, inquit Plato, permiſtæ ſunt, ut ſcis, neceſſitatibus.*

(3) *Orig.* ἀλίμενα. *Loca portu carentia.*

(4) *Orig.* ὑπηρεσίαν. *Miniſterium.*

(5) This was a Place in *Italy*, between *Ardea Laurentum*, and *Antium*, ſo called from a Colony eſtabliſhed there by *Æneas*.

long

long Letter, which is ſwelled into a Pamphlet, what ſtrange Things we ſee every Day. Our Friend *Lentulus* is quite inconſolable (1) at *Puteoli*, as *Cæcius* tells me. He knows not how to behave. He is afraid of incurring Infamy (2) from what happened at *Corſinium*. He thinks, he has done as much as he ought for *Pompey*; he is touched with the Generoſity of *Cæſar*, but when he knows all the Truth, he will be touched more.

P. S. Here I have a Piece of News, that will put you beſide yourſelf. This is the Miſery of all our Miſeries. *Pompey* has ſent *N. Magius* to treat of Peace with *Cæſar*, and yet he is beſieged all the while. I would not believe this, had I not received Letters from *Balbus*, of which I ſend you the Copies. Read them, I beg of you, and eſpecially the laſt Paragraph from *Balbus*, that moſt deſerving Perſon (3), whom our Friend *Pompey* preſented with the Ground for Building his Country Houſe, and whom he treated with more Diſtinction than he did any of us. It is on that Account the poor Gentlemen is tormented. But, that you may not read the ſame Thing twice over, I refer you to the Letter itſelf. As to an Accommodation, I have loſt all Hopes of it. *Dolabella*'s Letters of the 15th of *March*, breath nothing but War. Let me therefore, remain fixed to my Reſolution, wretched and deſperate as it is, for nothing can be more wretched than my preſent Situation.

(1) *Orig.* ἀδημονῶν. *Mœroris plenus.*
(2) *Orig.* διατροπὴν. *Pudorem.*
(3) This is Irony.

Balbus *to* Cicero, *Commander in Chief, wiſheth Proſperity.*

CÆSAR has ſent me a very ſhort Letter, of which I tranſmit you the Copy. From its Shortneſs, you may perceive, how very much he is hurried, as he has uſed ſo few Words upon ſo Weighty a Matter. I will inform you farther when I receive any freſh Intelligence.

Cæſar *to* Oppius *and* Balbus, *wiſheth Proſperity.*

ON the 9th of March, *I arrived at* Brunduſium, *and have inveſted it,* Pompey *is within the Place. He ſent* N. Magius *to me, to treat of Peace. I anſwered him, as I thought proper. I was willing you ſhould be inſtantly informed of this. When I ſhall have any Proſpect of an Accommodation, I will let you know without Loſs of Time.*

Now, my dear *Cicero*, it is impoſſible for you to conceive, how much I am tortured, now that I have again Hopes of an Accommodation, leſt ſome Accident ſhould happen to prevent it. All I can do at this Diſtance, is to put up my Wiſhes. Were I there in Perſon, I might, perhaps, be of ſome Significancy. At preſent, I am on the Rack of Impatience.

EPIST. XIV.

ON the 24th, I ſent you Copies of the Letter to me from *Balbus*, and from *Cæſar* to him, and the ſame Day I received a Letter from *Q. Pedius*, at *Capua*, informing me, that *Cæſar* had wrote to him on the 14th of *March*, in the following Terms.

Pompey *keeps within the Town. I am encamped before the Gates. We are attempting a great and a tedious Work, on Account of the Depth of the Sea; but I had no Choice left me. We are caſting up Mounds from both Points of the Harbour, in Order to force* Pompey *to paſs beyond Seas, with the Troops he has at* Brunduſium, *or to block him up in the Harbour.*

Where is now the Accommodation which *Balbus* ſaid had put him upon the *Rank of Impatience?* What can be more bitter, what more cruel than this Intelligence? It is even given out for Certainty (1), that *Cæſar* ſays, he will avenge the Blood of *Ca. Carbo*, of *M. Brutus* (2), and of all who were butchered by *Sylla*, in Conjunction with *Pompey*. That *Curio* does Nothing by his Orders which *Pompey* had not done by *Sylla*'s. That he had reſtored (3) to their Rights of ſtanding

(1) *Orig.* ἀνθιστικῶς. *Certo auctore.*

(2) *Carbo* was killed in *Sicily* by *Pompey*'s Order; and *Marcus Brutus*, Father of the famous *Brutus*, who headed the Conſpiracy by which *Cæſar* fell, was killed by the ſame Orders, after ſurrendering *Modena* to *Pompey*.

(3) The Original here is deſperate, and I have tranſlated it according to the moſt probable Conjecture I could form. It is however neceſſary for the Reader to know, that *Pompey* was under

ſtanding for public Offices, thoſe who could not by the old Laws have ſuffered Baniſhment; but that *Pompey* had reſtored Traitors from Exile. That *Cæſar* farther complains of *Milo*'s being baniſhed (1) by force of Arms, but that he will offer no Violence to any who are not in Arms againſt him. One *Bæbius*, who was ſent hither by *Curio*, on the 13th, and is a ſhrewd Fellow, talks of *Cæſar* in a quite different Strain, but no Body knows any Thing of this ſame *Bæbius*. I am abſolutely at a Loſs how to proceed. I am convinced, *Pompey* is embarked before this Time; but we ſhall know all in two Days. You have ſent me no Letters, even by *Anteros*; but, I am not ſurpriſed at that, for what can we write? and yet, I write to you every Day.

P. S. Since writing what is above, I received, before Day break, a Letter from *Lepta* at *Capua*, with an Account, that *Pompey* embarked the 15th, and that by the 26th, *Cæſar* would be at *Capua*.

under a Kind of a Neceſſity of proceeding ſeverely by ſome new Laws, which had paſſed againſt thoſe who were guilty of public Corruption, which was then exceſſive at *Rome*.

(1) It has been objected to *Cæſar*'s Character, notwithſtanding his complaining of *Milo*'s Baniſhment, that he did not recall *Milo* when it was in his Power to have done it. But I cannot ſee how this affects *Cæſar*, ſince *Milo* might have been guilty, and a very dangerous Citizen, and yet the Meaſures taken by *Pompey* to over-awe his Trial, might have been very unjuſtifiable; and in Fact, our Author thought, and knew them to be ſo.

EPIST. XV.

AFTER writing you the Letter, that brought you the Account, that *Cæſar* was to be at *Capua* by the 26th, I received a Letter from *Capua*, that he was to be at *Curio*'s Houſe, in *Alba*, on the 28th. As ſoon as I have ſeen him, I will go to *Arpi*. Should I obtain the Indulgence I aſk for, I will comply with his Terms; otherwiſe, I will follow a Courſe of my own. He writes me, that he has poſted one Legion at *Brunduſium*, another at *Tarentum*, and a third at *Sipontum*; and the whole ſeem to me to be diſpoſed in ſuch a Manner, as to lock up all Paſſages by Sea; while his own Motions point towards *Greece* rather than *Spain*. But thoſe are diſtant Events. At preſent, I am uneaſy about the Manner of my meeting with him; for the Time is at Hand, and I tremble with the Dread of his firſt Proceedings. I ſuppoſe, he will endeavour to obtain a Reſolution of the Senate; and a Sentence from the *Augural* College in his Favour. I ſhall be either hurried with him to *Rome*, or plundered in my Abſence. He will make a Prætor return Conſuls, or name a Dictator; both which Proceedings are unconſtitutional. If *Sylla*, however, could make an Inter-rex name him Dictator, why may not *Cæſar* do the ſame? I can conclude upon nothing, but that I am in Danger of being treated as a *Q. Mucius* by the one Party, and as a *L. Scipio* by the other.

By the Time you have read this Letter, I have, perhaps, had a Meeting with *Cæſar*; *You have had*, ſay you, *greater Trials in your Life Time*

never

never (1). For then I was ſupported by the Hopes of a ſpeedy Return; and by the Diſcontent of the Public. At preſent, I intend to leave *Italy*, without the ſmalleſt Encouragement to hope, that I ſhall ever return. Our Corporations, and Country Gentlemen, are ſo far from being diſcontented with *Cæſar*, that they are afraid of *Pompey*'s Cruelty and Reſentment. Notwithſtanding all this, to ſtay with *Cæſar* is what I moſt dread, and to be with *Pompey* is what I moſt deſire; to be his Companion, not in Fighting, but in Flying. Mean while, you delayed giving me any Advice, till we ſhould know what had happened at *Brunduſium*. We know it now; and yet I am as undetermined as ever.

I can ſcarcely flatter myſelf, that *Cæſar* will give me the Indulgence I am to ſue for, notwithſtanding all the ſtrong Reaſons I ſhall urge to obtain it. But I will inſtantly ſend you a moſt exact and verbal Account of our Converſation, as ſoon as it ſhall happen. Do you, my Friend, exert all your Affection to aſſiſt me, by your Concern and Wiſdom. *Cæſar* comes on ſo faſt, that I cannot have a previous Meeting with *T. Rebilus*, as I propoſed. I muſt proceed, without the ſmalleſt Preparation. *But yet*, as *Homer* ſays, *Heaven and my Heart, ſhall be my Counſellors* (2). Whatever I ſhall do you ſhall forthwith know. I have no Copy of the Propoſals you aſk for, ſent by *Cæſar* to the Conſuls, and to *Pompey*. While I was

(1) *Orig.* τίτλα, κύντερον. *Perſer, gravius.*
(2) *Orig.* — ἄλλα μὲν αὐτὸς, *ut ait ille,*
Ἄλλα δὲ κ᾽ δαίμων ὑποθήσεται.
Alia quidem ipſe, ali vei Deus ſuggeret.

upon

upon the Road, I ſent you thoſe brought by *Egypta*, by which, I ſuppoſe, you may gather the Subſtance of the others. *Philippus* is at *Naples*, and *Lentulus* at *Puteoli*. Continue to fiſh out where *Domitius* is, and what he intends to do.

You tell me that I have written in a harſher Strain of *Dionyſius*, than is uſual with my natural Temper; but you ſee thereby how much I have about me of the old *Roman*. By Heavens, I thought that you would have been more ſenſibly touched, than I was, with that Affair. For, not to mention that I imagine you ought to reſent every Injury offered to me; that Fellow, in ſome Meaſure, affronted you by behaving ſo much like a Scoundrel as he did to me. But how far that may be any Concern of yours, I leave to yourſelf; for I will not load you with reſenting my Quarrels. For my own Part, I always thought the Man hair-brained, but I now take him to be a Raſcal and a Villain: And yet he has done more harm to himſelf than he has done to me. You have managed very well concerning *Philargirus* (1). The Cauſe you defended had Truth and Juſtice to ſupport it, for he abandoned me rather than I him.

After ſending off my Letter, of the 25th, the Slaves, whom I had ſent to *Matius* and *Trebatius*, brought me a Letter from them, of which the following is a Copy.

(1) This Perſon ſeems to have been one to whom *Dionyſius* had complained of our Author's Treatment of him, and was diſabuſed by *Atticus*.

Matius

Matius *and* Trebatius *to* Cicero, *Commander in Chief, wiſh Proſperity.*

UPON our leaving *Capua*, we underſtood on the Road, that, on the 17th of *March*, *Pompey* ſailed from *Brunduſium*, with the remaining Part of his Forces; that, next Day, *Cæſar* entered that Town; that he made a public Harangue; that he ſet out from thence to *Rome*, where he will arrive ſome Time this Month, and, after ſtaying a few Days, he will ſet out for *Spain*. As we have this Account of *Cæſar*'s March, from undoubted Authority, we have thought proper to ſend back your Slaves, with the moſt early Information of it, to you. We have what you recommended to us, very much at Heart, and we will ſollicit it as Opportunity offers. You will ſee *Trebatius Scævola* before you ſee *Cæſar* or us.

Poſtſcript. Since writing what is above, we underſtand that *Cæſar* will be at *Beneventum* on the 25th; on the 26th, at *Capua*; and, on the 27th, at *Sinueſſa*. You may depend upon this for true.

EPIST. XVI.

THOUGH I have nothing new to write you, yet I write this, that I may not ſlip a Day without ſending you a Letter. I heard that *Cæſar* was to lie at *Sinueſſa* on the 27th; I receivd a Letter from him, the Day before, in which he tells me, that he ſtands in need, not of my Aſſiſtance, which

which was his Expreſſion in his former Letter, but of my Means (1). After I had written him a Letter of Compliment upon his generous Behaviour at *Corfinium*, he ſent me the following Anſwer.

Cæſar, *Commander in Chief, to* Cicero, *Commander in Chief, wiſheth Proſperity.*

YOU know me too well to be miſtaken in the Judgment you have formed of my hating nothing ſo much as I do Cruelty. Now, beſides the great Pleaſure which I take in Clemency as a Virtue, it gives me Triumph, it gives me Joy, that you approve of my Conduct. I am not in the leaſt concerned at the Report, as if they, whom I reſtored to Liberty, have gone off, that they might renew the War againſt me. For I wiſh for nothing more than that both they, and I, ſhould act like ourſelves. I earneſtly deſire you to be at *Rome*, that I may continue, in all my Buſineſs, to make uſe of your Counſels and your Means. You muſt know that I have not a greater Favourite in the World than your Son-in-Law, *Dolabella*. I hope he will befriend me in this Requeſt, and indeed ſuch is his good Breeding, his good Senſe, and his Kindneſs for me, that he cannot do otherwiſe (2).

(1) There is a low Jingle in the Original. *Jam opes meas, non, ut ſuperioribus litteris, opem, expectat.* I have endeavoured to imitate it in the Tranſlation.

(2) It is hard to ſay whether the Magnanimity, or Politeneſs of *Cæſar*, in this Letter is moſt conſpicuous, or whether our Author's Criticiſm, which we obſerved in the laſt Note, or his Diſtruſt, if he did diſtruſt *Cæſar*, is moſt abſurd.

EPIST.

EPIST. XVII.

ON the 28th, the Date of this Letter, I expect the Arrival of *Trebatius*. I will conſider upon my Manner of addreſſing *Cæſar* by what I ſhall learn from him, and from the Letters of *Matius*. Mortifying Situation! for he doubtleſs will preſs me to come to *Rome*. For when he was at *Formiæ*, he publicly intimated his Pleaſure for a full Senate, to aſſemble by the 1ſt of *April*. Shall I then refuſe him?—But why ſhould I anticipate Matters.—I will not loſe a Moment in writing to you. I will reſolve, according to my Converſation with him, whether I ſhall go to *Arpi*, or to ſome other Place. I intend to give my Son the manly Robe at that Place. I beg you to turn your Thoughts to what I ſhall do afterwards, for Vexation has rendered me quite ſtupid. I want to know whether *Curius* has written any Thing to you concerning *Tiro*. For, according to what *Tiro* writes to me himſelf, I am apprehenſive of his Health. They who have ſeen him give me little Satisfaction, and let me tell you, that even this is no ſmall Addition to my other great Afflictions, for his Care and Aſſiduity would be exrreamly uſeful to me in my preſent Situation.

EPIST. XVIII.

I Have followed your Advice (1) in both Points. For my Converſation, with *Cæſar*, was ſuch as

(1) The Reader cannot but obſerve, from this Letter, how much our Author's Stile is infected by his Situation. He ſpeaks

as might rather induce him to have a high Opinion of my Virtue, than to return me Thanks for my Compliance. I remain firm in my declining to go to *Rome*. I was, however, miſtaken in thinking he would be compliable (1). Never did I ſee a Man leſs ſo. He told me, that my Refuſal was a Condemnation of his Conduct, and that my not going to *Rome* would keep others back. My Anſwer was, that my Caſe and theirs differed widely. After much talk; then come, ſaid he, and ſet on foot an Accommodation. What, ſaid I, I upon my Terms? You are ſure, replied he, I will not preſcribe to you. Then, anſwered I, will endeavour to perſuade the Senate to oppoſe your going to *Spain*, and your tranſporting your Army into *Greece*. I will enlarge, continued I, in the moſt pathetic Manner, upon the Fate of *Pompey*. Theſe are Matters, ſays *Cæſar*, which I will not have men-

ſpeaks as one out of Breath, after a terrible Fright in half-broken, ſhort Sentences. Mean while I am ſtill confirmed in my former Opinion, that though his Attendance, at *Rome*, would have been of uſe to *Cæſar*, yet that *Cæſar* did not think him of ſo much Importance as he ſeems to imagine himſelf to be. Even our Author's Firmneſs, and *Cæſar*'s Behaviour to him, confirms the Suſpicion. For if he talked in the ſteady Manner he here repreſents, and if it was of ſo great Importance for *Cæſar* to have him at *Rome*, and not to join *Pompey*, we cannot imagine he would have ſuffered him to depart at Liberty. The Truth is, there is a wide Difference between the Compliments, and the Sentiments, of ſo great a Man as *Cæſar* was. It is poſſible *Pompey* would have been a little more ſerious with our Author; but *Cæſar*, who had a Paſſion for that true Glory which ſubſiſts to Poſterity, wanted to win *Cicero*, rather than make him his Enemy, if it could be done without Prejudice to his Ambition.

(1) *Orig. Facilis.* If *Cæſar* was ſo very incompliable, how came he to leave our Author at Liberty to act as he pleaſed, after he had ſo frankly declared his Sentiments to be againſt all his Meaſures.

tioned. So I thought, anſwered I; but I will not be preſent, becauſe, I muſt either mention thoſe Matters, and many others, which I ſhall indiſpenſibly be obliged to do, if I ſhould appear at *Rome*, or I muſt not go thither. At laſt, to get rid of the Subject, he deſired me to take Time to conſider. I could not refuſe that, and thereupon we parted. I am therefore convinced, that *Cæſar* does not love me. But I love myſelf, and that is more than I have been uſed to do for a long Time (1).

As to the Circumſtances, Heavens, what a Train he has got with him! what a Carrion-hunting Crew (2) as you uſed to call them! *Eros Celer*'s Freedman was amongſt them. In what a ruinous Cauſe is he embarked! what deſperate Troops he heads! There might be ſeen the Son of *Servius*, here the Son of *Titinius*. What a Crew was there in the Camp, which blockaded *Pompey*! *Cæſar* was there at the Head of ſix Legions; his Vigilance, his daring is exceſſive, I ſee no End of our Calamities. Now if ever, you are to give me your Advice, for this is the laſt Criſis. *Cæſar* threw out, however, an odious Concluſion (3), which I had almoſt forgot, that "if he was debarred from the Advantage of my Counſels, he would take *Advice from others*

(1) This is one of the many beautiful Reflections which ariſe from Nature, and the Honeſty of the Heart, and diſtinguiſh our Author's Letters to *Atticus* beyond any epiſtolary Compoſition, either ancient or modern For my own Part, I cannot help wiſhing that he had oftner than he did, laid aſide the Man of Learning, and the Stateſman, for he is always the great Man, when uninfluenced by Fear or Vanity.

(2) *Orig.* Νεκύια. *Mortuorum turba.*

(3) *Orig.* Καταληξις. *Clauſula.*

where

where he could get it, and that he would ſtick at nothing."

Now, as you write me in one of yours, you have ſeen *Cæſar*, and have you groaned? Too ſure I have. What ſhall I ſay farther? He inſtantly went to *Pedum* (1), and I to *Arpi*. There I will wait for the Chattering of the Swallows you mention (2). Mean while, ſay you, you ought not to plague yourſelf with what cannot be helped. But alas! I am about to follow a Leader who has committed many groſs Blunders. Well! I wait for your Letters. We have not now the Excuſe we uſed to have, of *let us ſee how Things will turn out*. My meeting with *Cæſar*, was to be the Period of our Deliberation, and as I doubt not of his being much diſatisfied with it, we are, conſequently, to be the more ſpeedy in reſolving and acting. As you love me, therefore, you will write me a Letter, and that too upon what ought to be my public Conduct (3). I am extreamly impatient for a Letter from you.

(1) This was a City of *Latium*, lying between *Tybur Præneſte* and *Tuſculum*.

(2) *Orig.* Ἀαλαγίνεαν. *Garrientem*, ſupp. *hirundinem*. There is ſomewhat pretty doubtful in the *Greek* Phraſe, and very unſettled in the Reading. I have tranſlated it according to the moſt probable Opinion, that *Cicero* means, he would take the Advice of *Atticus* in waiting till Summer was pretty far advanced, that is, till the Swallows began to chatter, before he went to join *Pompey*

(3) *Orig* Πολιτικήν. *Quæ ſit viri reip. perit.*

EPIST. XIX.

I HAVE choſen to inveſt my Son *Cicero* at *Arpi*, with the manly Robe, becauſe we were abſent from *Rome*, and indeed, my Neighbours of that Corporation took the Compliment very kindly; but yet I obſerved great Sorrow and Dejection, both amongſt them, and in all the Places through which I paſſed, ſo diſmal, ſo gloomy is the Proſpect (1) of our impending, mighty, Calamity! Levies are raiſing, and taking up their Winter Quarters. If ſuch Proceedings are burdenſome even from Patriots, when the War is juſt, and its Proſecution moderate, how intolerable muſt they be when carried on by the utmoſt Fury of Ruffians, and in the Proſecution of a moſt unnatural civil War.

Now, you are not to imagine, that there is in all *Italy* one Raſcal, who has not joined *Cæſar*. I ſaw the general Rendezvous of them at *Formiæ*. I was well acquainted with them beforehand (nor, indeed, did I ever look upon them as any other than Beaſts of Prey), but I never before ſaw them in one Group—Let me be gone then, go where I will—Let me bid adieu to all my Concerns—Let me be gone, I ſay, to *Pompey*, who will be more thankful for my having joined him, than if I had fled with him. We had then great Hopes; at preſent (I ſpeak for myſelf) we have

(1) *Orig.* Ἀνθεώρησις. *Conſpectus.*

none

none (1), and I am the only Man of our Party who has not left *Italy*, becauſe he was afraid of *Cæſar*. And yet, by Heavens, I do not act thus for the Sake of my Country, which I take to be entirely ruined, but to avoid the Imputation of Ingratitude, towards a Man, who relieved me from the Misfortunes which indeed himſelf inflicted, and becauſe, I cannot be a Witneſs to the preſent or future Meaſures that muſt certainly be in Agitation at *Rome*.

I ſuppoſe, by this Time, ſome Reſolutions have paſſed the Senate; I wiſh *Volcatius* (2) may have had the Direction of them——But there is nothing in that, for all muſt ſpeak out of one Mouth. *Servius*, however, will be the moſt untractable, for he ſent his Son with *Pontius Titinianus* to the Army (3), that was to kill, or at leaſt, to take *Pompey*. *Titinianus* was indeed, influenced by Fear. But as to *Servius*——Well! let us leave off being in a Paſſion ——Let us come to ſome Reſolution, even though it were the tireſome, and to me the moſt diſagree-

(1) Orig. *Tum enim eramus in maxima ſpe; nunc, ego quidem, in nulla.* Monſieur *Mongault* tranſlates this, *Car alors nous avions de grandes eſperances, & il ne nous en reſte plus.* I have in another Place obſerved, (*Vide* Tranſlation of the Orations, Vol. II.) that no Tranſlator or Commentator has attended to the Meaning of the Particle *Quidem*. And this Paſſage, from ſo excellent a Tranſlator as Monſieur *Mongault*, is a freſh Proof of it.

(2) He was of a moderate Character, and one of the moſt ancient amongſt the Conſulars.

(3) I have taken ſome Liberty in the Tranſlation here, becauſe the Words of the Original ſeem to imply, that thoſe two Gentlemen were ſent with a particular Commiſſion to aſſaſſinate, or to take *Pompey*.

able one, that of continuing to breath(1)—— As the Ports of the *Adriatic* Sea are ſhut up, I will embark at a Port upon the *Tuſcan* Sea; if I find Difficulty at *Puteoli*, I will go to *Croto*, or to *Thuriæ* (2), and thus we excellent Citizens, and eminent Patriots, muſt act as profeſſed Pyrates (3). For I can ſee no other Method, by which we can carry on this War. We are now ſkulking to *Egypt*; we are in no Condition to face our Enemy, and there is no depending upon any Proſpect of an Accommodation; but I have already ſufficiently bewailed thoſe melancholy Circumſtances.

I beg you will inform me in your Letters by *Cephalio*, of all that is done or ſaid at *Rome*; if I can ſuppoſe People there to retain ſtill the Uſe of Speech. I followed your Advice, eſpecially as to the Dignity I kept up in my Interview with *Cæſar*, and in my continuing firm, not to go to *Rome*. Finiſh what you have begun. Write me

(1) I cannot ſee, admitting the Reading laid down by *Græ-vius*, and followed by Monſieur *Mongault* himſelf, why both of them ſhould look upon this Paſſage as irrecoverable and irreconcileable to Senſe. I imagine, that whoever compares it as I have tranſlated it, with other Paſſages of our Author's Works, will think it contains a Sentiment very agreeable to *Cicero*'s Manner. It was no new Thing for our Author, when preſſed by Misfortunes, as he is in this Place, to deliberate both with himſelf and his Friends, whether or not he ſhould live. The Reader may conſult, Vol. I, Page 144, 146, 156. and almoſt the whole third Book of theſe Epiſtles

(2) This Sea-port lay upon the Gulf of *Sarentum*, and is likewiſe called *Cybaris*.

(3) We have already ſeen, that he accuſed *Pompey*, with a Deſign to famiſh *Italy*, by cutting off all their Proviſions by Sea.

punctually

punctually (for Matters are now come to an Extremity with me) all that you want, and all that you wiſh to have done. And yet I ſee no Choice that is left.——Write me, however, what, or rather whatever, comes into your Head.

CICERO's EPISTLES TO ATTICUS.

BOOK X.

EPIST I.

ON the third of *April*, after coming to my Brother's Houſe of *Laterium* (1), I received your Letter, which gave me more Reſpite from Sorrow, than I had known ſince theſe Troubles began. It is of great Conſequence to me, that you approve of my Firmneſs of Reſolution, and the Manner of my Behaviour. As to the Approbation which you ſay I have received from our Friend *Sextus*, it gives me as much Joy, as if I had received it from the Judgment of his Father, of whom I always had the

(1) This Place lay near *Arte*.

greateſt

greateſt Opinion. Well do I remember, on that Day, of all Days, the 5th of *December*, what he ſaid to me when I was talking to him concerning ſomewhat. Said he,

Yet in a mighty Deed, I ſhall expire,
Let future Ages hear it, and admire (1)!

His Authority therefore is ſtill alive with me, and his Son, who is his expreſs Image, ſucceeds to my Regard for him. I deſire that you will remember me to him moſt ſincerely.

Though the Time you mark out for my coming to ſome Reſolution, cannot be far off (for that venal Speaker (2) has, I ſuppoſe, before now, winded up his Harangue, and ſomething, I ſuppoſe, has been done in the Convention of the Senators, for I cannot call it a Senate), yet ſtill you hold me in Suſpence; though I am the leſs ſo, as I am perfectly convinced that you are fixed in your Opinion how I ought to proceed. What elſe can be the Meaning of your telling me, that *Flavius* is to go for *Sicily* at the Head of a Legion, and that he has entered upon his Commiſſion; that many wicked Schemes are in Readineſs or in Agitation, and that more will follow? For my own Part, I pay no Regard to the Law of *Solon*, your and my Coun-

(1) *Orig.* Μὴ μάν, ἀσπουδεί γε κ᾽ ἀκλειῶς ἀπολείμην,
Ἀλλὰ μέγα ἔξας τι, κ᾽ ἰσσομένοισι πυθέσθαι.
Ne ignaviter & inglorie peream, ſed magno aliquo facinore edito quod audiatur a Poſteris. This is a Verſe taken from *Homer*, who puts it in the Mouth of *Hector* when he is killed by *Achilles*. The Tranſlation is Mr. *Pope*'s.

(2) Several Characters in *Rome* anſwer to this Expreſſion, but we are not certain who the particular Perſon was, whom *Cicero* meant.

tryman

tryman (1), which made it Death for any Perſon in a civil Commotion, not to take one Party or the other; and unleſs you differ in Opinion from me, both I and my young Gentlemen will retire from this Scene of Buſtle. But I am more determined upon the other Reſolution: However, I will precipitate nothing, but wait for your Advice, and (unleſs you may have written another Letter before) for the Letter which I deſired you to ſend me by *Cephalio*.

You write me not as a Thing you have heard, but as a Suggeſtion of your own, that I muſt be drawn to *Rome* if an Accommodation ſhould be ſet on Foot. For my Part, I cannot ſee what room there can be for any ſuch Propoſal, ſince *Cæſar* appears to be entirely determined to ſtrip, if he can, *Pompey*, both of his Army, and his Government, unleſs the ſame venal Orator can perſuade him to be quiet, while the Mediators are paſſing to and fro. I ſee nothing now to hope for, or that can be done. And yet, it is a Conſideration with a good Patriot (and a great Conſideration it is too, with Regard to his Country's Intereſt (2), (whether he is to aſſociate himſelf in the Counſels of a Tyrant, even when virtuous Meaſures are under Deliberation. Therefore, ſhould I chance to be invited (which, indeed, is very improbable, after his being ſo diſguſted as he was, at my ſpeaking my Mind ſo freely as I did upon an Accommodation); but, I ſay, ſhould it ſo chance, write me in what Man-

(1) Alluding to our Author's and his Friend's Fondneſs for *Athens*.

(2) *Orig.* Τῶν πολιτικωτάτων σκεμμάτων. *Propoſitorum quæ ad rempublicam pertinent.*

ner

ner you think I ſhould behave, for that would be one of the moſt critical Periods in my whole Life. I am extremely glad, that you are pleaſed with what you hear from *Trebatius* that worthy Man, and good Patriot, and your repeated Exclamation of *moſt excellent* (1)! gives me a Satisfaction, that is unuſual to me in my preſent Situation. I am extremely impatient for your Letter, which, I ſuppoſe, by this Time you have ſent off.

Your (2) Friend *Sextus* and you, have preſerved the ſame Dignity of Behavour which you recommended to me. Your Couſin *Celer* is not ſo wiſe as he is witty. What my Daughter told you concerning the young Gentlemen, is true. What you write me concerning *Marcus Antonius*, is more ugly in Report than in Effect. The Agony (3) I am now in, is like that of Death, I muſt either ſpeak my Mind of public Matters (4) amongſt Rebels with Freedom, or join our Patriots with Danger. I muſt either follow the Latter in their Madneſs, or oppoſe the former in their Treaſons. Either Meaſure is attended with Danger, but what I am about, is neither ſafe nor ſhameful.

I am not of Opinion, that the Perſon who ſent his Son to *Brunduſium* with Propoſals of Peace, will be employed as a Deputy (5). I have heard no

(1) *Orig.* ἐκφώνησις ὑπέρευ. *Exclamatio egregiè.*

(2) This probably was the Beginning of another Letter, and which is often the Caſe with thoſe Letters, it has probably ſlipt into this through Accident, or Careleſſneſs.

(3) *Orig.* ἄλη. *Anxietas.*

(4) *Orig.* Πολιτευτέον. *In Rep. verſandum.*

(5) Monſieur *Mongault* has tranſlated this in a different Senſe, and upon a Reading from *Grævius*, which I do not find to be warranted, nor indeed, has either *Grævius* or he admitted

no mention of him, and I think ſo much the better. As to Peace, my Sentiments are the ſame with yours, that their Treating of Peace is a downright Sham, but that their Preparations for War are in good earneſt. Should I therefore happen to be deputed, I ſhall have the leſs Reaſon to write, or even to conſider about my Behaviour (1).

EPIST. II.

I Was to go to *Minturnæ*, when I received your Letter from *Cephalio*, the 5th of *April*, and, after ſtaying there all next Day, I intended forthwith to leave it. I have, however, remained in my Brother's Houſe at *Arce*, it being a more private Place, till I can hear ſomething more certain, and, in the mean while, all may be done, that can be done, without me. The Chattering of the Swallows (2) notifies the Approach of Summer. I am in a Fever till I am gone, but how, or where, is ſtill a Queſtion.——Well! that muſt be left to my own Enquiries, and proper Perſons.——Mean while

admitted it into their Text. Mean while, I have retained the common Reading, becauſe I think it makes as good, if not better, Senſe as that adopted by the *French* Tranſlator. The Perſon alluded to here, ſeems to have been either the elder *Balbus*, or the elder *Sulpicius*, moſt probably the Latter.

(1) The Reaſon of this is, becauſe he knew that *Cæſar*'s Party was not in earneſt, as he mentions immediately before, and not becauſe (as Monſieur *Mongault* is fond of ſuppoſing) no body ſpoke of our Author for a Mediator. For both *Cæſar* and *Balbus*, and many others, had mentioned him as the moſt proper Perſon to be employed. I likewiſe think Monſieur *Mongault* is a little miſtaken in the latter, as well as in the former, Part of this Paragraph, but it is of no great Importance.

(1) *Orig.* λαλαγινου. *Garrula hirundo.*

do

do you, my Friend, continue as, hitherto, to aſſiſt me all you can with your Advice. My Situation is ſo inextricable, that I muſt leave all to Fortune. My Endeavours are hopeleſs; and it would be next to a Miracle, ſhould they be ſucceſsful.

I am againſt that Viſit from *Dionyſius*, with which I am threatened by my Daughter's Letter. It would be very improper at this Time, and I ſhould be ſorry that a Fellow, who hates me ſo much, ſhould entertain himſelf with my Misfortunes, eſpecially as they are ſo great at preſent. But I think you have no Buſineſs to reſent my Quarrel with him.

EPIST. III.

I Have, indeed I have nothing to write you. There are ſome Things, however, that I am curious to know.——Is *Cæſar* gone?——In what State has he left *Rome?*—Whom has he left to command in *Italy?*—Who are the Officers to whom he has aſſigned particular Governments, and particular Departments of Buſineſs?—Has he, according to any Reſolution of the Senate, ſent any Deputies to *Pompey* and the Conſuls, to treat of Peace?—— Thoſe are the Points I deſire to know of you, and, for that Purpoſe, I trouble you with this Letter. It will therefore be kind, and obliging in you, to inform me of theſe Matters, and of what ever elſe may concern me to know. I will wait at *Arce* for your Anſwer. This is the ſecond Letter I have wrote you on the 7th of *April*; and yeſterday I wrote you one longer with my own Hand. I am told

told you have been ſeen in the Pontifical Palace (1), I cannot blame you. For if it is a Fault to appear in public, I have been guilty of it myſelf.

I am impatient (yet I know not why I ſhould be impatient) for a Letter from you. I beg, however, you will write me, even though you have nothing to tell me; only let me know that from your own Hand. *Cæſar*, in his Letters, forgives me for not coming to *Rome*, and tells me that he is very far from being diſguſted with my Refuſal. I am not at all ſorry at what he writes me, that *Tullus* and *Servius* complain to him, that he has not ſhown the ſame Indulgence to them as to me. What fooliſh Fellows theſe are to ſend their Sons to the Army, that beſieged *Pompey*, and yet make a Scruple of aſſiſting in a Senate, that is called by *Cæſar*. Mean while, I have ſent you the Copy of *Cæſar*'s Letter.

EPIST. IV.

I Received ſeveral Letters from you the ſame Day, all of them moſt accurately penned, but I never ſhall be tired of Reading that which was made up in the Form of a Roll (2). The Pains you took in writing it, I aſſure you, were not loſt, if you meant thereby to oblige me in the moſt ſenſible

(1) *Orig. Regia.* This was a Place in which the greateſt Men in *Rome* uſed to aſſemble in public, for the Sake of Company and Converſation, as we do at Court, or other public Places.

(2) *Orig. Quæ voluminis inſtar erat.* Monſieur *Mongault* refers this Expreſſion to the Largeneſs of *Atticus*'s Letter, but I to its form. The Difference is not very material.

Manner.

Manner. I therefore earneſtly deſire you to repeat your Favours as often as you can, and while you can, that is, as long as you know how to direct to me.

Well! it is now Time, if poſſible, for me to finiſh, or if I cannot finiſh, to moderate (which is no more than I can do) thoſe my daily Lamentations over the State of the Public. I bid adieu to all Reflections upon the Dignity, the Honours, and the exalted Station of Life I have forfeited. I am now only to reflect by what Means I roſe to them, how I diſcharged them, and in what Eſtimation I lived with the Public. In ſhort, it is a Conſideration with me in my preſent Calamities, what difference there is between me and the Men, for whoſe Sakes I have loſt my all. I mean the Men who thought they could not indulge their Swing of Ambition, without driving me from my Country. But you ſee what has been the Cataſtrophe of their Coalition and iniquitous Aſſociation. *Cæſar*, who was one of the Parties, in the Glow of Reſentment and Treaſon, is ſo far from relenting, that he is, every Day, making new Acceſſions of Power. After driving *Pompey* from *Italy*, he now endeavours to purſue his Perſon in one Country, and to ſtrip him of his Government in another. He is ſo far from declining, that he, in ſome Meaſure, arrogates to himſelf, the Appellation of Tyrant, which, in fact, he is. *Pompey*, the other Party, who could ſee me crawling at his Feet without raiſing me, who ſaid, that he could do nothing againſt the Will of *Cæſar*; this Man, I ſay, after eſcaping from the Power and the Sword of his Father-in-Law, makes Preparations, by Sea and Land, to carry on a War not indeed

indeed unjuſt in itſelf; but let it be ſanctified by Loyalty, let it be juſtified by Neceſſity, yet ſtill ſhould he be conquered, it would be fatal; and even ſhould he conquer, it would be pernicious, to his Country.

Yet, glorious as the Actions of thoſe mighty Generals are, I cannot give them the Preference to mine; nor can I think them greater in all their Enjoyment of the Pomp of Fortune, than I was, when I encountered her Storms. For what Enjoyment can a Man have of himſelf, who either abandons or oppreſſes his Country? And if I am right, as you ſay I am, in what I have written, in my philoſophical Treatiſes, that the only Source of Happineſs is Virtue, and that nothing can be wretched but what is diſhoneſt; both thoſe great Men muſt ſurely be wretched to the laſt Degree, who never had a Thought of the Intereſt and Honour of their Country, but what was poſtponed to their own Schemes of public Power, and private Emolument. What Peace, what Comfort therefore do I feel within myſelf! conſcious as I am, that, while it was in my Power, I ſerved my Country with Succeſs; that at leaſt I ever judged of her Affairs as if I had the Spirit of Divination, and that, fourteen Years ago, I foreſaw the very Tempeſt in which ſhe is now overwhelmed.

I will go then, attended with this Comfort of Conſcience; with a heavy Heart, indeed, not ſo much on my own and my Brother's Account, for both of us are on the Decline of Life, as on Account of our Sons, whom I ſometimes look upon as Pledges in our Hands, that ought to be forthcoming for the Service of our Country. One of them

them, at leaſt, is endued with more filial Piety, and therefore he does not give me ſuch mortal Pangs (1). —But as to the other—ſurely nothing in life gave me ever ſuch Sorrow and Concern,—he has been ſo far ſpoiled by his Father's, and my, Indulgence, that I dare not mention what he has dared to do; beſides, I am impatient for your Letters, for you informed me, that you would write me more at large, when you had ſeen him. I never ſhowed him any Indulgence but what was tempered with much Severity, not even when he was little better than an Infant, and his Father's only Child. I have even checked him in his attempting many, and groſs Faults, but his Father's Indulgence ought rather to have endeared him to him, than have been ſo monſtrouſly abuſed by him.

We were ſo much concerned at the Letters he wrote to *Cæſar*, that we even concealed them from you, but I perceive that he has rendered his Father's Life miſerable. I dare not expreſs to you, the Grimace of Affection which he put on, when he ſet out upon this Journey. All I know is, that, after he had been with *Hirtius*, he was ſent for by *Cæſar*; that he informed him of my being, in my Heart, an utter Enemy to all his Schemes, and that I intended to leave *Italy*. Thus much I write you, though with a trembling Hand. But our Indulgence could never have brought him to that; it

(1) *Orig. Quorum quidem alter, non tam (quia majore pietate eſt) me mirabiliter excruciat.* I have here ſupplied a Parentheſis, which the Senſe evidently demands, rather than either call in a Reading or a Senſe not to be warranted. Monſieur *Mongault* tranſlates this Paſſage, *L'un m'afflige infiniment, moins parce qu'il eſt mon fils que parce que jelui vois un bon naturel.* It is impoſſible this excellent Tranſlator could have ſo egregiouſly miſtaken this Paſſage as he has done, had he attended to the Signification of the Particle *quidem*, the Miſtaking which I have ſo often obſerved has led all Tranſlators into groſs Blunders.

muſt be owing to his own perverſe Nature. It was this, and not their Father's Conduct, that corrupted *Curio*, and the Son of *Hortenſius*. My Brother is aſhamed to ſhow his Face, through Concern; nor is he ſo anxious about his own Life, as about mine. He, my *Atticus*, is the Object to whom you are to adminiſter Comfort, if you can. All the Comfort that ſuggeſts to me is, the Poſſibility that our Information may be either falſe or exaggerated. But, ſuppoſing it to be true, what can be done, ſituated as I am, and ready to take my Flight? For did our Government ſtill ſubſiſt, I ſhould be at no Loſs how to proceed in the proper Terms, either of Severity or Mildneſs. Either Reſentment, Grief, or Fear, may have given my Pen a ſeverer Edge in this Matter, than is conſiſtent with either your or my Affection towards the young Man. But if the Allegations are true, you will pardon me; if they are falſe, you will do me a Pleaſure in undeceiving me. But, however the Matter may turn out, you are to impute nothing either to the Uncle or the Father.

Having written thus far, I received a Meſſage from *Curio*, that he was about to pay me a Viſit, he having arrived at *Cumæ* laſt Night, being the 13th of this Month. If his Converſation and mine therefore is productive of any Thing, that you ought to know, you ſhall have it below.

Curio has gone paſt my Houſe, and ordered I ſhould be acquainted that he would, very ſoon, wait upon me. To *Puteoli* he run; there he harangued the People; when his Harangue was over, he came to me and ſtaid with me a long while. What a ſcandalous Encounter it was!—You know the

the Man.—He was as frank as ever.—In the firſt Place, he acquainted me for a Certainty, that all who had been baniſhed, by the *Pompeian* Law, would be recalled, for that he was to employ them againſt *Cato* in *Sicily*. He made no doubt of *Cæſar*'s becoming Maſter of both *Spains*; that after that, he would lead his Army, in Perſon, againſt *Pompey*, be where he will; and that *Pompey*'s Deſtruction alone could put a Period to the War; that what paſſed nearer *Rome* was of little Conſequence, and that *Cæſar* was ſo much provoked at the Oppoſition he met with from the Tribune *Metellus*, that he intended once to have killed him (1), which if he had done, a great deal of other Blood muſt have been ſpilt; that a great many adviſed him to cruel Meaſures; that he was averſe to Blood, neither by Principle, nor by Nature, but becauſe he thought Clemency would ſtrengthen his Intereſt with the People; but that, if he once loſt their Hearts, he would then plunge into Blood, and that he was ſtartled, when he underſtood that even the Mob took offence at what he had done as to the public Treaſure. *Curio* added, that it was for that Reaſon he had not ventured to purſue a firm Reſolution, he had laid down, of haranguing the People in public at *Rome*, and that when he left it, he was greatly confuſed and diſconcerted.

I next came to queſtion *Curio* what Proſpect he had,—where were the Forms, where the Subſtance of our Conſtitution? He frankly told me, that all his Thoughts of that Kind were at an End. He was afraid of *Pompey*'s Fleet, and he ſaid, if it ſhould act, that he muſt abandon *Sicily*. What,

(1) This was for oppoſing *Cæſar*'s ſeizing the public Treaſure at *Rome*.

ſaid I, is the Meaning of thoſe (1) ſix Lictors who attend you? If you received them from the Senate, why are they laurelled? and, if from *Cæſar*, why are they ſo few? I wanted to have had them, replies he, upon a ſurreptitious (2) Reſolution of the Senate (for he had no other Means to get them.) But, continues he, *Cæſar* hates the Senate more than ever, and told me, *I will be the Source of public Honours.* I ſtill urged him, why have you no more than ſix Lictors? I might have had twelve, replied he, but I declined it.

How deſirous, ſaid I to him, was I to requeſt of *Cæſar* the Favour I hear he has granted to *Philippus* (3). But I feared I ſhould gain Nothing upon him, becauſe, he could gain Nothing upon me. He would have granted it, anſwered *Curio*, with Pleaſure, but you may ſuppoſe yourſelf in the ſame State as if he had granted it; for, I will write him in any Terms you pleaſe, that you and I have ſettled that Matter between ourſelves. What ſignifies it to him where you are, if you are not in the Senate-houſe? You could have given him no manner of Diſguſt by leaving *Italy*. Upon this I told *Curio*, that I wanted to be retired and ſolitary, and the rather becauſe I was attended by Lictors. He approved of the Reſolution. Well then, ſaid I, I muſt go to *Greece* thro' your Province, becauſe the Coaſts of the *Adriatic* are guarded by Soldiers. Nothing, ſaid he, in the World can give me greater

(1) He reſerved them from *Cæſar*, as being Pro-prætor; none but Conſuls and Proconſuls were attended with twelve, and none had them wrapped round with Laurel, but thoſe who had gained a Victory.

(2) See Vol I. P. 232, 233.

(3) Though he was nearly related by Marriage to *Cæſar*, yet he gave him Leave to remain neutral.

Plea-

Pleaſure; and here he made me a Profuſion of Compliment. Thus far therefore I have gained, that I ſhall be able to embark not only openly but ſafely.

He has put off, till another Time, all Talk of other Matters, and if any Thing worth writing ſhall occur, then you ſhall know it. There are ſome Things, however, I have forgot to mention; ſuch as, whether *Cæſar* will wait for an Interreign? Whether——but what am I talking about!——*Curio* told me, *Cæſar* had offered the Conſulſhip to him, but that he refuſed it for the next Year. There are other Things beſides, that I muſt learn of him. In ſhort, he ſwore (but Oaths coſt him nothing) that *Cæſar* is extreamly well pleaſed with me. I appeal, ſaid he, to what he wrote to *Dolabella*. Well, what was that? ſaid I.——*Curio* then aſſured me, that when *Dolabella* was deſirous I ſhould come to *Rome*, *Cæſar*, in Anſwer, returned him many Thanks, and told him, that he was not only ſatisfied, but pleaſed at my not coming. What can I ſay more? I begin to be more at Eaſe, and my Concern at my Family's Treachery, and my Nephew's Converſation with *Hirtius*, is now abated. How deſirous I am, that the young Man were worthy of his Blood, and how very unwilling am I to ſuſpect him.——But ſtill, where was the Occaſion for his meeting *Hirtius?*——Well——there muſt be ſomewhat, though I hope not much, in it.———And yet, I am ſurpriſed that he is not returned.——It cannot be long ere we know all.—

You are to pay the Money due to me from the *Opii*, to my Wife; for there is now no Security to be had at *Rome* for Money. Do you, however, aſſiſt me by your Advice, whether I ſhall travel to *Rhegium* by Land, or embark directly here. As

it will be ſome Time before I depart, I ſhall have new Matter to write you as ſoon as I ſhall have ſeen *Curio*. I beg you will continue your Enquiries concerning *Tyro*, that I may know what he is about.

EPIST. V.

IF I miſtake not, I wrote you very fully before concerning my whole Plan of Conduct. As to the Day of my Departure, all I can ſay, for certain, is, that it will not be before the Change of the Moon. *Curio*'s Converſation with me the Day after I laſt wrote to you, was pretty much in the ſame Strain as before, only he was more frank in owning, that he could not foreſee any Settlement of our preſent Diſtractions. What you mention, concerning the Government of my Nephew, is impracticable; I will, however, do all in my Power; and I wiſh you would do the ſame. But, I ſhall deal with him as roundly as you propoſe to do. I have written directly to *Veſtorius* concerning my Daughter, who was very importunate with me on that Head.

Vettenus was more reaſonable in his Converſation with you than in his Letters to me, but I am extreamly ſurprized at the inaccuracy of his Account. For, after *Philotimus* told me, that that Meſſuage might be bought of *Canuleius* for four hundred Pounds, and even cheaper, if I ſhould apply to *Vettenus*, I accordingly wrote to deſire *Vettenus* to abate the Price, if he could, which he promiſed to do. He lately wrote to me, that he had purchaſed it for two hundred and forty Pounds, and deſired me to let him know the Perſon to whom I had

had a Mind it ſhould be conveyed, and that the 13th of *November* was the Day of Payment. I anſwered him pretty tartly, but ſomewhat between jeſt and earneſt. But now, that he acts as a Gentleman, I have nothing to accuſe him of, and I have written to let him know, that you have informed me of the whole Affair. I deſire that you will let me know every Thing about your Journey, how, and when, it is to be. *April* the 17th.

EPIST. VI.

NOTHING but the Weather detains me in this Place. I will act the plain open Part, happen what will in *Spain*; you need not, however, ſay one Word. I have, in my former Letters, opened to you all my Schemes; which is the Reaſon why this Letter is ſo ſhort, beſides my being hurried in getting ready for my Departure. As to the younger *Quintus*, *I have tutor'd him to Purpoſe* (1).—You know the reſt. The Advices you give me afterwards, are both wiſe and friendly. But every Thing will be practicable with me, if I can be upon my Guard as to him. That is a difficult Point.—He is a ſtrange Medley; he has Nothing about him that is ingenuous, Nothing that is ſincere. I wiſh you had undertaken the Management of him, for his Father is too indulgent to him, and ſlackens the Reins as faſt as I pull them. I could manage the Boy, were it not for the Father; you might at any Rate; but I cannot blame you for not attempting it—it is a great Taſk. We are informed for a Certainty, that *Pompey* goes through *Illyria* to

(1) This Expreſſion is from *Terence*.

Gaul, I muſt now ſee how, or which Way I am to eſcape.

EPIST. VII.

FOR my Part, I approve of your going by *Apulia* and *Sipontum*, and of all the Caution you uſe, for I think your Situation is different from mine. Not but both of us are under the ſame Tyes to our Country, but our Country is now out of the Queſtion. The Diſpute is, who ſhall be our King? In this Diſpute, the King, who is the moſt moderate, the moſt virtuous, and the moſt honeſt; the King, whoſe Succeſs hereafter, is connected with the very Exiſtence of the *Roman* People, has been worſted. But ſhould this King be ſucceſsful, he will uſe his Advantage in the Manner, and after the Example of, a *Sylla*. In ſuch a Diſpute, therefore, you ought to declare yourſelf openly for neither; you ought to watch a proper Opportunity. But my Caſe is far different; for I am ſo tied down by Obligations to *Pompey*, that I cannot be ungrateful; and yet, I think, I need not to attend him in the Field, but retire to *Malta*, or ſome other little Town. You will tell me, that is doing no Service to the Man, to whom I am unwilling to appear ungrateful. But give me Leave to ſay, that it is more than *Pompey* himſelf, perhaps, would have required. But Time will prove this. Let me at any Rate be gone, nor need I hurry before the fine Seaſon comes on, ſince *Dolabella* commands the *Adriatic* Sea, and *Curio* the *Streights* of *Sicily*.

I had ſome Notion, that *Servius Sulpicius* was deſirous to talk with me, I therefore ſent him a Letter

Letter by my Freedman *Philotimus*. If he will behave as a Man, I cannot wiſh for a better Companion (1); but behave how he will, I will ſtill act like myſelf. *Curio* ſtaid ſome Time with me; he thought, that *Cæſar* was mortified with the People's Diſtaſte at him, and he was diffident as to *Sicily*, in Caſe *Pompey* ſhould put to Sea with his Fleet. I received the younger *Quintus* with great Affection; I ſee, that his whole Scheme roſe from his love of Money, and his Hopes of drawing a Sum from *Cæſar*. Even that is very bad, but I am in Hopes, there are no Grounds for the Wickedneſs we ſuſpected him of. Now, as to his preſent Offence, I ſuppoſe, you will not impute it to our Indulgence, but to his natural Diſpoſition, which we endeavour to curb all we can. You may ſettle to your own Mind the Buſineſs of the *Opii Velienſes*. I ſhall look upon your Houſe at *Epirus*, as upon my own, but I believe, I ſhall not go near that Quarter.

EPIST. VIII.

THERE is now an End of our correſponding, by writing upon Subjects which may be dangerous, if our Letters are intercepted; and this is no more than the Thing itſelf ſpoke; than you hinted, and I foreſaw. But as my Daughter often writes to entreat me to wait the Event of what is doing in *Spain*; as ſhe always tells me, that you are of the ſame Opinion, and as I underſtand ſo much from your own Letters, I think, it is very proper for me to acquaint you with my Sentiments on that Head.

(1) *Orig.* Συνοδία. *Comitatus.*

I ſhould

I ſhould think that Meaſure extreamly adviſeable, if I could agree with you in thinking, that my Conduct ought to be regulated by the Event of the War in *Spain*. One or the other of theſe Events muſt happen; that *Cæſar* (as I wiſh he may) may be beaten out of *Spain*; or the War muſt be protracted, or elſe that *Cæſar*, as he bids fair to do, muſt become Maſter of all *Spain*. Should *Cæſar* be beaten, I leave you to judge, what a Welcome, what an agreeable Gueſt, I muſt be to *Pompey*; for in ſuch an Event, I believe *Curio* himſelf would run over to him ſhould the War be protracted. I ſee neither an Object, nor an End of my waiting. It comes to this, that I ſhould ſubmit, ſhould we be beaten in *Spain*. My Opinion is directly the Reverſe, for, I think, I ought to leave *Cæſar* when he is victorious, rather than if he is vanquiſhed; while he is ſure, rather than while he is doubtful, of Succeſs. Should he be victorious, I can foreſee a Maſſacre, the Plunder of private Property, the Return of Exiles, a general Bankruptcy, the Advancement of the meaneſt Scoundrels to the higheſt Places of Government, and a Tyranny inſupportable, not only to a *Roman* Spirit, but an *Eaſtern* Slave.

Could I in Silence behold myſelf ſuch a very Outcaſt! could I hold up my Head, and deliver my Vote on the ſame Side with *Gabinius*, and after him in Point of Precedence! Could I ſee your Client *Clælius*, the *Plaguleius* of *Caius Atticus*, and ſuch Fellows, mingling on the ſame Bench with me! But why do I name my Enemies only, I could not ſee even the Friends I have defended in the

the Senate-houſe without Indignation, nor converſe with them without Indignity. But what if there is no Ground for believing, that I ſhall be even at Liberty to enter the Senate-houſe? For *Cæſar*'s Friends write me, that he is by no Means ſatisfied with my Reaſons for not being there at the laſt Meeting. Shall I then force myſelf upon him, when I cannot do it but with Danger, after having rejected his Friendſhip, when I might have had it with Advantage?

In the next Place, you are to conſider, that the Affairs of *Spain* will not be deciſive of the whole War, unleſs you imagine, that if *Pompey* ſhould be beaten there, he will throw away his Arms. Now he proceeds wholly upon the Plan of *Themiſtocles*, for he thinks, that whoever are Maſters of the Sea, are conſequently Maſters of the World. He therefore, never made it a capital Point to defend the two *Spains* in Perſon, but he made it one from the very Beginning, to have a ſtrong Fleet at Sea. When the Time comes, therefore, he will ſet ſail for *Italy* with a mighty naval Armament. And then, what a Figure ſhall I make with my Neutrality; for then I muſt declare myſelf on one Side or other. Should I declare myſelf (1) againſt this Invaſion by Sea, how would that compleat the Meaſure of Iniquity, and crown all my other Diſgraces.

What ſay you, my Friend, was it for this that you did not join *Pompey*? No, I will not follow the Fortunes of *Pompey*, and our other Leaders. For, I find, I am either Way in Danger from the one

(1) All this Paſſage is irretrievable in the Original, and tranſlated only upon Conjecture.

Party,

Party, by not doing my Duty, and from the other by doing it; and ſo diſtracted are public Affairs, that I can ſteer no Courſe but what is full of Perils. Let me therefore at once reſolve not to purſue, with Danger, the Meaſure that I might avoid with Safety.

Then ſay you, why did you not go beyond Seas with *Pompey*. I tell you, it was out of my Power to do it, and I refer you to the Days and Dates of our Letters. At the ſame Time, I will frankly confeſs what I might eaſily have concealed; I was perhaps in the Wrong, in laying too great a Streſs upon a certain Circumſtance in which I was deceived. I have flattered myſelf with the Hopes of an Accommodation; ſhould that happen, I was unwilling to have *Cæſar* for my Enemy, when he was Friends with *Pompey*, for I had before felt, to my Coſt, the Effects of their Coalition. It was the Dread of this that occaſioned this Indeciſion. But if I inſtantly determine, I ſhall remedy all; if I delay, I ſhall loſe all that is in Hazard.

And yet, my Friend, I own I am ſwayed by certain infallible Auguries, which I gather not from the Collection that *Appius* has made for the Uſe of our Augural College, but from the Maxims of *Plato* in his Chapter upon Tyrants; for I can, by no means, ſee how *Cæſar* can ſtand upon his own Legs without falling, even though we ſhould continue unactive. When he had the Advantage of Succeſs and Novelty to recommend him to a needy, deſperate, Mob, he incurred their moſt bitter Diſpleaſure in ſix or ſeven Days. Add to this, that, in two favourite Meaſures, he was forced to pull off the Maſk, for he threw aſide his Gentleneſs, in his Behaviour, to *Metellus*, and he confeſs'd his

Poverty

Poverty when he plundered the Treaſury. Conſider, beſides, the Character of his Aſſociates or Servants in Power, for not one of thoſe, to whom he muſt give the Management of Provinces abroad, and of the Government at Home, were able, for two Months, to manage their private Patrimonies.

Your own Sagacity will ſupply other Reflections which I cannot here collect together. Take a cool Survey, however, of what I have laid before you, and you muſt conclude that *Cæſar*'s Reign can ſcarcely laſt for ſix Months. But ſhould I be deceived, I will bear with my Diſappointments, as many other illuſtrious Republicans have done before me, unleſs you ſhould ſuppoſe that, like another *Sardanapalus*, I ſhould chooſe to die upon my Couch, rather than go into a glorious Exile, like *Themiſtocles, who was*, according to *Thucydides, the ableſt, and the quickeſt Judge of preſent Meaſures, and formed the moſt ſagacious Conjectures as to future Events* (1). And yet, had this great Man been infallible, he might have ſhunned the Misfortunes he met with. The ſame *Themiſtocles*, according to the ſame Author, *in all doubtful Conjunctures, was the ableſt Man in the World who could form the beſt Judgment of what was right or wrong to do* (2). And yet he could not find out a Way to eſcape the Envy of the *Lacedemonians*, and his own Countrymen, or to get rid of his Engagements with *Artaxerxes*.

(1) *Orig.* τῶν μὲν παρόντων δὲ ἐλαχίστης βυλῆς κράτιστος γνώλων, τῶν δὲ μελλόντων ἐπὶ πλεῖστον τὸ γινησομένυ ἄριστος εἰκαστὴς. *Rerum præſentium, inito brevi et extemporali conſilio optimus judex, et futurarum ut plurimum optimus Conjector.*

(2) *Orig.* τὸ ἄμεινον, ἢ τὸ χεῖρον ἐν τῳ ἀφανεῖ προυώρα μάλιστα. *Quid melius aut deterius in obſcuro adhuc providebat maxime.*

Never

Never had the Night Time been ſo fatal to *Africanus* (1) the wiſeſt, or the Victories of *Sylla* ſo bitter to *Marius* the Cunningeſt, of Mankind, had neither of them, ever been miſtaken in his Meaſures.

Mean while, I remain firm in my Belief of the Augury I mentioned. Never will it deceive me; never can it happen otherwiſe; fall *Cæſar* muſt, either by his Enemies or of himſelf; for he is, to himſelf, the greateſt of all Enemies; I am in hopes to live to ſee that Day. But it is now Time for me to think upon the Life of immortal Glory, rather than that of periſhable Nature. For, ſhould my Days be abridged, it makes but little Difference with me, whether I ſee this Tyranny eſtabliſhed, or foreſee a long Time before, that it muſt happen. As thoſe are my Sentiments, I muſt take care not to receive my Orders from thoſe Men, againſt whom the Senate has armed me, when I was included in its Commiſſion to take care that the Republic ſhould receive no Detriment (2).

You are now Maſter of all Matters that give me Concern, and ſuch is your Affection for me, that, had I not requeſted it, you would have intereſted yourſelf in them. By Heavens, I know of nothing farther I have to write to you; I wait only for a fair Wind to ſail (3). And yet I cannot help ſaying, that I never had more Reaſon to write, than when I am to tell you, as I do now, that, of all your

(1) He was privately ſtrangled upon his Couch, in the Night Time, but the Murderer was never found out.

(2) Becauſe he had not entered *Rome* after his Return from *Cælicia*, and was ſuppoſed to be one of thoſe Commanders in Chief to whom that Commiſſion was addreſſed.

(3) *Orig.* πλοῦσιον. *Navigationem exſpectans.*

Ex-

Expreſſions of Friendſhip to me, none gives me greater Pleaſure, than that moſt endearing Kindneſs and Concern you have taken with Regard to my Daughter. It gives her, as well as me, the moſt ſenſible Joy, and, let me tell you, that her Courage is admirable. With what Firmneſs does ſhe bear the Misfortunes of the Public, and with what Indifference the little Rubs ſhe meets with in the Family-Way! But, above all, what Spirit does ſhe ſhow, at this Time, of my Departure. Notwithſtanding our mutual Indearment (1), notwithſtanding our Sympathy of Souls (2), yet ſtill her main Concern is that I ſhould act, and that Mankind ſhould ſpeak of me, with Honour.—But not too much of this, leſt I ſhould begin to melt (3).

While I am here, I beg that you will write me what your hear from *Spain*, or concerning other Matters, and I perhaps may ſend you ſome News before my Departure, and the rather as my Daughter believes, that you have not left *Italy* on this Occaſion. I muſt try to obtain, from *Antony*, the ſame Favour I obtained from *Curio*, and get Liberty to retire to *Malta*, upon my promiſing to take no Part in this War. I wiſh I can find him as condeſcending, and as obliging to me, as *Curio* was. It is given out, that he was to arrive at *Mycenum* the 2d of *May*, but he ſent me beforehand, a Letter, which is far from giving me Pleaſure, and of which the following is a Copy.

(1) *Orig.* στοργὴ *Amor.*
(2) *Orig.* σύντηξις. *Animorum quaſi Conglutinatio.*
(3) *Orig.* συμπάθειαν. *Animi commotionem excommiſſetione.*

Antonius

Antonius *Tribune of the People, Proprætor, to* Cicero, *Commander in Chief, wiſheth Proſperity.*

IF my Affection for you were not even greater than you imagine, I ſhould not have been ſo apprehenſive of a Rumour, which is gone abroad, concerning you, eſpecially as I think it to be falſe. But, becauſe I love you beyond Meaſure, I am forced to own that I think Report is of great Conſequence, even though it be falſe. I cannot believe that you are about to go beyond Sea, as you have ſuch a Value for *Dolabella*, and for *Tullia*, your excellent Daughter, and ſince all of us have ſo great a Regard for you, that, by Heavens, your Dignity and Honour are almoſt dearer to us than they are to yourſelf. And yet, I did not think myſelf at Liberty, as a Friend, to diſregard the Talk even of worthleſs Men, becauſe I thought my Conduct towards you, ought to be the more delicate, on Account of our former Differences which aroſe rather from Jealouſy (1) in me, than from any Demerit in you. I therefore beg you will believe, that, excepting my *Cæſar*, there is no Man in the World I hold more dear than yourſelf; and you may be convinced, at the ſame Time, that *Cæſar* has a particular Regard and Friendſhip for *Marcus Cicero*.

Therefore, my dear *Cicero*, I beg that you will enter into no Engagements, and that you will diſregard the Friendſhip of a Man who did you an In-

(1) *Orig.* ζηλοτυπία. *Obtrectatione.*

jury,

jury, that he might afterwards ſhow you a Favour; and, on the other Hand, that you will not fly from the Man, who ſuppoſing him (which is not poſſible) not to love you, deſires you to remain in Safety, and in full Poſſeſſion of your Honours. I have ſent my very good Friend *Calphurnius*, as my ſpecial Meſſenger, to let you know how very great my Concern is about your Life and Dignity.

The ſame Day *Philotimus* brought me a Letter from *Cæſar*, in the following Words.

Cæſar, *Commander in Chief, to* Cicero, *Commander in Chief, wiſheth Proſperity.*

THOUGH I am convinced you will do nothing that is raſh, nothing that is imprudent, yet ſo much am I touched with public Report, that I thought proper to write to you, to beg of you, by our mutual Affection, that you will make no Advances in a Cauſe that is now tottering, after declining to make any, even while it ſtood firm. My Succeſſes, and their Unſucceſſes have been ſo very great, that you will both ſenſibly violate our Friendſhip, and hurt your own Intereſt, if you do not follow Fortune. It will not be thought that you embrace their Cauſe (for that is the ſame as when you declined to aſſiſt in their Counſels) but that I have done ſomething which you have condemned; which is the moſt ſevere Thing that can happen to me from you; and I conjure you, by the Rights of our Friendſhip, not to do it. In the laſt Place, what is more ſuitable to the Character of a worthy, quiet, Man, and a good Citizen, than to take no Concern in civil Diſſentions? This is a

Conduct which ſome approved of, but could not follow becauſe of Danger. After you have ſeriouſly reflected on the Tenor of my Actions, and the Evidences of my Friendſhip, you will find no Courſe more ſafe, or honourable for you to purſue, than to decline having any hand in this Diſpute. Dated the 16th of *April* on the Road.

EPIST. IX.

THE Arrival of *Philotimus*, that Fool, that Idiot, that habitual Liar for *Pompey*, has ſtruck all with me ſenſeleſs. As to myſelf, I am ſtupid. We were, all of us, perſuaded, that *Cæſar* had checked his own Progreſs, but now he is ſaid to have given it Wings. We heard that *Petreius* had joined *Afranius*, but that News is now far from being confirmed. In ſhort, we are here of Opinion, that *Pompey*, at the Head of a great Army, has paſſed through *Illyria* to *Germany*, and this News is ſaid to be founded upon indiſputable Authority (1). I am therefore of Opinion, that I ought to retire to *Malta*, till Matters come to a Criſis in *Spain*; and I can find it, from *Cæſar*'s Letters, to be pretty much his Senſe that I ſhould do ſo, for he tells me that I can do nothing more honourable, or ſafe, than to decline having any Hand in the Diſpute. Where, ſay you, is all the Spirit you ſhowed in your laſt Letters? It is here, and the ſame as ever. But I wiſh to Heaven that

(1) *Orig.* αὐθεντικῶς. *Certo Auctore.*

my

my Difficulties reached no farther than expoſing my own Life. I am ſometimes melted by the Tears of my Family, who entreat me to wait for News from *Spain*. I have a Letter from *Marcus Cælius* containing the ſame Requeſt; it is written in a moſt lamentable Strain, conjuring me, not raſhly, to betray to Miſery, my Fortunes, my only Child, and all my Friends; our Boys could not help crying plentifully when they read this Letter. My Son is indeed the moſt reſolute, and, for that Reaſon, he touches me with the greater Concern, for his chief Care is, that I may act with Honour. To *Malta* therefore let me go, and from thence—where you pleaſe.—Do you, however, even at this Time, continue to write me, eſpecially if you hear any Thing concerning *Afranius*. If I ſhall have any Converſation with *Antony*, I will write to you what has paſſed, but I will take your Advice in being cautious of Belief; for it would be both difficult, and dangerous for me to ſculk in *Italy*. I wait for *Servius*, till the 7th, at the Requeſt of his Wife and the younger *Servius*. I am glad that your Ague is abated, and I have likewiſe ſent you the Copy of my Letter from *Cælius*.

Cælius *to* Cicero *Health*.

BEcoming quite lifeleſs through your Letters, which diſcover you to think of nothing that is not very diſmal, without either explaining what it is, (though I cannot ſay that you have not given me a Hint as to the Nature of what troubles you) I immediately wrote you this Letter.

My dear *Cicero*, I beg and conjure you, by your

Fortunes, and by your Children, to form no Reſolution in Prejudice of your Welfare and Dignity. I call to witneſs Gods, Men, and the Powers of Friendſhip, that what I have foretold you, was no groundleſs Intimation, but the Reſult of undoubted Intelligence upon my having an Interview with *Cæſar*, and learning what his Sentiments would be, ſhould he be ſucceſsful. If you imagine that *Cæſar* will hereafter follow the ſame Maxims of Conduct, by releaſing his Enemies and offering Terms of Peace, you are miſtaken. He now meditates, he now ſpeaks nothing, but what is terrible and vindictive. He has left the Senate in a Paſſion, and it is certain, he is ſtung with the Oppoſition he has met with; nor, by Heavens, will there be hereafter any Means of appeaſing him. If therefore you love yourſelf, if you love your only Son, your Family, if your Hopes of what is to come are dear to your Mind, if we, if your excellent Son-in-Law have any Influence with you, you will not deſire to ruin our Fortunes, or to force us, upon the cruel Alternative of hating and forſaking the Party upon whoſe Succeſs our own Safety depends, or of impiouſly harbouring a Thought prejudicial to your Welfare. You are likewiſe to reflect, that you have already, by your Heſitation, incurred all you can incur of *Pompey*'s Diſpleaſure; and to declare yourſelf againſt *Cæſar*, now that his Succeſs is certain, after refuſing to oppoſe him when it was doubtful; to follow a Party that is routed, after declining it when it made a Stand, is the Height of Madneſs. Take care my Friend, leaſt, while you are afraid of appearing too little of a great Man, you may be miſtaken in your Choice of what is great.

But

But if I cannot bring you wholly over to my Sentiments, let me prevail with you, at leaſt, to wait the Reſult of what paſſes in *Spain*; which, I foretell to you, will fall into our Hands as ſoon as *Cæſar* appears there; and what Hopes the other Party can have, if they loſe *Spain*, I know no more, by Heavens, than I can diſcover, what you mean by joining a ruin'd Intereſt. *Cæſar* had heard what (by your Silence about it) you have intimated to me, and our firſt Compliments were ſcarcely over, when he informed me of all he had heard. I pretended to be ignorant, yet I begged of him to write to you in ſuch a Strain, as might induce you to remain in *Italy*. He carries me with him into *Spain*, which is the only Reaſon why, before I came to *Rome*, I did not run to you where-ever you might be, and in Perſon labour with the greateſt Earneſtneſs for your ſtaying in *Italy*.

Think, my deareſt Friend, again and again, before you utterly ruin yourſelf and your Family, nor wittingly and cooly plunge into a Ruin, from whence you can ſee no Means to eſcape. If you are touched with what the Nobility, on the one Side, may ſay; if you are unable to bear the Inſolence and Arrogancy of certain Perſons on the other Side, my Opinion is, that you ſhould chuſe ſome Town that is not infeſted by this War, where you may reſide till the preſent Diſpute is over, which it will ſoon be. Should you do this, I ſhall think you have acted wiſely, and, at the ſame Time, you will give no Umbrage to *Cæſar*.

EPIST. X.

HOW blind was I that did not foreſee what is now happened! I ſend you *Antony*'s Letter. I had very often written to him before, that I was engaged in no Oppoſition to *Cæſar*'s Views; that if I had not had a Regard for my Son-in-Law, and for *Cæſar*'s Friendſhip, I might have been with *Pompey*: But that I had a Thought (for it was no fixt Meaſure with me) of leaving *Italy*, becauſe I hated to be parading it about with my Lictors. Now you will ſee what a ſurly Anſwer (1) he returns me.

A very candid Conduct indeed this of yours is! for that Man, who deſires to be neutral, remains in his Country; the Man, who goes abroad, ſeems to have formed ſome Judgment of the one Party or the other. But I am not a Man who am at Liberty to judge whether it is right or wrong to leave Italy. *My Charge, from* Cæſar, *is, to ſuffer no Man to leave it upon any Account. There is therefore no Merit and no Importance in my approving of your Reſolution, ſince I muſt act up to the Letter of my Orders. My Opinion is, that you ſhould ſend to* Cæſar, *and aſk that Favour of him; I have no doubt of your obtaining it, eſpecially as you promiſed to have a Regard for our Friendſhip.*

Such is *Antony*'s Word of Command (2) ſhort and pithy (3). I muſt, by all Means, give the

(1) *Orig.* παροινικῶς *Contumelioſe.*

(2) Or *Laconic Mandate,* both becauſe it was ſhort, and becauſe the *Lacedemonians* had a peculiar Way of conveying their Orders to their Generals.

(3) *Orig.* σκυτάλην λακωνικήν. *Scytalen Laconicam.*

Slip

Slip to this Fellow (1). He was to arrive here, in the Evening this Day the 3d Inſtant, and therefore perhaps he will come to my Houſe to-morrow. I'll venture to hang out a Bait for him (2). I'll tell him, that I am far from being in any Hurry, and try to perſuade him that I will write to *Cæſar*. I will then ſculk ſomewhere with a very ſmall Retinue, and I make no doubt of getting off, and eluding their moſt narrow Searches. I wiſh I knew were to find *Curio*.——Well—I leave all to Heaven (3). My Anguiſh is very great, and now for a Stroke that is worthy of myſelf.

I am greatly concerned at your Strangury (4). I beg you would take ſome Remedies for it in the Infancy (5) of the Diſeaſe. I am pleaſed with what you write me concerning thoſe of *Marſeilles* (6). Continue, I pray you, to inform me of whatever you learn. I could wiſh to go to *Sicily*, if I could do it in the public Manner I had concerted with *Curio*. Here I wait for *Servius Sulpicius*, at the Requeſt of his Wife and Son, and I think it will be neceſſary for us all.

As to *Antony*, he carries about with him the Actreſs *Cytheris* (7) in one open Litter, and his Wife in another; he has likewiſe ſeven cloſe Litters, in which he carries his ſhe, or perhaps his he, fa-

(1) *Orig. Omnino excipiam hominem.*
(2) *Orig.* The Original here is very perplexed, and nothing certain can be pronounced of it.
(3) *Orig.* σὺν θεῶν τοι λέγω. *Diis juvantibus dico.*
(4) *Orig.* δυσουρία. *Urinæ difficultas.*
(5) *Orig.* ἀρχή. *Principium.*
(6) They had ſhut their Gates againſt *Cæſar*.
(7) She was a famous Courtezan, and the ſame whom *Virgil* mentions under the Name of *Lycoris*.

vourites. You ſee what a ſcandalous Death we are likely to die; nor, I think, can there be a Doubt of *Cæſar*'s making a general Maſſacre upon his Return, whether he returns victorious or vanquiſhed. For my own Part, if I cannot find a Ship, I will ſnatch myſelf in a Bark from the Hands of thoſe Paracides, but I will write you farther after ſeeing *Antony*.

I cannot help loving our Nephew, but I can plainly ſee that I am not beloved by him. Never did I ſee any Creature ſo perverſe in his Diſpoſitions (1), ſo regardleſs of his Relations, and ſo unaccountable in his Notions. The Torrent of my Affliction is intolerable. But I ſhall, and do, take Care of him, as you require me; his Genius is wonderful, and Care muſt be taken to form his Morals (2).

EPIST. XI.

MY laſt Letter for you being ſealed, I did not chuſe to ſend it by the Bearer I propoſed, becauſe he was a Stranger; I therefore did not deliver it that Day. Mean while, *Philotimus* arrived and brought me a Letter from you. As to my Brother's Character, which you mention in that Letter, I know him to be ſomewhat irreſolute, but he has nothing about him that is inſincere (3), nothing that is deceitful, nothing that is not pliable to good

(1) *Orig.* ἀνηθοποίητον. *Alienum a recta morum conformatione.*
(2) *Orig.* ἤθους ἐπιμελητέον. *Moribus adhibenda diligentia.*
(3) *Orig.* ὕπουλον. *Subdolum.*

Nature,

Nature, and nothing that you may not ſet to right with one fair Word. In ſhort, though he is often-eſt in a Paſſion with his Friends, yet he loves them all dearly; and for me, he loves me beyond himſelf. As to his Writing to you of *your* Nephew, in a different Strain from what he wrote to your Siſter of *her* Son, I think there is nothing in that. What you write me concerning the young Man's Journey, and your Siſter, is the more vexatious, becauſe the Juncture is ſuch, that it is not in my Power, as it would otherwiſe be, to remove the Inconveniencies you mention. But you ſee how wretched our Situation, and how deſperate our Affairs are.

As to the Money Matter between you and my Brother (who often ſpeaks of it to me) he does not want the Inclination, but the Means, to pay you. But if, now that I am in my Flight, *Q. Axius* does not pay me 200 *l.* which I lent his Son when he was about to be married, and excuſes himſelf on Account of the Juncture; if *Lepta*, if others do the ſame, I own I can't help being ſurprized at your preſſing my Brother ſo hard for the paultry Sum of 150 *l.* For, take my Word for it, he is as much ſtreightened as he appears to be, and yet he has given Orders for that Payment to be made to you. Do you imagine him to be a Shuffler, or cloſe-fiſted in Money Matters? No Man is leſs ſo. But enough concerning my Brother.

As to his Son; the Father, no doubt, indulged him always too much; but then Indulgence does not inſtil the Principles of Falſhood, Avarice, and Hatred for Relations; of Haughtineſs, Arrogancy,

gancy, and Intractability, it may: But he likewiſe poſſeſſes the bad Qualities which ariſe from Indulgence; but thoſe are ſufferable; for ſome Allowances ſhould be made for his being ſo young a Man. As to his other bad Qualities, I love him ſo well, that they give me more diſquiet than my own preſent Calamities. They do not ariſe from my Indulgence.—By no Means.—They are rooted in his Nature, and yet, were I at Liberty, I could pluck them out. But ſo miſerable is this Juncture, that I muſt bear with every Thing. As to my own Boy, I manage him with great Eaſe; for nothing can be more tractable than he is. It was from Compaſſion to him, that my Conduct has been hitherto ſo unactive, and the more deſirous he was that I ſhould exert myſelf, I was the more afraid leſt my Courage might be Cruelty to him.

Antony came to this Place laſt Evening. Perhaps he will pay me a Viſit, and perhaps not, becauſe he ſignified his Mind to me in Writing. But you ſhall know forthwith what happens. At preſent I keep myſelf very retired, but what ſhall I do with the Boys? Should I put them on board a little Bark, what alarms muſt I feel on their Voyage, for I remember what Pangs I felt even in the Summer Time, when they ſailed in that flat-bottom'd (1) *Rhodian* Boat. Then what muſt be now my Concern ſhould they be at Sea in the ſevere Seaſon? I am ſurrounded with Miſeries. *Trebatius* was with me. He is a good Man and a good Patriot; what dreadful Things, good Heavens, did he tell me! That even *Balbus* was aſpiring to ſit in the Senate.

(1) *Orig.* ἀφράκτῳ. *Aperto navigio.*

But

But, I will give *Trebatius* himſelf a Letter for you to morrow. You tell me, *Vettenus* is my Friend, I therefore, believe him to be ſo; tho' I joked a little too ſeverely (1) with him upon his writing to me in a peremptory Manner (2) concerning his Money. If he took that otherwiſe than I meant it, I beg you will ſoften him. In the Addreſs of my Letter to him, I call him no other than a Banker, he calling me in his Addreſs, only plain Proconſul. But as he is a Man of Senſe, and has an Affection for me, I have the ſame for him. Farewell.

EPIST. XII.

WHAT will become of me? Is there a Wretch, is there a Man, on Earth, I will not ſay more diſtreſſed, but more diſgraced, than I am. *Antony* ſays, that *Cæſar* gave him a particular Charge concerning me, and this he told to *Trebatius*, for as yet he has not ſeen me. What ſhall I do? for nothing proſpers with me, and my beſt concerted Schemes fall out moſt unluckily. For, in gaining *Curio*, I thought I had ſucceeded in every Thing. He had written in my Favour to *Hortenſius*; the Commanding Officer at *Rhegium* was entirely in my Intereſt, but little did I think, that *Antony* had the leaſt Notion of my deſigning to eſcape by Sea. Whither now ſhall I turn me? I am hemm'd in on every Side.——But no more Tears——Let me embark, unfavourable as the Sea-

(1) *Orig.* Συμικώτερον. *Stomachoſius.*
(2) *Orig.* Ἀποτόμως. *Præciſe.*

ſon

ſon is (1), let me privately creep into ſome Tranſport Veſſel, for I muſt, by all Means, take Care not to leave a Colour, for ſaying, that my Voyage is ſtopt through a Concert of my own. I muſt ſail for *Sicily*, and after reaching it, I ſhall extend my Views, provided that Matters go well in *Spain*. At the ſame Time, I wiſh that what we heard from *Sicily* may be true, though I cannot ſay it is very encouraging as yet. It is ſaid, there was a great Reſort of the *Sicilians* to *Cato*, that they entreated him to make a Stand, and promiſed they would give him all the Aſſiſtance in their Power; that thoſe Aſſurances affected him ſo much, that he began to raiſe Men. I do not believe this News, for the Authority on which it reſts is very indifferent. I am, however, entirely convinced, that that Province is tenable. But we muſt ſoon hear News from *Spain*.

We have in this Neighbourhood *Caius Marcellus* upon the ſame Deſign with myſelf, or elſe he is a great Maſter of Diſſimulation. I have not, however, ſeen him, but I heard of him from one of his moſt intimate Friends. I beg you will write me if you have any News, and as ſoon as I come to any fixt Reſolution, I will inſtantly write to you. I will keep a more ſtrict Hand than ever over the younger *Quintus*. I beg you will tear the Letters in which I have mentioned him to you in too harſh a Manner, and I will do the ſame by yours, for fear of any Thing ſtealing Abroad. I wait for *Servius*, but I expect no ſound (2) Re-

(1) *Orig.* Πάρωρα πλεῖν τίειν. *Incommoda tempeſtate navigandum.*

(2) *Orig.* ὑγιὲς. *Sani.*

ſolution

ſolution from him. You ſhall know what paſſes between us, be what it will.

It is but juſt, that I ſhould acknowledge, that I have committed a Miſtake. But, it was only one Miſtake, and in one Matter, for the Meaſures that I had planned with the greateſt Care, have had the worſt Succeſs. *But let me forget all the Bitterneſs that is paſſed* (1). But let me not miſcarry in what is to come. You deſire me to ſurvey all the Conſequences of my Flight. What Conſequences?—All that can happen are ſo plain, that ſhould I avoid them, I muſt here remain in Diſgrace, and Diſtreſs; and ſhould I deſpiſe them, I am in Danger of falling into the Hands of Ruffians. But conſider in what Miſery I am. Sometimes, I am tempted to wiſh to receive ſome injurious Treatment from *Cæſar*'s Party, that I may appear to be hated by the Tyrant. But, if the Way, which I wiſhed to eſcape by, had been open for me, I might then have done ſomewhat, which, according to your Wiſh and Deſire, might have juſtified my Dilatorineſs. But I am watched with ſurpriſing Strictneſs, and I ſuſpect even *Curio* himſelf. Therefore, I muſt proceed either by Force or Cunning; if by Force, I may encounter a Storm in my Paſſage; if by Cunning, I may be outwitted by them; and in caſe of any Thing miſcarrying (2) with me, what a Scandal would it be on my Reputation. I am dragged on, nor muſt I decline encountering with the moſt violent Extremities.

(1) *Orig.* Ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν προϊτύχθαι ἐάσομεν, ἀχνύμενοί περ. *Sed hæc quidem quæ ante acta ſunt omittamus quamvis triſtes.*

(2) *Orig.* σφάλμασι *Lapſus.*

I often

I often revolve with myſelf, the Example of *Cælius Caldus*. Could I act any Way like him, I would lay aſide my Reſolution of flying. I hope, that *Spain* is ſtill firm in our Intereſt. The Behaviour of thoſe of *Marſeilles* is not only of great Advantage to our Cauſe, but a Proof to me, that Things go well in *Spain*; becauſe if they did not, and if the *Marſeillians* knew ſo much, they would not venture to act as they have done, for they lie near *Spain*, and have good Intelligence. I agree with you, that what happened in the Theatre was a ſure Intimation of the People's Hatred of *Cæſar*. I perceive, that the Legions which he raiſed in *Italy*, are very ill diſpoſed to him. But, he has not a greater Foe than he is to himſelf. You rightly fear his abandoning himſelf to all Exceſſes, which he certainly will do if he grows deſperate. This is the Reaſon why I ought to attempt ſomething in the Spirit of a *Cælius*, but I hope with better Succeſs. But you ſhall inſtantly know what my firſt Step is, be what it will.

I will tutor, and decline no Trouble in doing it, the younger *Quintus*: For he has good Diſpoſitions, and if he had not, yet they might be acquired by Culture (1), unleſs you diſpute that Maxim, by maintaining that Virtue (2) is not acquirable which I cannot perſuade myſelf to believe (3).

(1) *Orig.* ἦθος διδαχῇ ἁλωτόν. *Ingenium quod diſciplina domari poſſit.*

(2) *Orig.* ἀρετὴ. *Virtus.*

(3) *Orig.* διδακτόν. *Res quæ doctrina tradi poſſit.*

EPIST.

EPIST. XIII.

YOUR Letter was moſt agreeable to my Daughter, and by Heavens to myſelf; every Thing you write, carries ſomewhat with it that is pleaſing; continue therefore to write whatever can give us hope. Hope, without being frightned at *Antony*'s Lions (1). There ſurely never was a pleaſanter Fellow than he is. I'll give you a Sketch of his Conduct as a Stateſman (2). He had iſſued Letters for the Decurions (3) of the Corporations to attend him, and accordingly the *Quatuorviri* went to his Villa early in the Morning. But, in the firſt Place, *Antony* ſlept till it was Nine o'Clock, and afterwards, when he was told, that the *Neapolitans* and *Cumans* (for *Cæſar* is moſt incenſed at them) were attending him, he ordered them to return next Day, becauſe he was about to bathe himſelf, and to take Phyſic (4). This paſt Yeſterday. Now To-day he intends to go over to the Iſland *Anaria* (5). He is very poſitive, that all Exiles will be recalled. But I will leave that ſubject, for ſomewhat that concerns myſelf.

I received a Letter from *Axius*. Thanks, con-

(1) It appears from this Paſſage, that *Pliny* and *Plutarch* were miſtaken in ſaying, that *Antony* did not drive his Chariot with Lions before the Battle of *Pharſalia*.

(2) *Origin.* πρᾶξιν πολιτικὴν. *Factum viri reip. adminiſtrandæ periti.*

(3) There is a great Variety of Readings here, I have followed that of *Minutius* as making the better Senſe.

(4) *Orig.* περὶ κοιλιολυσίαν γίνεσθαι. *Circa ventris reſolutionem eſſe.*

(5) This lay upon the Coaſt of *Campania*. Its modern Name is *Iſchia*.

cerning

cerning *Tiro*. *Vectenus* has acted like my Friend: *Veſtorius*, I have paid. *Servius* is ſaid to have lain at *Minturnæ* the 6th of *May*; to Day he was to be at the Houſe of *Caius Marcellus* in *Liternum* (1). Early to-morrow Morning he will viſit me, and furniſh me with freſh Matter for a Letter, and now I have written you all I have to ſay (2).

One Thing I am ſurpriſed at, that I have not received ſo much as one Meſſenger from *Antony*, eſpecially as he has been ſo complaiſant to me hitherto. Perhaps he is unwilling to deny to my Face, that he has received ſome more ſevere Orders with regard to me. But I neither would have aſked his Favours, nor would I have truſted them if he granted them. I muſt think of ſomewhat. I pray you let me know if you hear any Thing from *Spain*; for now is the Time for hearing ſomewhat, and the Expectation of every Body here is ſo great, that if good News ſhould come, they think every Thing would be over with *Cæſar*. For my Part, I think, that by our keeping *Spain*, the War will neither be finiſhed in our Favour, nor will our loſing it, render our Affairs deſperate. I believe, ſomewhat has happened to keep back *Silius*, *Ocella*, and ſome others. I perceive, that you likewiſe are detained by *Curtius*, though, if I miſtake not, you have a Paſſport (3).

(1) This lay on the Sea Side, between *Cumæ* and *Minturnæ*.

(2) The Conciſeneſs of this Paragraph is very remarkable, though very natural to a Man in *Cicero*'s Condition, who hurries over the Mention of private Affairs, becauſe of his Attention to thoſe of the Public.

(3) *Orig.* ἀλλὰ δοκοῦν. *Verèdum impigrum*.

EPIST. XIV.

WHAT a miſerable Life this is! The Evil we fear is leſs tormenting than is the long Continuance of that Fear. *Servius*, as I wrote you before, after coming to *Literna* the 7th of *May*, paid me a Viſit next Day. That I may not keep you in Suſpence, we have not agreed upon the Execution of any one Meaſure. Never did I ſee a Man in ſuch a dreadful Conſternation. And yet, by Heavens, he had not an Apprehenſion that was not well grounded in itſelf——That *Pompey* was incenſed at him——that *Cæſar* was not his Friend——that the Conſequences of Victory to either of them would be terrible——that the one was cruel, the other audacious; but above all, that both of them muſt be ſo ſtraitened for Money, that it was impoſſible for them to be ſupplied, but by the Plunder of private Property. During all this Converſation, he wept ſo much, that I was ſurpriſed the long Continuance of his Sorrows had not dried up the Fountain of his Tears. As to myſelf, the Defluction of my Eyes, which hinders me to write to you with my own Hand, has not come by weeping, but it is very often troubleſome, becauſe I cannot ſleep. Therefore, muſter up every Circumſtance that can give me Comfort, and write it to me, not in the Way of Speculation and Argument, for I have thoſe Comforts at Home; but, I know not how it happens, the Diſeaſe is too ſtrong for the Remedy. Let your Information to me therefore be concerning *Spain* and *Marſeilles*; and in-

deed, *Servius* gives me great Hopes from thence, and likewiſe tells me, that there is good Foundation for the Report concerning the two Legions. You are to entertain me, therefore, with thoſe and the like Occurrences, and indeed, a few Days muſt bring us ſome Information.

But I now return to *Servius* (1). We put the Converſation entirely off till the next Day, but he ſhewed himſelf very loath to leave *Italy*, and expreſſed himſelf more inclinable to wait peaceably at home for the Event, be what it will. He reflected bitterly upon his Son ſerving at *Brunduſium* againſt *Pompey*. He remained determined in one Reſolution, which was, to go himſelf into Baniſhment, if the exiles ſhould be recalled. My Anſwer to all this was, that he might be ſure they would, and that other Meaſures of as pernicious a Tendency, and of which I gave him many Inſtances, were executing every Day. All this encreaſed his Apprehenſions, but not his Spirits, ſo that I think, I ought rather to keep my Purpoſe from him than counſel him to follow the ſame Reſolution. I therefore lay no Streſs upon him. I have been ſtill thinking of imitating the Conduct of *Cælius*, ever ſince you mentioned him.

(1) Notwithſtanding all that our Author mentions here of this Nobleman, he actually went over to *Pompey*, and after the Battle of *Pharſalia*, he made his Peace with *Cæſar*, who gave him the Command of *Greece*.

EPIST. XV.

WHEN *Servius* was at my Houſe on the 10th Inſtant, *Cephalio* arrived with your Letter, which gave me great Hopes of ſeeing better Days from what you tell me concerning the eight Cohorts, (for even thoſe that are quartered in this Neighbourhood, are ſaid to be flinching from *Cæſar*). *Funiſulanus*, that ſame Day, brought me another Letter from you, confirming the ſame News. I gave him full Satisfaction as to his own Affair, and you all the Merit of making me his Friend. He has not yet paid me what he owes me, which is a conſiderable Sum, neither is he reckoned rich. Now he tells me that he will pay me; that he only waits for another Perſon's paying him. If he ſhall be with you, and pay the Money to you, you may give it to our Letter-Carriers for my Uſe. *Eros*, the Freedman of *Philotimus*, will tell you how much the Sum is. But let us proceed to Matters of more Importance.

The Time approches for my executing your Project of my imitating *Cælius*. I am therefore upon the Rack whether I ought to wait for a fair Wind. A Standard ought to be erected, and then People will flock to it. I am entirely of your Opinion as to declaring myſelf openly, and therefore that I ought to be gone. But, in the mean while, I expect a Letter from you. I have come into no Concert with *Servius*, every Propoſal preſented him with a thouſand Dangers and Difficulties. He is the only Man I have known to be more timorous than *Caius Marcellus*, who repents of his having

been Conſul, and who (a Shame upon him (1)) is ſaid to have been inſtrumental in *Antony*'s hindering my Departure, to keep himſelf, I ſuppoſe, in Countenance for remaining in *Italy*. As to *Antony*, he went, on the 10th, to *Capua*. He ſent me Word, that he was aſhamed to viſit me, becauſe he believed I was angry with him. I will therefore be gone, and in the Manner you propoſe, unleſs I am prevented with the Hopes of acting in a more important Character (2). But that can ſcarcely happen ſo ſoon. *Alienus*, the Prætor, however thinks, that if I do not, ſome one of his Colleagues may; I wiſh the Thing were done, do it who will.

I approve of what you tell me concerning your Siſter, and I ſpare no Pains upon the younger *Quintus*, of whom I hope for the Beſt. As to my Brother *Quintus*, you muſt know he is in great Pain about the Money he owes you, but he has not as yet been able to ſqueeze any Money from *L. Egnatius*. That was a modeſt Propoſal of *Axius* concerning the hundred Pounds, for he has ſeveral Times wrote me, deſiring me to anſwer all the Demands of *Gallius* for Money. But had he not written to me could I have got off doing it? And indeed I often promiſed to do it. But he was for my doing it inſtantly. Are thoſe the People who are to help me in my Difficulties? But Heavens reward them as they deſerve; I will however let you know more another Time. I am glad that you and *Pilia* have got rid of your Ague; I intend to make an Excur-

(1) *Orig.* ὦ πολλῆς ἀγνωμίας. *O multam ignaviam!*

(2) Meaning his imitating *Cælius*, by declaring himſelf the Head of a Party againſt *Cæſar* in *Italy*.

ſion

ſion to *Pompeii*, while my Ship is taking in Victuals and other Neceſſaries. Pray return my Thanks to *Vettenus* for his Zeal to ſerve me. If you can get a Bearer, ſend me a Letter before I depart.

EPIST. XVI.

I Had delivered a Letter for you upon a Variety of Subjects, when, early in the Morning, *Dionyſius* paid me a Viſit. I would not only have been civil to him, but would have pardoned him all that is paſt, had he come to me in the ſame Diſpoſitions which you intimated in your Letter to me at *Arpinum*. I mean that he would come and do all that I ſhould deſire him. Now what I deſired, or rather what I wiſhed for, was, that he would give me his Company. His refuſing that ſo flatly as he did at *Formiæ*, was the Reaſon why I ſent you ſo many bitter Letters againſt him. Laſt Time I ſaw him, (after uſing very few Words,) the whole of what he ſaid came to this, that I muſt pardon him, becauſe the Situation of his Affairs did not ſuffer him to attend me. I was ſtung to the Quick, but I ſaid very little to him in anſwer. The Reflection I have formed, is, that he looks with contempt upon my fallen Fortunes. What ſhall I ſay more? You will be perhaps ſurpriſed that I can feel an Affliction upon his Account at a Time when I am overwhelmed with ſuch a Weight, and ſuch a Variety of Diſtreſs. When I wiſh that he may be your conſtant Friend, I am wiſhing that you may be always happy, for, while you are ſo, *Dionyſius* will be your Friend.

I am in hopes to execute my Deſign without

Danger. For I will diſſemble deeply, and obſerve narrowly, ſo far as I can, provided I can have ſuch an Opportunity to ſail as I wiſh for. As to every Thing elſe, it ſhall be taken Care of as far as human Foreſight can reach. I beg that you will write as long as I am here, not only what you know and hear, but what you foreſee will happen. *Curio* writes me that *Cato*, who might have kept his Ground in *Sicily* with great Eaſe (and had he kept it, he would have been joined by all our Patriots) had left *Syracuſe* on the 24th of *April*. I wiſh the News be true of *Cotta*'s keeping his Footing in *Sardinia*. If he ſhould, how ſcandalous will *Cato*'s Behaviour appear.

I went to *Pompeii* on the 12th, as a blind to my Departure, and to my having even any Thoughts of it, and that the neceſſary Preparations, for my Voyage, might be made, while I was there. When I came to my *Villa* I had an Application, that the Centurions of three Cohorts, which were at *Pompeii*, wanted to ſee me next Day, and (for ſo our Friend *Ninnius* told me) that they intended to put both themſelves, and the Town, into my Hands. But, betwixt you and me, I left my *Villa* next Morning before Day break, that they might have no Means of ſeeing me. For what would three Cohorts have ſignified? Suppoſing them to have been more, how would they have ſubſiſted, or been kept on foot? I even reflected on the Fate of *Cælius* which you mention in the Letter I received from you, the Day on which I arrived at *Cumæ*, and I thought, at the ſame Time, that this Offer might be made with a View to trapan me. I

therefore

therefore cleared myſelf of all Grounds of Suſpicion (1).

But before I returned, *Hortenſius* was come to my Houſe, out of his Road, to pay his Compliments to my Wife. He ſpoke of me in very honourable Terms. I think, however, I ſhall ſee him in Perſon, for he has ſent a Servant to inform me, that he will pay me a Viſit. This however is a more genteel Behaviour than is that of *Antony* my Brother Augur, whoſe Miſtreſs the Actreſs is carried about, in a Sedan, amongſt his Lictors. As you have got rid of your Ague, and with your Ague of all your Uneaſineſs, I expect you will pay me a Viſit in *Greece*, now that you are quite recovered, and, in the mean Time, that you will ſend me Letters.

EPIST. XVII.

HORTENSIUS paid me a Viſit on the 14th, after my laſt Letter was wrote; I wiſh that he was all of a Piece. How ſtrong were his Aſſurances that he would ſerve me (2), and I deſign to take him at his Word. *Serapio* afterwards came

(1) It is inconceivable, after this Behaviour in our Author, that any Body ſhould be found ſo unreaſonably Partial to his Memory, as to endeavour to defend him on the Head of Self-conſiſtency and Reſolution. We have ſeen him, in former Letters, again and again propoſing vaſt Glory to himſelf, from imitating the Conduct of this *Cælius*, and he ſaid, in his laſt Letter but one, that were a Standard erected in *Italy* againſt *Cæſar*, great Numbers would flock to it. But when a much fairer Opportunity than he could expect preſents, we ſee how ſhamefully he baulks it.

(2) *Orig.* ἐκτένειαν. *Prolixam operæ pollicitationem.*

with your Letter, and before I opened it, I told him what was true, that you had written to me concerning him. After Reading your Letter, I entertained him greatly to his Satisfaction, and indeed I approve of the Man, for he appears to me to be both learned and virtuous (1). I am even thinking of making uſe of his Ship, and to make him my fellow Paſſenger. The Humour in my Eyes recurs very often, and though it is not exceſſively painful, yet it prevents me from writing with my own Hand. I am extremely glad that you are quite recovered from your old Diſeaſe, and that you have no freſh Symptoms of it. I wiſh I had *Ocella* here, for the Meaſures, I propoſe, appear to be pretty practicable. At preſent I wait for the Equinox, the Seaſon of which is now in great Confuſion (2). If it ſhould be mild (3), I wiſh that *Hortenſius* may remain in his favourable Diſpoſitions with regard to me; for as to his Behaviour hitherto, nothing could be more like that of a Gentleman.

As to the Paſſport, you appear amazed as if I had accuſed you of ſome groſs Crime. You tell me that you cannot conceive how ſuch a Thing could come into my Mind. With regard to myſelf, (becauſe you had written me that you intended to go abroad, and becauſe you had taken out a Paſſport for your Retinue,) I thought you might have

(1) Probably he meant that he ſhould ſucceed *Dionyſius* as Tutor to his Son and Nephew.

(2) Becauſe of the Intercalations which we have already mentioned, and the ſame Diſagreement between the Seaſons and the Months, in which they ought to have fallen, continued till it was removed by *Cæſar*. The vernal Equinox ought to have fallen about the 20th of *March*, and yet this Letter is dated the 16th of *May*.

(3) *Orig.* ἀταράκτως. *Non perturbatum.*

taken

taken out one for yourself, having heard that no Body could leave *Italy* without a Passport (1). You have now the Ground of my Opinion; and yet I wish to know what you intend to do, and, above all Things, write me if there is any Thing new. Dated the 16th of *May*.

EPIST. XVIII.

MY Daughter was brought to bed in her seventh Month (2), on the 19th of *May*, of a Boy, and I have the Pleasure to inform you, that she is in the Way of Recovery (3), but the Child is very weakly. The dead Calms that have happened, have detained and hindered me more than the Guards, who watch me, have done. All the Promises *Hortensius* made me are come to nothing, I therefore look on him as a worthless Fellow. His Freedman *Salvius* has debauched him. Therefore what I write you afterwards shall not inform you of what I intend to do, but what I have done; for I think, with Regard to myself, that even the Walls (4) have Ears.

I beg you however to continue to write to me what News you hear from *Spain*, or from any other Quarter, without expecting a Letter from me before I arrive at my wished for Harbour, unless I

(1) *Atticus* could not have taken a Passport from *Cæsar*'s Party, and in his own Name without tacitly recognizing their Right to give one.

(2) *Orig.* ἑπταμηνιαῖον. *Septimestrem.*

(3) *Orig.* νυτόκησεν. *Salva peperit.*

(4) *Orig.* Κωφυκαῖων. *Corycæi.*

shall

ſhall write to you when I am on my Voyage. But even that ſhall be with great Caution. For hitherto all is heavy and dark. My firſt Diſpoſitions have been wrong, and ſo muſt the reſt be of Courſe. I am now for *Formiæ*, and perhaps thoſe Dogs of Hell (1) will follow me thither likewiſe. But from what paſſed between you and *Balbus*, I have laid aſide all Thoughts of retiring to *Malta*. Are you ſtill in doubt that *Cæſar* looks upon me as one of his Enemies? I have written to *Balbus* that your Letter informed me of his Kindneſs, and of the Suſpicion I am under. I have thanked him for the Former; do you clear me with him as to the Latter. Did you ever know a Man ſo wretched as I am? I'll ſay no more leſt I ſhould give you Pain likewiſe, I am myſelf tormented that the Time is come when I can do nothing that is either brave or prudent.

(1) *Orig. Furiæ.* Meaning *Cæſar*'s Party.

CICERO's EPISTLES TO ATTICUS.

BOOK XI.

EPIST I.

I Received (1) your Billet under Seal (2) from *Anteros*, but it gave me no kind of Information as to my domeſtic Affairs, which touch me the more ſenſibly as the Perſon, who managed them neither is at *Rome*, nor do I know where he is. Therefore all my Hopes of keeping my Credit, and retrieving my

(1) Almoſt nine Months paſſed between the Date of the laſt Letter of the laſt Book, and that of the firſt Letter of this Book. Our Author embarked about the Middle of *June* for *Pompeii*, and the firſt four Letters of this Book are dated from *Macedonia*, and the ſecond muſt have been written about the Beginning of *February*.

(2) *Orig. Obſignatum libellum.*

private

private Affairs, muſt reſt on your Kindneſs, which I have ſo much Reaſon to be convinced of. Should you continue to afford me that, at this Juncture, which is ſo full of Miſery and Diſtreſs, I can bear with the greater Courage all thoſe Dangers which are but in common to me with others. I therefore, implore and beſeech the Continuance of your Friendſhip. I have in *Aſia*, about 18000 *l.* of that Currency (1). By getting that Money remitted in our Currency, you may eaſily keep up my Credit. If I had not thought upon the Aſſurances of a Man (2) whom you long ago diſtruſted, that my Credit was unqueſtionable when I left *Italy*, I ſhould have taken ſome more Time, and not have left my Affairs in ſuch Diſorder, and the Reaſon, why I have been ſo long in writing to you is, becauſe, I have but lately underſtood the Confuſion they are in. I conjure you in the moſt earneſt Manner, to take upon yourſelf the whole Weight of maintaining my Credit. So, that if the Party to which I am joined ſhould be ſucceſsful, I may be reſtored with them to all my Honours, and may have an Opportunity to own, that for that Enjoyment I am obliged to your Friendſhip.

(1) In *Ciſtophoro* in *Aſia*. *Vide* Vol. I. Page 90. for an Explanation of the Word *Ciſtophorus*. This Money was part of the Arrears due to our Author as Governor of *Silicia*.

(2) This was *Philotimus*.

EPIST.

EPIST. II.

ON the 4th of *February*, I received your Letter, and that very Day, I executed the Deed, by which I accepted the Heirſhip (1). I am now freed from one of my many Diſtreſſes, if, as you write, that Inheritance is ſufficient to preſerve me in Credit and Reputation, though, I perceive, that had it not happened, you would have done the ſame out of your own private Purſe. As to what you write concerning the Portion (2), I conjure you, by all the Gods, to take the whole of that Affair upon yourſelf, and to relieve my Daughter who is rendered unhappy through my Miſconduct and Heedleſſneſs, out of my Eſtate, if I have any remaining, or out of yours, ſo far as you

(1) *Orig. Eoque ipſe die ex teſtamento crevi hereditatem.* *Atticus* had informed our Author, that a certain Perſon had made him *(Cicero)* his Heir, and in that Caſe, the Law required that *Cicero* ſhould accept of the Heirſhip in a certain Time, which was done by a ſpecial Deed, in the following Form; *Cum me N. hæredem inſtituerit, eam hæreditatem adeo cernoque.*

(2) When *Cicero*'s Daughter *Terentia* was divorced from *Craſſipes*, the Latter was at Liberty by Law, to return her Fortune at three Payments, which was to go to *Dolabella* her ſecond Huſband. *Dolabella* having ſided with *Cæſar*, and being ſo exceſſively profuſe, that he had ſpent his whole private Eſtate, our Author was in great Perplexity, whether he ſhould pay the remainder of his Daughter's Fortune, which was to have been returned by *Craſſipes* to *Dolabella*, or not; becauſe, in Caſe of a Divorce, which was very probable, between her and *Dolabella*, ſhe muſt be left deſtitute. Mean while, *Terentia*, *Cicero*'s Wife, who was a very bad Manager, had laid her Hand upon ſome Part of the Money returned by *Craſſipes*, ſo that *Dolabella* had not received the full firſt Payment, which was of a farther Addition to our Author's Uneaſineſs.

can-

can do it without diſtreſſing yourſelf. You write me, that ſhe wants even the Neceſſaries of Life, I intreat you let her be ſo no longer. How, or upon whom, have the Rents of my Eſtates been employed. No body ever told me, that that 480 *l.* was diſcounted out of her returned Portion. It was what I never would have ſuffered. But this is the leaſt of the many Wrongs I have received, and which my Grief and my Tears prevent my mentioning to you in writing.

I have taken up one Moiety of the Money which I had in *Aſia*; I thought it would be more ſafe where it is, than with the Farmers of the Revenue. You exhort me to pluck up a Spirit; I wiſh you could give me ſome Motive to enable me to do ſo. But if, to crown all my other Diſtreſſes, the News which *Chryſippus* told me concerning my Houſe (and of which you mentioned nothing) ſhould be true, is there a Man on Earth more wretched than I am? I beg and beſeech your Pardon, I can write no farther. You ſurely are now ſenſible with what a Weight of Affliction I am preſſed. Were it in common to me with others who are embarked in the ſame Cauſe, my Miſconduct would admit of ſome Alleviation, and therefore it would not affect me ſo much; but now I have no Manner of Conſolation, except the Hopes that, by your Means, if ſuch a Thing is yet practicable, there will be nothing peculiarly affecting and diſtreſsful in my Caſe.

I am the more late in ſending off this Bearer, becauſe I was unable to ſend him ſooner. I received from your People 550 *l.* and the Apparel

parel (1) I had Occaſion for. I beg that you will write in my Name (as you are acquainted with all my Friends) to all you think proper. If they ſhould require their Letters to be under my Hand and Seal, you may tell them, that I have diſpenſed with thoſe Formalities, becauſe I am ſo narrowly watched.

EPIST. III.

YOU may know from the Perſon who delivered me your Letter the State of Affairs here. I detained him the longer, becauſe we were every Day looking for ſomething new; nor, indeed, have I any Reaſon for diſpatching him off now, but to give you an Anſwer to what you wanted to know. With regard to the firſt of *July* (2), how hard is it in theſe hard Times to riſk ſo much Money, and in our preſent State of our Uncertainty, how can the Divorce you ſpeak of take Place? Therefore, I commit this amongſt my other Concerns in a more ſpecial Manner to your Friendſhip and Kindneſs, and to my Daughter's Prudence and Inclination. I might have prevented ſome Part of her Unhappineſs, had I at a certain Time (3) conſulted with you concerning

(1) *Orig. Veſtimenta.*

(2) This probably was the Term for paying Part of his Daughter's Fortune to *Dolabella*, who was in great Favour with *Cæſar*.

(3) If any Thing were yet wanting to give the Reader a deſpicable Idea of our Author's Reſolution and Firmneſs, it it would be his Writing, as he often does to *Atticus* in this Manner, after all the high Sentiments of Patriotiſm he expreſſes, and the prudent Maxims he lays down in the laſt Book.

my

my Welfare and Fortune in Perſon rather than by Letters.

You deny that there is any Thing in theſe impending Calamities that is peculiar to me. Not to mention that that Conſideration gives a Man no Relief; I have many Misfortunes, and thoſe too heavy ones, and ſuch as I might very eaſily have avoided, that are peculiar to my Caſe, as you yourſelf are ſenſible. But they will diminiſh, if you continue, as hitherto, to take off ſome Part of their Weight by your Addreſs and Management. I have Money in the Hands of *Egnatius*. And let it even reſt where it is. For Things cannot long remain in their preſent Situation, before I may know what I ſhall principally have Occaſion for. Though I myſelf am in Want of every Thing, the Perſon whom I follow being likewiſe ſtraitened, yet I have lent him a large Sum, with a View of its turning to my Honour, when public Matters ſhall be ſettled. Do you continue, I beg of you, to write in my Name to any Perſons to whom you think it is proper I ſhould write. My Compliments to your Family. Be careful of your own Health. Above all Things, I recommend to you what you have promiſed me, that you will take Care and provide in all Reſpects, ſo that nothing may be wanting to the Perſon, on whoſe Account you know I am moſt wretched. From the Camp *June* the 13th.

EPIST.

EPIST. IV.

I Received a Letter from *Iſidorus*, and two of a later Date, from which I underſtood that my Farms were not ſold. You will, therefore, take Care of my Daughter's Subſiſtence out of your own Pocket. It will be very agreeable for me, to redeem the Eſtate at *Fuſinum*, provided I ſhall be in a Condition to enjoy it. You deſire me to write, but I am prevented from doing it, becauſe I have no Subject worth your Notice. I abſolutely diſapprove of every Thing that is done, and every Thing that happens, here. I wiſh at a certain Time, that I had rather ſeen you than correſponded with you by Letters. I ſtand up for you with our Party, as well as I am able. I refer the reſt to *Celer*. I have myſelf hitherto declined all Employment, and the rather, becauſe I ſaw none in which I could act conſiſtently with my Character and Situation.

You aſk me for News. You may know it from *Iſidorus*; we ſhall probably have no great Difficulty, during the reſt of the Campaign (1). I entreat, that you will be as good as your Word, in continuing to take Care of that Affair, which you know, I have chiefly at Heart. My Anxiety preys ſo much upon me, that I am reduced to a

(1) *Pompey*, who was an able but not an enterprizing General, had given *Cæſar* a Defeat before *Dyrrachium*, which might have been deciſive in his Favour, had he known how to improve it. But unhappily he not only gave *Cæſar* Leiſure to recover himſelf, but grew ſo confident of Succeſs, that he gave *Cæſar* many Advantages before the Battle of *Pharſalia* decided the Conteſt between them.

very low State of Health; when I am ſomewhat recovered, I ſhall join our General, who is now very ſanguine in his Hopes. Our Friend *Brutus* acts in this Cauſe with great Spirit. Thus far, and no farther, does Prudence warrant me to write to you. Farewell. I have already wrote to you in the Letter you received from *Pollex*, entreating you moſt carefully to conſider how I am to manage this ſecond Payment.

EPIST. V.

I Cannot without the deepeſt Sorrow inform you, how many, what bitter, what heavy, what unprocedented Motives have induced, and compelled me to be governed by an Impulſe of Mind, rather than by cool Reflection, inſomuch that they have reduced me to act as I do. I therefore, neither know what to write to you concerning my own Situation, nor do I know what Favour to aſk of you. You are ſenſible of the whole of my Situation. I have underſtood by your Letters, (thoſe which you wrote me in common with my other Friends, and thoſe ſigned by yourſelf alone), a Thing which I muſt of myſelf have diſcovered, that you was ſo much exhauſted as to be obliged to caſt about for new Funds to ſupply my Credit. You adviſe me to come nearer to *Rome*, and to travel in the Night-time through the Towns that are upon the Road. But, I proteſt, I do not ſee how that can be done. For the Stages are neither ſo conveniently diſpoſed as that I can reach them ſo as to paſs the whole of a Day in each, nor in

my preſent Situation, is there much Difference, whether I am ſeen by People in a Town, or on the Road. But I ſhall, amongſt other Things, conſider how this may be moſt conveniently ordered.

I am in ſuch Diſorder, both in Body and Mind, that I cannot write you often, and I have only anſwered ſuch of yours as have come to my Hands. I beg that you will write in my Name to *Baſilus*, and to ſuch other Perſons as you think proper, not forgetting *Servilius* as you ſee Occaſion. As to my being ſo long without writing to you, you are to underſtand, it was not owing to my want of Inclination, but want of Matter. With regard to *Vatinius*, whom you mention, neither he nor any body elſe would be wanting to do me Service, if they could find out how they could ſerve me. My Brother *Quintus* has been at *Patræ*, where he was joined by his Son from *Corcyra*, and has expreſſed himſelf with great Bitterneſs againſt me. I ſuppoſe, they have left that Place with the reſt of *Cæſar*'s Party.

EPIST. VI.

I AM perfectly ſenſible how much you are affected by your own, and the public, Situation, and in a more ſpecial Manner, by my Misfortunes and Diſtreſs. Your becoming my Companion in Sorrow, is ſo far from diminiſhing, that it encreaſes, my Grief. Your Wiſdom has directed you to find out the Topic that can chiefly give me Comfort, for you approve of my Meaſures, and you are of Opinion, that at ſuch a Juncture I could not

have acted more adviſedly than I have done. You even add a Circumſtance important in itſelf, but leſs important in my Eyes than your Approbation, that all who are capable of Reflection, approve of my Conduct. Were I convinced that this is fact, it would diminiſh my Sorrow. You bid me take it upon your Word—Well—I do—Though, I well know how fond you are of ſoothing my Affliction.

Never ſhall I repent my having quitted the Field, ſo great was the Cruelty of that Party. They were ſo intermingled with *Barbarians*, that this intended Proſcription would not have been perſonal, but general. So that they all concluded, all your Eſtates muſt have become their Plunder, had they got the better. I ſay, your Eſtates, becauſe, with regard to your Perſon in particular, their Intentions were moſt bloody. I therefore, never ſhall repent of my Intention, though I do of my Conduct. I ought to have choſen my Reſidence in ſome Town, till I had been invited to *Italy*. I ſhould then have been leſs the Subject of Talk, I ſhould have been leſs covered with Confuſion, I ſhould have been leſs tortured with Remorſe. It is inconvenient in all Reſpects, for me to ſculk in *Brunduſium*. You adviſe me to draw nearer to *Rome*, but how can I do it without the Lictors, which were given me by the People of *Rome*, and whom I cannot be deprived of without the Hazard of my Life. Some time ago, when I drew near this Town, I ordered them to mingle in the Crowd without their Axes, for fear of being attacked by *Cæſar*'s Soldiers.

I make

I make the proper Diſpoſitions to return Home when Time ſhall preſent. I beg you will now apply to *Oppius* and *Antony*, that, if their Party will allow me to come nearer to *Rome*, I may conſider how to proceed in this Matter, I ſuppoſe they will adviſe me to that Courſe, for they have given me Aſſurances, that *Cæſar* will make it a Point, not only to preſerve but increaſe my Dignity; they counſel me to be of good Courage, and they tell me there is no Favour too great for me to hope for. Such are their Promiſes, ſuch their Proteſtations, and I might have given more Credit to them if I had remained in *Italy*. But there is no looking back. I therefore beg you will attend to what is to come; that you will ſound the Perſons I mentioned, and if you think it needful, and they proper, whether it may not be an Inducement for *Cæſar* to approve of my Proceeding, if he ſhall underſtand that it has been agreeable to the Advice of his own Friends. You may likewiſe apply to *Trebonius* and *Panſa*, and the other Friends of *Cæſar*, and let them write to him, that what I have done has been in conſequence of their Advice.

My Daughter's Illneſs, and her Weakneſs of Body, is death to me. How greatly obliged am I to you, for the great Care I underſtand you have taken of her! As to *Pompey*'s being killed, I ſcarce make any doubt of it: For I think it muſt have happened fly where he would, ſo deſperate was the Idea which all Kings and Nations had conceived of his Affairs. I cannot help bemoaning his Fate; for I knew him to be a Man of Virtue, Temperance, and Prudence. I cannot ſurely condole with you upon the Death of *Fannius*, after his talk-

ing ſo wickedly, as he did, at your remaining in *Italy*. With Regard to *Lucius Lentulus*, he had promiſed himſelf the Houſe of *Hortenſius*, the Country Seat of *Cæſar*, and his Houſe at the *Baiæ*. The other Party talk pretty much in the ſame Strain, only the Reſentment of our People did not know where to ſtop, for they reckoned all, who remained in *Italy*, to be their Enemies. But I could wiſh, ſometime or other, to converſe with you upon thoſe Matters, when my Mind is more at Eaſe.

I underſtand that my Brother *Quintus* is gone to *Aſia*, to make his Submiſſions to *Cæſar*, I have heard nothing concerning his Son. But you may enquire of *Dionhares*, *Cæſar*'s Freedman, whom I have not ſeen, and who brought thoſe Letters from *Alexandria*. He is ſaid to have ſeen him, but whether on the Road, or in *Aſia*, I know not. You need not doubt that, ſituated as I am, I am impatient for a Letter from you, which I beg you would diſpatch to me the firſt Opportunity. Dated *November* the 28th.

EPIST. VII.

YOUR Letter, in which you have ſo punctually informed me of every Thing that you Thought concerned me, gave me great Pleaſure. Well then, as you write me, thoſe Gentlemen are of Opinion, that I ſhould be attended by the ſame Lictors, a favour that was granted to *Seſtius*, but, if I miſtake not, his Lictors were not continued to him, but were given him by *Cæſar*. For I am informed

formed, that he diſannuls all the Reſolutions of the Senate, that paſſed after the Tribunes left *Rome*; therefore he may conſiſtently, with his own Maxims, continue to me my Lictors.

But what am I talking of Lictors, have I not received what is next to an Order that I ſhould leave *Italy*? For *Antony* has ſent me a Copy of *Cæſar*'s Letter to him, importing that he had heard that *Cato* and *Lucius Metellus* had come to *Italy*, and that they intended to appear in Public at *Rome*, that he diſapproved of that, and that he prohibited all from coming to *Italy*, who had not his ſpecial Leave, and all, upon this Subject, was worded in very ſtrong Terms. *Antony* therefore ſent me a Letter, begging me to excuſe him, becauſe he could not help obeying *Cæſar*'s Orders. I then ſent *Lucius Lamia* to him, to tell him that *Cæſar* had deſired *Dolabella* to write to me forthwith to come to *Italy*, and that *Dolabella*'s Letter was my Warrant for coming. *Antony*, upon this, publiſhed an Edict of Prohibition, but with an expreſs Exception of *Lælius* and myſelf, which I did not like, becauſe I might have been comprehended in a general Article as having leave from *Cæſar*, but without being named.

How heavy are the Strokes of my Affliction! in vain do you endeavour to weaken their Force, and yet your very Endeavours are ſo earneſt, that they abate my Sorrow. Repeat your ſalutary Correſpondence as often as poſſible; Oh continue, above all Things, to labour that I may believe that I am not utterly ruined in the Eſteem of worthy Men! and yet how can you ſucceed in that? No, you cannot. But if any Occaſion ſhould preſent (as I know

know none at preſent) of your juſtifying me with ſuch Men, that would give me comfort indeed. But, ſhould any preſent, it muſt be from what is happened. For Inſtance. It has been ſaid that I ought to have left *Italy*, at the ſame Time, with *Pompey*. Now his Death takes off, in ſome Meaſure, the Reproach of my having been wanting to my Duty in that Reſpect. But, of all the Charges againſt me, none affects me more than my not going to *Africa*. Now I reaſoned in this Manner. I did not think the Cauſe of our Country ought to be left to the Defence of barbarous Auxiliaries, and the moſt treacherous of all People in the World, eſpecially as they were to act againſt an Army which had gained repeated Victories. This Apology will perhaps not ſatisfy People; for I hear that a great many worthy *Romans* have gone to *Africa*, and I know that ſome were there before. Here I am greatly pinched, and here too I muſt appeal to Events. It may be ſaid that ſome, poſſibly all, of thoſe Patriots would have made their Peace with *Cæſar* if they could. But if they ſhould hold out and prevail, in what a Light ſhall I then appear? But, ſay you, what will become of them ſhould they be conquered? Why, they fall with Glory. That, that, is the Reflection that gives me Torment.

You have not informed me of your Reaſons for your thinking that the Conduct of *Sulpicius* has not been more adviſeable than mine. It is not indeed ſo ſhowy as that of *Cato*, but it is void of Trouble and Danger. The laſt Conſideration is, with Regard to thoſe who are in *Achaia*, yet even they are in a better Situation than I am, becauſe a great

many

many of them are in one Place, and, at the ſame Time they come to *Italy*, they come to *Rome* directly. Do you continue to ſpare no Pains in uſing all the Arguments you can to mitigate my Miſcarriages, and to vindicate my Conduct. You ſay you cannot give me a Meeting. Well—I know your Reaſons, and I am even ſenſible that it is my Intereſt you ſhould be at *Rome*, that you may treat with the proper Perſons as you have hitherto done upon thoſe Matters that relate to me; and there is one Thing I recommend to you in a more ſpecial Manner. I am of Opinion there are a great many who have informed, or will inform, *Cæſar*, that I either repent me of my own Conduct, or that I diſapprove of his. Both thoſe Facts are true, but they are reported by the Informers, not from any real Diſcoveries they have made, but with an Intention to do me Prejudice. But *Balbus* and *Oppius* muſt entirely take upon them the Charge of removing thoſe Impreſſions from *Cæſar*, and confirm, by their frequently writing to him, the Inclination he has in my Favour, and you muſt omit no Pains to ſpur them on to this.

There is another Reaſon why I would not have you to leave *Rome*, becauſe you write me that you are ſollicited to remain there. What a miſerable Situation am I in! what can I write! what can I wiſh for!—I muſt be ſhort—For my Tears guſh out. I leave every Thing to you. Do every Thing for the beſt. Only take care to do yourſelf no Prejudice, at a Juncture like this. Pardon me, I beſeech you, Tears and Anguiſh will not ſuffer me to continue longer upon this Subject.—All I can ſay is, that you can do nothing more kind to me

than

than to love my Daughter. You oblige me greatly in writing Letters to ſuch People as you think proper; I have ſeen a Perſon who ſaw the younger *Quintus* at *Samos*, and his Father at *Sycion*. It will be an eaſy Matter for them to make their Peace. I wiſh, as they are to ſee *Cæſar* before I can ſee him, that they would do me as much Service with him as I am inclinable to do to them, were it in my Power. You intreat me to take, in good Part, any Thing that may touch me in your Letters. I tell you I take it in the beſt Part, and I deſire you will continue to write me every Thing as openly, and as often as you can. Farewell. *December* the 19th.

EPIST. VIII.

I Suppoſe you are not ignorant of my Afflictions, but you will be fully inſtructed in them by *Lepta* and *Trebatius*. Dearly do I ſuffer for my raſh Conduct, which you are fond of calling prudent,—Well, I ſhall not diſpute the Point with you. Be it ſo, if you will have it ſo, and write to me as often as you can, for, at this Time, your Letters give me ſome Conſolation. I have occaſion for all your Intereſt with thoſe who are my Well-wiſhers, and have moſt to ſay with *Cæſar*; *Balbus* and *Oppius* eſpecially. Let them write to him in the ſtrongeſt Terms in my Favour; for I hear that I have Enemies about *Cæſar*'s Perſon, and others to do me prejudice by their Letters to him. It is a main Point with me to guard againſt all ſuch. *Furnius* is with *Cæſar*, and is a very great Enemy of mine.

My

My Brother has ſent his Son to *Cæſar*, not only to beg his Pardon, but to make him my Enemy. He gives out that I have done him ill Offices with *Cæſar*. In this he is confuted by *Cæſar* himſelf, and by all his Friends; and, wherever he is, he is inceſſantly loading me with all Kind of Reproaches. Of all Things I ever met with in my Life, I could not have believed this, and, of all my Calamities, this is the moſt bitter. I have been told by thoſe who heard them, of ſome very unnatural Things which he ſpoke of me in a public Company at *Syracuſe*. You know his Temper, perhaps you have experienced it, and now he diſcharges all his Gall againſt me. But the Remembrance of theſe Matters both encreaſes my own Trouble, and occaſions yours. Let me therefore return to the main Point. Let me recommend it to you upon this Occaſion, that *Balbus* ſhould ſend a ſpecial Meſſenger to *Cæſar*. I beg you will write to People in my Name as you ſee proper. Adieu, *December* 27th.

EPIST. IX.

WHAT you ſay is true, I have acted both uncautiouſly and prematurely; I am now quite hopeleſs, being detained in *Italy*, by the Exceptions inſerted in *Cæſar*'s Edicts, and had they not been obtained by your Aſſiduity and Friendſhip, I ſhould have choſen to have gone to ſome Defart or other. But now I am not at Liberty even to do that. Now what Service does it to me, that I have

come

come before the Commencement of the new Tribuneſhip, if my coming at all is of no Effect in itſelf? Now, what can I hope from a Man who never was my Friend, after being harraſſed and oppreſſed by his Acts of State. The Letters I receive from *Balbus*, are every Day more and more cold. *Cæſar* receives a thouſand Letters from a thouſand Parts, perhaps in my Diſfavour. I have myſelf to blame for my Ruin, I can load Fortune with nothing. All my Miſery is owing to myſelf. After ſeeing the Nature of the War, after being ſenſible, that we were weak, and unprovided in all Reſpects, to act againſt an Enemy who wanted for nothing! What was I to do? I reſolved to remain neutral. A Reſolution not brave indeed, but more pardonable in me than in any other Man alive.

Well, I yielded to, or rather I obeyed, my Friends. One of them (the Perſon whom you recommend to me) has diſcovered by his Letters to you, what his Sentiments were. Never ſhould I have opened them, had it not been upon the following Occaſion. The Packet was brought to me, I opened to ſee if any Letters directed for me were in it. There was none but one for *Vatinius*, and another for *Ligurius*, which I ordered to be ſent to them; in a Trice they came to me, all flaming with Fury, and exclaiming againſt my Brother's Treachery. They then read to me his Letters, which were filled with all Manner of Invectives againſt me. *Ligurius* then told me, in great Paſſion, that *Cæſar* had been exceſſively exaſperated againſt my Brother, and that it was only from his

Reſpect

Reſpect to me, that he had not only taken him into Favour, but made him ſo conſiderable a preſent in Money. After receiving this ſtinging Information, I was curious to know what he had written to his other Correſpondents, for I thought, that it would turn to his own Prejudice, ſhould the Report of his monſtrous Wickedneſs diffuſe itſelf farther. I perceived all his Letters were in the ſame Strain. I have ſent them to you. You may order them to be delivered, if you think they can ſerve him, for they cannot diſſerve me. As to their being unſealed, if I am not miſtaken, *Pomponia* has his Seal. When he diſcovered this bitter Diſpoſition againſt me, it confounded me ſo much, that I have been liſtleſs ever ſince; and at preſent, I am told, that he does not endeavour ſo much to do himſelf Service, as to do me Prejudice.

With ſuch numberleſs Difficulties am I ſurrounded, that it is difficult, nay, impoſſible, for me to hold out longer againſt them. There is one Misfortune were there no other, that muſt ſink me to the Ground; the Thoughts of leaving my unfortunate Daughter, ſtript of all ſhe had to expect of mine, or her own, Fortune. Therefore, I am impatient till you fulfil your Promiſe of ſeeing me. For I have no other Friend on Earth to whom I can recommend her, becauſe I underſtand that her Mother is to expect no more Favour than myſelf. But, ſhould I not ſee you, let this my Recommendation of her, ſerve for all, and do all you can to reconcile her Uncle to her. I write this upon my Birth-Day. I wiſh I never had been born, or that my Mother never had had another Son. My Tears will not ſuffer me to write more.

EPIST.

EPIST. X.

MY Troubles which are already inexpreſſible, were augmented by the News I had of my Brother and my Nephew. *Terentius*, one of my Intimates, had a great Share as an under Farmer in the Toll of Carriage and Paſturage in *Aſia*. He ſaw the younger *Quintus* at *Epheſus* on the 8th of *December*, and from the Regard he has to me, he gave him a moſt preſſing Invitation to Supper; and, upon his putting ſome particular Queſtions to him concerning me, my Nephew expreſſed himſelf to be my moſt inveterate Enemy; ſhowing him at the ſame Time, a Roll of an Oration which he was to ſpeak againſt me before *Cæſar*. *Terentius* took great Pains to diſſuade him from this frantic Proceeding. He afterwards, at *Patræ*, had a long Converſation with my Brother, who talked in the ſame unnatural, wicked Strain; and whoſe Madneſs you may perceive from the Letter I have ſent you. I know this will give you Pain, as it gives me Torment, and the more, becauſe I am of Opinion, that there will hereafter be no room, even for my expoſtulating with them.

Our News concerning the Affairs of *Africa*, are very different from that you repreſent them to be in your Letters. We are told, that nothing can be more ſtrong or alert, than our Party is there. Add to this, the Revolt of *Spain*, the Diſlike of *Italy* to *Cæſar*, the Weakneſs, and the bad Humour his Troops are in, and the deſperate State his Affairs are in. Have I any Reaſon to enjoy myſelf for a Moment, any longer than while I am reading

reading your Letters; I know you would write me more frequently, if you had any Subject to write, which you think could alleviate my Anguiſh, but I beg of you not to forbear writing, be what it will; and if you cannot hate thoſe who have treated me ſo cruelly, yet you may reproach them; not that your Reproaches will have any Weight with them, but that they may be ſenſible, that I am ſtill dear to you. I ſhall write you more, when you have anſwered my laſt Letters. Farewell. Dated *January* the 21ſt.

EPIST. XI.

SPENT as I am with a thouſand tormenting Reflections, if I had any Thing proper to write to you, it would not be eaſy for me to do it. At preſent, I have nothing to write you, eſpecially as I have no Proſpect of my Situation being bettered. I am therefore, in no Expectation of having a Letter even from you, though they always bring me ſomething that is agreeable. Therefore, continue to write to me by every Opportunity. I can ſay nothing in Anſwer to your laſt Letter, which, by the bye, I received a long Time ago. The Face of Affairs are much changed ſince that Time; our Patriot Party is in good Condition, and I ſmart moſt miſerably for my Folly.

You are to pay 240 *l.* to *Publius Salluſtius*, which I received from *Cnæus Salluſtius*, and I beg you may do it inſtantly. I have given my Wife Advice of the ſame, and indeed, this Supply is almoſt exhauſted. Therefore, I wiſh you would concert

Meaſures

Meaſures with her how to procure a Supply for our Expences. I could borrow Money perhaps here, if I thought it could be paid at *Rome* upon Demand, but I will not venture to borrow any, before I know that I can draw for it. You ſee how it is with me. There is no Species of Wretchedneſs, that I do not either bear, or expect, and my Anguiſh is embittered by the Reflection upon my own Miſconduct. My Brother is inceſſantly railing at me in *Achaia*. It is ſtrange that your Letters have had no Impreſſion upon him. Dated *March* the 8*th*.

EPIST. XII.

ON the Evening of the 8th of *March*, I received your Letter of *Cephalio*, after having that very Day in the Morning ſent off an Expreſs, with Letters to you. When I had read your Letter, however, I thought proper to write ſomething in Anſwer, eſpecially as I perceived you to be ſomewhat dubious with regard to the Reaſon which I am to aſſign to *Cæſar* for my leaving *Italy*. I have no Occaſion for any new Reaſon. For, I have often written to himſelf, and I have given it out to many others, that I did all I could to bear with the public Talk, but all was in vain, with a great deal to the ſame Purpoſe. There is nothing can go more againſt my Inclination than that he ſhould imagine, I have conſulted any Body but myſelf, in a Matter of this vaſt Conſequence. Afterwards I had a Letter from the young *Balbus Cornelius*, telling me, that *Cæſar* thought that my Brother *Quintus* had ſounded the Alarm (for ſuch is the Expreſſion

preſſion of his Letter) for my Departure. At that Time I did not know in what Terms my Brother *Quintus* had written of me to a great many People, though he ſpoke, and did a great many ſhocking Things to my Face, yet I wrote by *Nilus* to *Cæſar*, in theſe Words.

I am as anxious concerning my Brother Quintus, *as I am concerning myſelf, but I dare not preſume, at ſuch a Juncture as this is, to recommend him to you. I will venture hereby, however, to beg of you, that you will believe, he never did a Thing to diſcourage my giving you Proofs of my Regard and Affection; but that he rather was always prompting me to a cloſer Connection with you, and that he was not the Adviſer, but the Companion, of my Flight. Therefore, in all other Reſpects, I hope you will beſtow upon him, thoſe Favours that are conſiſtent with your Humanity for him, and his Friendſhip with you. Let me beg you, with the greateſt Earneſtneſs, again and again, that I may do him no Prejudice in any Reſpect in your Eſteem.*

Should I therefore, have an Interview with *Cæſar*, though I make no Doubt of his forgiving my Brother, for he has declared ſo much, yet ſtill I will be conſiſtent with myſelf, by ſpeaking the ſame Language as ever.

But in my Mind, our chief Concern at preſent, ought to be with Regard to *Africa*, where, you ſay, Things have daily a better Aſpect, ſo as to induce us to hope, not that the honeſt Party can be ſucceſsful, but that they may be able to make their Terms. Would to Heaven it were ſo! But my

Accounts are very different; and I make no Doubt, that you yourſelf are of a different Way of thinking, but that you write in another Strain, not to deceive, but to encourage me, eſpecially as *Spain* is at ſo ſmall a Diſtance from *Africa*.

You adviſe me to write to *Antony*, and others of that Party. If you think there is Occaſion for that, I beg you would continue to do what you have often done; I mean, to write to them in my Name, for nothing that is proper for me to write to them occurs to me at preſent. You hear that I am more diſpirited than ever. No Wonder that I am, when you ſee the glorious Actions of my Son-in-law (1) crowning all my other Diſtreſſes. However, I beg you will continue to write to me as often as you can, (for he can be no Hindrance to that) even though you have no Subject for writing, for your Letters always bring me ſome Comfort. I have entered into Poſſeſſion of *Gallio*'s Legacy, and, I believe, I am ſole Legatee, becauſe I have not been ſerved with any other Notice. Dated *March* the *5th*.

(1) Meaning *Dolabella*, who at that Time acted at *Rome* as Tribune of the People, and was puſhing on a general Act of Inſolvency, and other very pernicious Meaſures, in which he was oppoſed by *Trebellius* one of his Colleagues. This Difference between the two Tribunes, occaſioned a great deal of Bloodſhed, which was encreaſed by the Senate's agreeing to *Antony*'s entering *Rome* at the Head of his Troops.

EPIST. XIII.

I HAVE as yet, received no Letter from *Murena*'s Freedman; that which I now anſwer, was delivered to me by *Publius Siſer*. What you write me concerning the Letters of the elder *Servius*, is as true as is your Information, that my Brother is come to *Syria*, which is falſe. You deſire me to inform you, how I ſtand with thoſe who have come hither. I have no Reaſon to think, I am not well with every one of them, but I know, that you are a Judge how far that is of any Conſequence to me. Every Thing helps to compleat my Miſery, eſpecially as I ſee myſelf reduced to that Paſs, that nothing can ſerve me but the Succeſs of the Cauſe, which has ever been my Averſion (1). They ſay, that the elder *Publius Lentulus* is at *Rhodes*, and his Son at *Alexandria*; and it is certain, that *Caius Caſſius* is gone from *Rhodes* to *Alexandria*.

In an Apology which my Brother has ſent me for his Conduct, he has made Uſe of more bitter Terms than he did when he perſecuted me the moſt. For, he mentions, that he underſtands by your Letters, that you are offended at his ſaying ſo

(1) Meaning that of *Cæſar*. The Deſpondency, and the Meanneſs of our Author in the whole of his Conduct at this Juncture, is far leſs defenſible, and much more ridiculous than he ſhowed under his Baniſhment. We find him ſtarting at every Breath, raiſing to himſelf Phantoms of Miſery, and ingeniouſly tormenting himſelf with the meereſt Chimeras. Notwithſtanding this, I am apt to believe, that he was not miſtaken, in ſuppoſing, that it would be much better for him that *Cæſar* ſhould get the better, than that the Republicans ſhould. But the Declaration in this Place is very unworthy of a wiſe and a good Man.

many ſevere Things of me in writing; that he was ſorry he had diſobliged you, but that he had done nothing he could not anſwer for. He then writes me his Reaſons, in very ſcurrilous Terms. But had he not ſeen me compleatly miſerable, never would he either now, or before this Time, have diſcovered his Rancour againſt me. I wiſh I had come nigher to you, even though I had travelled in the Night, as you adviſed me; for now, where you are, or when I can ſee you, is to me an abſolute Secret.

You had no Occaſion to write to me, concerning the Coheirs of *Fufidius*. Their Demands are no more than juſt, and I approve of whatever you have done in that Matter. I informed you long ago of my Willingneſs to pay off the Mortgage of that Eſtate of *Fruſinum*. I am ſtill in the ſame Mind, though my Circumſtances were then better, nor did I then think thoſe of the Public ſo deſperate as they appear to be now. I leave you to take the proper Steps for finiſhing that Affair. I beg that you will exert yourſelf as much as poſſible to procure proper Supplies of Money for my neceſſary Expences. All the Money I could ſpare, I gave to *Pompey*, at a Time when I thought I was acting wiſely in ſo doing. I have therefore been obliged to borrow ſomewhat from your Steward, and from other Hands, and, at the ſame Time, *Quintus* has been complaining by Letters, that I could ſpare nothing to him. He never aſked me for any, nor have I ever ſeen the Money I mentioned. I beg you will try what can be done for me, and that you would give me your beſt Advice upon all Matters; you know the State of

my

my Affairs. My Grief prevents my writing any more at preſent. You will continue to write in my Name, to the proper Perſons when Occaſion offers, and I beg you will let ſlip no Opportunity of writing to me. Farewell.

EPIST. XIV.

I AM not a bit ſhocked at your frankly telling me in your Letter, that you will not even attempt, as you formerly did, to comfort me under my Afflictions both public and private, and your confeſſing it to be now impracticable. The Situation of Things are entirely altered from what they were. For, to mention no other Circumſtance, I thought others were in the ſame Situation with myſelf. For all the humble Petitioners that were in *Achaia*, and likewiſe thoſe in *Aſia*, thoſe who were ignorant of, as well as thoſe who knew the true State of public Affairs, are about to ſet ſail for *Africa*. *Lælius* therefore, is the only Perſon who is in the ſame Situation with myſelf, through his own Miſconduct, but in one Reſpect, he has the Advantage of me, becauſe he has been admitted to Terms. With Regard to myſelf, I make no Doubt, that *Cæſar* has written concerning me to *Balbus*, and to *Oppius*, who certainly, if they had received any agreeable Orders, would have communicated them to me. They likewiſe would have imparted them to you; and I deſire, that you will talk to them upon that Head, and write to me

what Anſwer you ſhall receive; not that I think his Aſſurances in my Favour are to be relied on, but I may be able from thence, to form ſome Judgment of the Manner in which I ought to proceed. Though I hate the Sight of all the World, eſpecially as I have ſuch a Son-in-law, yet I can find nothing elſe more eligible for me in this unfortunate Situation. *Panſa* and *Hirtius* write to me, that my Brother goes on againſt me in his old Way, and it is ſaid, that he is proceeding to *Africa* with the others of that Party. I will write to the elder *Minutius*, and I will ſend him your Letter. I will acquaint you how he proceeds, if he ſhould draw upon me for Money. I am ſurpriſed how you could raiſe that two hundred and fifty Pounds, unleſs the Eſtate of *Fufidius* has turned out better than we expected (1). That muſt be the Caſe. But I expect you in Perſon, for my Affairs require that I ſhould ſee you, if poſſible. Now Matters are come to a Criſis with me, it is eaſy for you to form a Judgment of what is the leaſt diſtreſsful Courſe for me to purſue. Farewell.

(1) The Senſe of the Original is here extremely doubtful, not only on Account of *Cicero*'s cloſe curſory Way of Writing, but of the various Readings in the Original. I have endeavoured, however, to make it clear and conſiſtent both with the beſt Readings, and with other Paſſages of our Author.

EPIST. XV.

AS you have ſo many good Reaſons why I cannot ſee you at this Juncture, how, I pray you, am I to proceed? For *Cæſar*'s Poſſeſſion of *Alexandria* is ſuch, that he is aſhamed to write of what has happened there (1). Now they of the other Party ſeem to be making Diſpoſitions for paſſing from *Africa* to *Italy*, and thoſe who went from *Achaia* to *Aſia*, will either join them, or remain in ſome neutral Place. How then do you think I am to proceed? I know it is difficult to adviſe me. My Caſe is ſingular, and has at moſt but one Parallel, for I can neither return to the Party I have quitted, nor have I any Aſſurances of Protection from the Party I have embraced. But ſtill I want to know your Opinion, and that was one amongſt many Reaſons, why I deſired, if poſſible, to ſee you.

I wrote to you before, that *Minutius* had paid me no more than ninety ſix Pounds; I beg you will take Care that I ſhall be paid the Remainder. My Brother is ſo far from expreſſing any Concern to me for his paſt Behaviour, that he writes to me in the moſt reproachful Terms; as to his Son, he is quite outragious againſt me. My Oppreſſions are inconceivable; but nothing ſtings me ſo much, as the Reflection upon my own groſs irretrievable Miſconduct; which would be ſomewhat alleviated,

(1) Notwithſtanding all the great Qualities of *Cæſar*, his Heart was ſo acceſſible to the Charms of the famous *Cleopatra*, that his Gallantries with her at *Alexandria*, had almoſt proved fatal both to his Affairs and his Perſon.

had I not been miſtaken in believing that ſome others would have acted as I did. But all others had a reaſonable Proſpect from what they have done; I have none. Some were made Priſoners, others were intercepted before any Doubts could be formed of what they intended, and the rather, becauſe as ſoon as they were delivered, they joined their own Party. As to ſuch of them as voluntarily ſerved under *Fufius* (1), the worſt that can be ſaid of them is, that they were faint-hearted. Now there are a great many, be their Conduct what it will, who will be received into the honeſt Party, provided they are willing to join them. You have therefore the leſs Reaſon to be ſurpriſed at my ſinking under ſuch a Weight of Affliction. I am ſingle (unleſs *Lælius* may be joined with me) in being guilty of irretrievable Miſconduct. But what does it avail me, to have one Companion in Miſery? It is ſaid, indeed, that *Caius Caſſius* has altered his Deſign of going to *Alexandria*. I write to you in this Manner, not that you are able to remove my Uneaſineſs, but that I may know, whether you can give me any Advice in my preſent miſerable Condition, which is additionally embittered by the Conduct of my Son-in-law, and other Circumſtances, which my Tears hinder me from writing? Even the Son of *Æſopus* (2) gives me Pain. In ſhort,

(1) He commanded in *Achaia* under *Cæſar*, and was Conſul for the three laſt Months of this Year with *Vatinius*.

(2) He was a celebrated Player, and our Author, who was fond of Excellency in all Profeſſions, had a particular Eſteem for him. He left an immenſe Eſtate to his Son, who is mentioned here, and who ſquandered it ſcandalouſly in a very ſhort Time. But after all, I cannot be eaſily perſuaded, that the Original

ſhort, nothing is wanting to make my miſery compleat.

But, as I was juſt now ſaying——what is your Opinion I ſhould do? ſhall I ſteal to ſome Place nearer *Rome*, or ſhall I paſs the Sea? For here I cannot ſtay longer. Why could you do nothing in the Affair of the *Fuſidian* Eſtate? For the Bargain was of that Nature, that ſeldom or never admits of any Controverſy, becauſe the Share, which ſeemed to be the leaſt, might have been made up by ſelling the whole Eſtate by Auction (1). I have ſome Reaſon to inquire into this, for I ſuſpect, that the Coheirs believe my public Situation to be very indifferent, and that, therefore, they refuſe to do any Thing in the Matter. Adieu! Dated *May* the 14*th*.

EPIST. XVI.

I AM not to blame, at leaſt at this Time, (for I own I have been ſo formerly) that *Cæſar*'s Letter gives me no Comfort. For I perceive you obſerve, as well as I do, that it is wrote in narrow Terms (2), and contains ſtrong Preſumptions that it did not come from his own Hand (3), I will take your

Original here is not vitiated. *Gronovius* is of Opinion, that it ought to be read (inſtead of *Quin etiam Æſopi filius*) *Quin etiam tuæ ſororis filius*.

(1) *Orig. Cum ea pars, quæ videtur eſſe minor, lecitatione expleri poſſet.*

(2) *Orig. Exigue ſcripta eſt.*

(3) We ſee from this Paſſage, and from the Practice of our Author, that it was uſual for the great Men of *Rome*, to give a general

your Advice, with Regard to my going out to meet him. For his return to *Italy* is neither certain, nor do they, who come from *Aſia*, ſay, that they have heard any Thing of Peace, and yet the Hopes of that gave riſe to all my miſtaken Meaſures. I now ſee no Foundation for ſuch a Hope, eſpecially as *Cæſar* has received ſuch Blows in *Aſia* (1), in *Illyricum* (2), in the Affair of *Caſſius* (3), in *Alexandria* itſelf, in *Rome* (4), and in *Italy* (5). With Regard to myſelf, ſuppoſing *Cæſar* to be upon his Return at the Time he is ſaid to be carrying on the War, yet I believe a deciſive Blow will be ſtruck before that Time (6).

general Licence to their Friends, to make uſe of their Name in writing to others, what they thought might be for their Service. The Word *Exigue*, in this Sentence, would ſeem to imply that the Compoſition was too mean for *Cæſar*, but the Senſe, I have given it, is more natural and agrees much better with our Author's Doubts. Beſides *Exigue* does not ſo properly ſignify, mean, as, contracted. Our Author mentions, *exiguum tempus*; Virgil, *exigua nox*—*Laudato ingentia Rura, exiguum colito.*

(1) *Cæſar*'s Lieutenant, *Domitius Calvinus* had been worſted there by *Pharnaces*, the Son of *Mithridates*.

(2) Where *Gabinus*, one of *Cæſar*'s general Officers, was defeated by *Octavius Dolabella*, in his March to join *Cæſar*.

(3) He commanded under *Cæſar* in *Spain*, where he miſbehaved himſelf ſo much, that his Soldiers mutinied againſt him, by which means the Republicans became again Maſters of that Country.

(4) On Account of the popular Commotions there.

(5) Where *Cæſar*'s Soldiers were very much diſaffected, eſpecially on Account of his Behaviour with *Cleopatra*, which ſeems to have been no Secret at that Time

(6) Meaning that *Scipio*, who commanded the Republican Army in *Africa*, would find Means to tranſport it over to *Italy*, which would then fall into their Hands. But this was one of our Author's vain Surmiſes, ariſing from the dreadful Concern he was under leſt the Party, which he had ſo often ſolemnly vowed to eſpouſe at the Expence of his Life and Fortune, as eſteeming it more honourable to die with them, than to conquer with *Cæſar* (ſee the preceding Epiſtles) ſhould be ſucceſsful.

You

You write me there appeared a Gleam of Chearfulneſs when they heard of *Cæſar*'s Letter. Well—You take Care to omit nothing that, you think, can give me the ſmalleſt Degree of Comfort. But I cannot perſuade myſelf, that any Patriot can ſuppoſe I value any Advantage that can happen to me, at ſuch a Rate, as to beg it of *Cæſar*, and the leſs becauſe I am now ſingle in the Conduct I have purſued. They who are in *Aſia* wait to know what Turn Affairs will take. Thoſe in *Achaia* have even given *Fufius* hopes, that they will ſubmit. All thoſe Gentlemen were at firſt under the ſame Apprehenſions, and had come to the ſame Reſolution with myſelf. The Stop which *Cæſar* met with at *Alexandria* bettered their Condition, but ruins mine; I therefore repeat to you the Requeſt I made in my former Letters, to let me know whether, in this deſperate State of my Affairs, you ſee any Thing that you think proper for me to do? If I am accepted of by *Cæſar*'s Party, which you perceive is not the Caſe, yet ſtill, during the War, I am at a Loſs how to behave, or where to reſide. Should I be rejected my Condition is ſtill worſe. I therefore wait for a Letter from you, and I beg you will write to me poſitively upon this Head.

You adviſe me to impart *Cæſar*'s Letters to my Brother, which I would do, did they give me any Pleaſure. Mean while, a certain Correſpondent writes to me in the following Terms. *I paſs my Time at* Patræ *agreeably enough, conſidering the public Diſtractions; but my Abode would be the more agreeable, if your Brother would talk of you in a Manner that I like.* You tell me he has wrote to you, that I anſwered none of his Letters. I received only

ly one from him, and I answered it by *Cephalio*, who has been detained, by contrary Winds, for some Months. I formerly acquainted you, that the younger *Quintus* had wrote to me in the most scurrilous Manner.

I shall conclude by begging you, (if you shall approve of the Measure, and think you can undertake it) that you will concur with *Camillus* in talking to my Wife concerning her Testament (1). The Times call upon her Attention to discharge her Debts, and to settle her Affairs. *Philotimus* has been heard to say, that, in some Things, she has acted most scandalously; I can scarcely believe that, but if there is any Thing in it, we must do all we can to prevent the Consequences. I beg you will write to me concerning every Thing, and concerning her in a more particular Manner. I want to advise with you in this Matter, though perhaps you can form no Judgment of it, and I shall take it for granted, by your Silence, that you cannot. Dated *June* the 11th.

EPIST. XVII.

THE Letter Carriers, who go with this, are none of mine, and they are in a Hurry; besides, I am about to dispatch my own, therefore this Letter is but short. My Dear *Tullia* came to me

(1) Though *Terentia* was, at this Time, in perfect Health, and enjoyed it for upwards of fifty Years after this; yet *Cicero*, and she, had each of them agreed to make a Will, settling the Succession amongst their Children and Grandchildren, to their several Estates.

the

the 12th of *June*, and was at vaſt Pains to inform me of your great Regard and Kindneſs for her, delivering to me, at the ſame Time, three Letters. As to myſelf, I was ſo far from having the pleaſing Enjoyment which the Virtue, the Tenderneſs, and the Affection ſo excellent a Daughter ought to have given me, that I was touched with inconceivable Anguiſh at ſeeing ſo ſweet a Nature linked to ſo wretched a Fortune, and that too, through no Demerit in her, but through the moſt blameable Conduct in me. Away then at preſent with the Balm of Comfort, which you are ſo fond to adminiſter. Away with Advice, for I can follow none. You have omitted nothing, I know you have not, that could be ſuggeſted, in your former, and your laſt Letters.

I am thinking of ſending my Son with *Salluſt* to *Cæſar*. As to my Daughter, I think it improper that I ſhould detain her longer about my Perſon in our preſent public melancholly Circumſtances. Therefore, as ſoon as ſhe will give me leave, I will ſend her back to her Mother. As to the Letter, which you wrote to me in a Strain of Comfort, you may ſuppoſe my Anſwer to be ſuch as muſt ſuggeſt to yourſelf, were you in my Circumſtances. The Converſation, which you inform me you had with *Oppius* (1), was, on his Part, pretty much as I had ſuſpected. But I am certain that it will be impoſſible to perſuade *Cæſar*'s Party, ſay what I will, that I can approve in my Heart of their Meaſures. I will however be as moderate as poſſible.

(1) He probably had deſired *Atticus* to put our Author upon his Guard againſt talking ſo freely as he did of public Affairs, or rather to talk of them in *Cæſar*'s Favour.

And

And yet I cannot ſee of what mighty Diſadvantage it would be for me to incur their Diſpleaſure. I ſee you have a very good Excuſe (too good to my great Sorrow) for not coming to ſee me.

We have as yet no Advice of *Cæſar*'s having left *Alexandria*, and, it is certain, that no Body has come from thence ſince the 16th of *March*, nor has *Cæſar* written to any one ſince the 13th of *December*, from whence you may conclude, that the Letter bearing Date the 9th of *February*, is not authentic (though it would be of no Conſequence if it were). We are certainly informed, that *Lucius Terentius* has left *Africa* and is come to *Pæſtum* (1). I am curious to know what News he brings, how he eſcaped, and how Matters ſtand in *Africa*, for we are told, that he was conveyed away by *Naſidius* (2). Pray inform me, by a Letter, of all you learn as to that Matter. I ſhall take your Advice as to that eighty Pounds. Adieu, *June* the 14th.

EPIST. XVIII.

WE have yet no Account of *Cæſar*'s having left *Alexandria*, and the general Opinion is, that he has not, and that he has Work enough upon his Hands there. Therefore I have laid aſide my Reſolution of ſending my Son to him, and I

(1) This was a Town of *Lucania*, built at the Mouth of the River *Silaris*.

(2) *Scipio*, who commanded the Republican Party in *Africa*, had been at great Pains to cut off all Communication between *Cæſar* and that Country; but this *Naſidius*, who commanded a Fleet upon that Coaſt, it ſeems, aſſiſted *Terentius* in his Eſcape from thence.

beg

beg that you will diſengage me from this Place, for I know no puniſhment ſo great as my Staying longer here. I have applied, by Letters to *Antony*, to *Balbus*, and to *Oppius*, upon this Subject. For it will be extreamly improper that I ſhould be here, whether we ſuppoſe the War to be carried on in *Italy*, or by Sea. It may perhaps be by both, but that it will be by one is certain. The Converſation, which you wrote me you had with *Oppius*, made me entirely ſenſible of the Purpoſes of that Party, with Regard to myſelf, but I beg you would try to ſoften them. At preſent I lay my Account for the worſt, and nothing but the worſt, though indeed my preſent Situation is as bad at it can be. I therefore deſire you will talk with *Antony*, and with thoſe other Perſons, and do all you can for my Deliverance, giving me as early Advice upon every Thing as poſſible. Farewell, dated *June* the 19th.

EPIST. XIX (1).

I Readily agree with you in what you write, when you are at ſo great Pains in making me ſenſible, that you know of no Way to aſſiſt me. It is true, my Affliction is ſuch, that it admits of no Comfort. Had the Cauſes of it been accidental, it had been tolerable. But all my Miſconduct aroſe from a Complication of Miſtakes and Miſeries, both of Mind and Body, which I wiſh my Relations had

(1) I have followed Monſieur *Mongault* in altering the Order, in which the ſeven laſt Letters, of this Book, ſtand in the common Editions.

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endeavoured, rather to have removed than to have increaſed. I have not therefore the leaſt Glimpſe of Hope that you can, in any Degree, give me either Counſel or Comfort (1). Hereafter I will aſk you for neither. All I beg of you is not to diſcontinue your Correſpondence; write me whatever occurs to you, when you can find a Bearer, and as long as you can have (which you cannot long have) me for a Correſpondent.

We have here a flying Report ariſing from a Letter of *Sulpicius*, which has been confirmed by all other later Accounts, that *Cæſar* has left *Alexandria*. I know not whether to wiſh this Account to be true or falſe, ſo little can it affect me either Way. I wrote you formerly concerning my Wife making her Will, I could wiſh ſhe would depoſit it in ſome ſure Hand (2). I am rendered compleatly miſerable by the wretched Situation of my Daughter, who is with me. Never ſurely was Diſtreſs equal to mine. I am impatient to know whether you can point out to me in what Manner I can abate it, be it ever ſo little. I am ſenſible the ſame Difficulty ſubſiſts in giving me Advice as formerly, but this, this is my chief Affliction. How was I miſtaken as to that ſecond Payment of her Fortune, I wiſh it had been otherwiſe. But the Thing is over. I beg of you, in this deſperate Situation of our Affairs, that you will take care to make ſome Reſerve of Money if it is poſſible, in

(1) This is another Mark of our Author's great Dejection.

(2) The Text is entirely corrupted in this Place. All I have been able to do is to reſtore it from the moſt probable Conjectures, without troubling myſelf about the Surmiſe of the Commentators, which, when the Text is corrupted, are often extravagant and always uncertain.

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any Shape, by ſelling my Plate, and ſome Part of my houſhold Furniture; for I think Matters now draw towards a Criſis. We can now hope for no Terms of Accommodation, and, ſhould any be obtained, it muſt fall to the Ground of itſelf, even without an Oppoſition (1). If you think proper you will talk likewiſe upon this Subject with my Wife, when you have an Opportunity. I cannot write more at large. Dated the 5th of *July*.

EPIST. XX.

I Adviſed you, by Letter, to conſult with *Camillus*, and he writes me, that he has had a Converſation with you, upon which I wait for a Letter from you. But if that Affair has taken any unexpected Turn, I ſee not how it can be altered (2). But I knew not what to make of receiving no Advice from you along with the Letters which *Vilus* ſent me, and I concluded that you was either indiſpoſed (for you wrote me that you felt ſome Symptoms of that Kind), or that you had yet come to no Certainty as to the Affair in Queſtion. One *Acuſius* came here on the 18*th* of *July*, from

(1) Meaning as he hinted in a former Letter, that *Cæſar*'s Succeſs would be of no long Continuance, even though he got the better of the other's preſent Difficulties, and returned in Triumph to *Rome*.

(2) *Orig. Niſi illud quidem mutari, ſi aliter eſt, et oportet, non video poſſe.* The Word *Niſi* carries often with it the ſame Import as *ſed* amongſt ancient *Latin* Authors. *Citero* himſelf ſometimes uſes it in that Senſe, *Fam. Epiſt. Lib.* xiii. *Ep.* 1. *Nec, cur ille tantopere contendat video, nec, cur tu repugnes: Niſi tamen multo minus tibi concedi poteſt quam illi liberare ſine Cauſa.* Eod. Lib. Ep. 13. *De te nihil poſſum judicare; niſi illud mihi certe perſuades, te talem virum nihil temere feciſſe.*

Rhodes, who tells me, that my Brother (1) *Quintus* upon the 29*th* of *May*, ſet out for *Cæſar*; that *Philotimus* came to *Rhodes* the Day before, and that he had a Letter for me. You will hear what *Acuſius* himſelf has to ſay, but he travels very ſlowly. I have, therefore, ſent off this Diſpatch by a more expeditious Bearer. I know not the Contents of the Letter I am to receive from *Philotimus*, but I am greatly complimented by my Brother *Quintus*, though indeed my Miſconduct has been ſo great, that I cannot conceive how it is poſſible I ſhall ever be able to bear with its Conſequences.

I beg you would beſtow ſome Time in thinking upon the Condition of my wretched Daughter, and I repeat my former Requeſt to you, that ſomething may be done to keep her from want, and likewiſe to ſpeak to my Wife concerning her Teſtament. I was of Opinion that the Matter you hint at ſhould have been done before, but I was afraid of every Thing. A Divorce was the beſt Courſe that could been followed in their moſt uncomfortable Situation. Something I would have attempted to ſhow that I was not quite inſenſible,—on Account of his puſhing the Acts of Inſolvency, or of his nocturnal Riots, or of his Intrigue with *Metella*, or of all his other Provocations. This would have prevented him ſquandering my Daughter's Fortune, and would have ſhown in me ſome Symptoms of manly Reſentment. Well do I remember your Letter (2).—But you know what a Juncture that was; yet

(1) *Orig. Quintum F.* which ſome read *Filium*, others *Fratrem.*

(2) When the Reader reflects on the Nature of our Author's familiar

yet he could not behave worſe than he did. At preſent he ſeems to throw Defiance into our Teeth. For what, good Heavens, do I hear of public Matters. It is poſſible that MY Son-in-Law ſhould be the Man who ſhould make his Country Bankrupt. Well, be it ſo, I am of your Opinion.—Let him be ſerved with Notice of the Divorce. He per-

familiar Correſpondence with *Atticus*, he cannot at all be ſurpriſed at the Conciſeneſs of his Expreſſion, and the dark Hints he throws out which *Atticus* underſtood, though they are often almoſt unintelligible to us. The Truth is, the Correſpondence between them is often little better than a Cypher, which renders the Difficulty of tranſlating theſe Letters inexpreſſible. Add to this, that the different Situations of our Author ſeem to have had a ſurprizing Effect upon his Stile. He ſometimes talks clear and diſtinct, and ſometimes, as in the Letter before us, like a Man whoſe Lungs are waſted by a conſumptive Habit, gaſping for Breath, ſeeking to be underſtood by his Eyes and Motions, rather than by his Expreſſions. This is the natural Effect of that Concern and Agitation of Spirit, which *Cicero* was generally under, during the whole Courſe of his Correſpondence with *Atticus*, the Loſs of whoſe Letters leaves us greatly in the Dark, as to our Author's Meaning, in many Paſſages. All that a Tranſlator, under ſuch Difficulties can do, is to compare one Paſſage with another, to attend to his Author's Manner, to prefer Certainty to Probability, and Probability to arbitrary Conjecture. I have always, when the Senſe did not ſuffer by it, imitated that Frugality of Words, for which our Author is as remarkable in his Epiſtles, as he is in other Writings, for the Perſpicuity and ſometimes Luxuriancy of his Stile. But, poſſeſt as I am with the greateſt Veneration for *Cicero*, I cannot think it the Buſineſs of a Tranſlator, to imitate him in what was the Effect rather of his Misfortunes than his Judgment. Neither is he at the ſame Liberty as *Cicero* was, to ſuppoſe himſelf to be underſtood by his Reader. *Atticus* knew the Meaning of what is a Myſtery to an *Engliſh* Man eighteen hundred Years after, and therefore when a Tranſlator can grope out a Meaning, he is not to write in the ſame Stile that *Cicero* wrote to *Atticus*. On this Account I have made it a Rule, that my Tranſlation ſhould give the Reader all the Lights poſſible, through the dark Parts of the Original, which ſaves an infinite Number of Notes, equally tireſome to the Tranſlator and the Reader.

haps will demand the third Payment. You will therefore take it into Conſideration, whether the Motion ſhould not come from me, rather than that it ſhould come firſt from him. If I can by any Manner of Means, I will try, even though I ſhould travel in the Night, to ſee you; I beg that you will write to me on thoſe Matters, and upon every Thing elſe, that may concern me. Adieu.

EPIST. XXI.

I Never have omitted an Opportunity of writing to you, even though I had nothing material to write. Your Letters to me come more ſeldom, and are more ſhort, than uſual, becauſe, I ſuppoſe, you have nothing which you think I can read or hear with Pleaſure. Write to me nevertheleſs what ever may happen, be what it will. You muſt know there is one Thing, and but one Thing I could wiſh for, (tho' I cannot hope for it) and that is, a Treaty of Accommodation; for the ſlight Hints, you ſometimes throw out on that Subject, force me to hope for what I can ſcarcely wiſh. It is ſaid *Philotimus* will arrive here on the 13th of *Auguſt*. I beg from you an Anſwer to what I formerly wrote you. I have no more Time than is ſufficient for me to look about me, (I who never, in my Life, looked about me) in this moſt wretched Situation. Farewell. Dated *July* 22d.

EPIST.

EPIST. XXII.

I AM ſenſible of the Truth of what you formerly wrote to myſelf, and of what you twice wrote to *Tullia*, concerning me. I am more unhappy than ever (though my Miſery ſeemed before to be compleat) that having received a moſt ſtinging Indignity, I am not ſafe to ſhow a Reſentment of Anger, nay, not of Sorrow. How can I bear with this? But born it I have, and yet I muſt ſuffer thoſe very Inconveniences againſt which you put me upon my Guard. For ſo peculiar has been my Miſconduct, that be Maſters, or be Subjects who will, I muſt continue to be unfortunate.

But now I myſelf take up the Pen, for what I have to ſay demands Secreſy. I beg that you will look after that Teſtament (1) which my Wife made when ſhe firſt began to be uneaſy. I believe ſhe will not teaze you by any impertinent Enquiries (2), at leaſt ſhe does not me. But be that as it will, ſince you are now upon ſpeaking Terms with her, you may adviſe her to put it into the Hands of

(1) The whole of this Paſſage is at once ſo perplexed and corrupted, that Monſieur *Mongault* has thought proper to leave it untranſlated; I have not taken that Liberty, but have taken Advantage of the Words, and, upon the Main, it is no unuſual Thing for our Author's Diſtreſs and Sufferings, to render his Meaning very difficult to be come at, even when there is no Corruption in the Text.

(2) This very poſſibly might relate to the Reaſon of our Author's being ſo keen in the Affair of her Teſtament, which he was willing ſhould be kept ſecret from her. The whole Paſſage according to the beſt Readings, runs thus, *Vide quæſo etiam nunc de teſtamento, quod tum factum, cum illa quærere cæperat. Non credo te commonit; neque enim rogarit, ne me quidem.*

ſomebody who is quite a neutral Perſon, and who never can ſuffer by this War, be the Event what it will. You are the Perſon I have chiefly in my Eye for that Truſt, if my Daughter here ſhall agree to it; but, poor Woman, I conceal from her the Reaſons of this cautious Proceeding. As to the other Affair, I know that nothing can be diſpoſed of at preſent, but ſomewhat may be ſecured and ſecreted, ſo as to be out of the Reach of this impending Ruin.

You write me that my Funds ſhall always be ready to ſupply me (1), and that my Wife ſhall ever be welcome to yours. Yours I know of, but where are mine? With Regard to my Wife, not to mention the other numberleſs Vexations ſhe has given me, what can be worſe than the following? You wrote her to ſend me Credit for ninety ſix Pounds, for that was the Ballance of my Money in your Hands. She ſent me no more than eighty which ſhe ſaid was all the Ballance that remained. Now if ſhe can clip ſuch a Pittance from a Pittance, I leave you to judge what ſhe would have done had the Sum been large.

There is no *Philotimus* yet arrived, nor has he ſo much as acquainted me, by a Letter, or an Expreſs, of what he has done. People, who come from *Epheſus*, ſay, that they ſaw him ſoliciting a private Law Concern of his own. My Concerns it is very probable, are poſtponed till *Cæſar*'s ar-

(1) *Orig. Nam quod ſcribis, nobis noſtra, et tua Terentiæ, fore parata.* Monſieur *Mongault* tranſlates this Paſſage, *Vous me dites que je trouverai toujours dans mon bien et dans le vôtre, une reſſource pour moi et pour ma femme.* But I think there is ſomething both in the Diſpoſitions of the Words, and in the Connection which leads to my Senſe of this Paſſage.

rival

rival. Therefore I am of Opinion that he is charged with nothing which he thinks of Conſequence enough to Occaſion his ſending an Expreſs to me, and conſequently that I become more and more deſpicable in *Cæſar*'s Eyes; or if he is charged with any Thing of Conſequence, he does not chuſe to communicate it to me, till after he has diſpatched all his own private Affairs. I own this provokes me greatly, but not ſo much as one would imagine. For I think nothing ought to be more indifferent to me than any News which can come from thence. I make no doubt but you know the Reaſon (1).

You adviſe me to accommodate my Looks and my Words to the Times. Though that be no eaſy Matter for me to do, yet I would conſtrain myſelf, did I think it would do me any Service. You write me that you think the Affairs of thoſe, in *Africa*, may be tranſacted by Letters. I wiſh you would write me your Reaſons for thinking ſo, for no Reaſon occurs to me. Mean while, write me whatever contains the ſmalleſt Spark of Comfort; ſhould there be none, which I believe to be the Caſe, write me that there is none. If I hear any News ſooner than you, I will let you know by a Letter. Farewell. Dated *Auguſt* the 6th.

(1) The Reaſon was, becauſe he was afraid, if *Cæſar* ſhould treat him favourably, of being ill-treated by the Republicans.

EPIST. XXIII.

CAIUS Trebonius (1) arrived here from *Seleucia Pieria* (2), upon the 14th of *Auguſt*, having been eight and twenty Days in coming, and he tells me that, at *Antioch*, he ſaw the younger *Quintus* with *Hirtius* waiting upon *Cæſar*, and that they have, with little or no Difficulty, ſucceeded in their Solicitations for my Brother. This would give me the more Pleaſure, if his Succeſs were any Symptom of Encouragement for me. But I have other Things to fear from another Quarter; and even with Regard to *Cæſar*, abſolute as he is, he may chuſe whether he will perform his Conceſſions or not. He has even pardoned *Salluſtius* (3), and in ſhort they ſay, he ſends no Body away with a Denial. This indiſcriminate Lenity gives me Suſpicion, that he has ſome Deſigns ſtill in reſerve. *Marcus*, the Son of *Quintus Gallius*, has reſtored to *Salluſtius* all his Slaves. He came to tranſport *Cæſar*'s Troops into *Sicily*, and he was inſtantly to ſet out for *Cæſar* at *Patræ*. If *Cæſar*'s ſhould go to *Sicily*, I will reſume my Thoughts of drawing nearer the City. I am prodigiouſly impatient for an Anſwer to what I laſt wrote to you, in which I have begged your Advice. Farewell. Dated *Auguſt* the 15th.

(1) He was a *Roman* Knight, and he is mentioned by *Cæſar* in his Commentaries.

(2) This City lay near *Antioch* and *Apamea*.

(3) This was not *Salluſt* the Hiſtorian, but *Cnæus Salluſtius*, who had been Quæſtor under *Bibulus* in *Syria*.

EPIST.

EPIST. XXIV.

ON the 25th of *Auguſt*, I received your Letter dated the 19th, and I no ſooner read my Brother's Letter (1), than it renewed, in the moſt ſenſible Manner, my forgotten Grief, from the former baſe Injuries done me by him. Though the Laws of Friendſhip could, by no Means, diſpenſe with your ſending me that Letter, yet I wiſh it had not been ſent. With Regard to what you write concerning my Wife's Teſtament, you muſt ſee what is to be done, and in what Manner. I formerly gave you her Expreſſions concerning that Money, and I ſhall make uſe of the Credit, you gave me, as I ſhall have Occaſion. It is unlikely that *Cæſar* will be at *Athens* the 1ſt of *September*, for he meets with great Obſtructions in *Aſia*, particularly from *Pharnaces*. It is ſaid, that *Sylla* had no ſooner reached the Twelfth Legion, than they drove the Fellow away with Stones, and it is believed that none of the Troops will march. *Cæſar* is expected immediately in *Sicily* from *Patræ*, but if the above News is true, he muſt of neceſſity come hither. But I ſhould be better pleaſed that he would hold on his intended Courſe, for I might ſomehow eſcape from hence. At preſent, I am afraid that he expects I ſhould wait for him, and, amongſt other Inconveniences, I am here dreadfully oppreſſed by the Thickneſs of the Air.

(1) This Letter had been wrote to *Cæſar* by *Quintus Cicero*, and, being greatly to our Author's Diſadvantage, *Cæſar* generouſly put it into the Hands of *Balbus*, that it might be conveyed to *Cicero*.

You

You adviſe me to accommodate myſelf to the Time, I would take your Advice if my Circumſtances would permit me, and if I could do it by any Means; but ſo great has been my Miſconduct, and Sufferings from my Relations, that I neither can do, nor can I pretend to do any Thing worthy of my Character. You may recollect the Times of *Sylla*. It is true, he was, perhaps, not quite moderate in his exerciſe of Power, but in all other Reſpects, he drew his Sword in Defence of the beſt of Cauſes. But the preſent Times are ſuch, that I muſt forget what I owe to my own and my Country's Dignity, and prefer the general Welfare which is now become inſeparable from my own. I beg you, however, to write to me as often as poſſible, and the rather, becauſe I correſpond with No-body elſe, and though I did with all the World, yet ſtill I would wait with the greateſt Impatience for your Letters. You write me, that I can be of Service in reconciling *Cæſar* to my Brother, I informed you already, that he inſtantly agreed to all the Requeſts of the younger *Quintus*, without the leaſt Mention of me. Farewell.

EPIST. XXV.

THE Packet ſent by the Courier of *Balbus* came duly to my Hand, for in your Letter to me, you ſeem to be afraid that I did not receive that Packet, and indeed, I wiſh I never had; for the Contents of it have renewed my Sorrows. Had it miſcarried, it could have brought me nothing new. For what can be now more notorious than

than my Brother's Hatred of me, and thoſe reproachful Letters he has written concerning me. *Cæſar*, it is true, ſeems to intimate his Diſapprobation of my Brother's Wickedneſs, by his ſending thoſe Letters to his Friends; but in my Opinion, it is in Order to make my Misfortunes the more public. You write me, that you are afraid his unworthy Conduct may do him Prejudice with *Cæſar*, and that the Conſequences ought to be prevented. But let me tell you, that *Cæſar* granted him his Pardon, even before it was aſked for. This gives me no Concern, but I am greatly concerned, that he made no Conceſſion out of any Regard to me.

I believe *Sylla* will be here with *Meſſala* Tomorrow, having met with a Repulſe from the Troops, who refuſed to ſtir a Step without their Pay, and their Arrears. They are going Poſt Haſte to *Cæſar*. He will, therefore, contrary to their Expectation, come hither. It is true, he will be long upon the Road, for he orders his March ſo, that he remains ſeveral Days in every Town. *Pharnaces*, however, do what he will, will retard him (1). How then, do you think, I am to behave? For, at preſent, I am ſcarcely able to bear with the Groſſneſs of this Air, and thus Pain of Body is added to my Anguiſh of Mind. Shall I give the Gentlemen who are going to *Cæſar*, a Commiſſion to make my Apology, and in the

(1) *Cicero* was miſtaken here; for the War with *Pharnaces* detained *Cæſar* no more than five Days, and having beat him as ſoon as he ſaw him, he ſent to the Senate, the celebrated laconic Account of *Veni, vidi, vici*.

mean

mean while, come nearer to *Rome?* Beſtow ſome Thoughts, I beg of you, upon this Point, and aſſiſt me with your Advice, which hitherto you have not done, though I have often requeſted you. I know, it is a Matter of great Difficulty. But conſider, at the ſame Time, my Diſtreſs. It is likewiſe, of great Importance to me, that I ſhould ſee you. Indeed, ſhould that happen, it would do me great Service. I hope, that according to your Promiſe, you will mind the Affair of my Wife's Teſtament.

CICERO's EPISTLES TO *ATTICUS.*

BOOK XII.

EPIST. I.

SEVEN long Days has now passed since I left you, and I write you this Letter before Day-break, as I am leaving my Country-house. I think of passing this Day at *Anagni* (1), and To-morrow at *Tusculum*, that I may keep my Appointment with you on the 26*th*. I think, I could fly to embrace my Daughter, and to fondle your little *Attica*. I pray you to let me hear about the Latter, so that, while I stop at *Tusculum*, I may be informed of her little

(1) This Town still retains its Name, and lies about twelve Leagues from *Rome*.

Prattle,

Prattle; or if ſhe is in the Country, let me know what ſhe writes to you. Mean while, either ſend in writing, or deliver to her in Perſon, my Compliments, and the ſame to *Pilia*; and, though it is not long till we meet, yet write to me whatever ſhall occur.

As I was folding up this Letter, your Expreſs, who had travelled all Night, brought me one from you; and when I read it, I was greatly troubled about your *Attica* having a ſlight touch of a Fever. I fully underſtood from your Letter, all the other Circumſtances I wanted to be informed of. But, as you jeer me, that my Morning Vigour begins to droop; let me tell you, there is no greater Symptom of old Age (1) than a drooping Memory. For I am to be with *Axius* on the 27*th*, with you the 28*th*, and with my Brother the Day on which I arrive, that is the 26*th*. So much for your Taunt (2).—I have no News to write. Then, ſay you, why ſhould you write at all? Why not write about nothing, as well as talk about nothing, when we meet? Let me tell you, there is a Kind of a Pleaſure in goſſipping (3), if it were no more than to hear one another talk.

(1) Orig. γηροντικώτερον. *Senilius.*
(2) Orig. *Hoc igitur habebis.*
(3) Orig. λέσχη. *Confabulatio.*

EPIST. II.

YES—We have ſome News here. 'Tis ſaid, that *Murcus* has periſhed by Shipwreck (1); that *Aſinius Pollio* (2) has fallen alive into the Hands of *Pompey*'s Soldiers; that the ſame Storm forced fifty Ships to put in *Utica*; that *Pompey* (3) cannot be found, and *Patietus* (4) is very poſitive, that he has not been upon any of the *Balearic* Iſlands (5); but all thoſe Reports are deſtitute of Authority. I was willing, however, that you ſhould know how we entertain ourſelves in your Abſence. Mean while, public Plays are celebrating at *Præneſte* (6), where *Hirtius* with the Heads of *Cæſar*'s Party are, and the Exhibitions, it is ſaid, will continue for eight Days. What Entertainments! what Luxuries! and in the mean while, the Fate of the War is, perhaps, decided. Excellent Fellows! As to *Balbus*, he goes on building in his own Way, for why ſhould he be troubled (7)? Now, if you aſk my Opinion, let me tell you, he enjoys Life (8), becauſe he thinks, that ſuch Enjoyment does not conſiſt in Virtue, but in Pleaſure. Mean

(1) This News was falſe.

(2) He was the famous Captain, Orator, Poet, and Critic, who afterwards made ſuch a Figure under *Auguſtus Cæſar*, and who is celebrated by *Virgil* and *Horace*.

(3) He was the Son of the Great *Pompey*.

(4) He was by Birth a *Spaniard*, and a Favourite of *Cæſar*.

(5) Viz. *Majorca*, *Minorca*, and *Yvica*.

(6) This Town lay near to *Tuſculum*, and is at preſent called, *Paleſtrine*.

(7) *Orig.* τὶ γὰρ αὐτῳ μέλει. *Quid enim ille Curæ eſt?*

(8) *Orig.* βεβίωται. *Vita acta eſt.*

while,

while, you are aſleep (1). Now is the Time, if you would prove yourſelf a true Epicurean, for practiſing the grand Maxims (2) of your Sect. If you aſk what I think that is? I anſwer, I think it is to enjoy Life with Pleaſure. But enough.—I ſhall ſoon ſee you, and I hope you will come directly to my Houſe. For we muſt appoint a Day of Audience to *Tyrannio* (3), and we muſt ſettle all our other little Matters.

EPIST. III.

I Think, there is only one Man in the World, and that is yourſelf, who ſtands leſs upon Compliments than I do, and whatever Differences we may have with others, we have none between ourſelves. Therefore, you hear no more than the plain Truth (4), when I vow to you, my deareſt Friend, that *Tuſculanum*, though it is my favourite Reſidence, is inſipid; nay, *Elyſium* (5) itſelf, would be inſipid to me, were I to live any Time in either without your

(1) Our Author here makes Uſe of a good many familiar cant Words, of which I have given the Senſe, and which I leave the Commentators to explain. The Streſs of his Wit lies, in paying a very fine Compliment to *Atticus*, by accuſing him of Inconſiſtency with the Principles of his Sect, which were, that every Man ſhould enjoy Life as much as poſſible, without regarding any Body but himſelf; whereas *Atticus* was continually employed in the Duties of his Family and Friendſhip.

(2) *Orig.* προβλημα. *Quæſtio.*

(3) He had written a Book which, it ſeems, he was to read over to our Author and *Atticus*.

(4) *Orig.* ἀγοηλεύτως. *Sine fuco.*

(5) *Orig.* μακάρων νῆσοι. *Beatorum inſulæ.*

Company.

Company. Therefore, as I ſuppoſe, and know you are equally impatient for my Company (1), as I am for yours, let us do the beſt we can to paſs away thoſe three Days of Abſence. But I wiſh, I knew, what has paſſed to Day about the Sale (2), or what Day you can go thither. Mean while, I divert myſelf with my Books, but I think myſelf unfortunate, in not having with me the Hiſtory of *Vennonius* (3). But I muſt not forget my Buſineſs. I have three Ways of being paid the Debt due to me from *Cæſar*. To make a Purchaſe of confiſcated Effects; a Purchaſe more hateful to me than the Loſs of the Debt would be; and in Fact, beſides the Diſgrace attending it, it is no better than loſing all the Money (4). Or elſe, I muſt take an Aſſignation upon a Buyer, to be paid a Year hence. But whom ſhall I truſt with my Stock? for my Broker's Year will, I am afraid, be as long as that of his *Greek* Nameſake (5): Or laſtly, I muſt, like

(1) *Orig.* πάθει. *Affectu.*

(2) There is ſomething very dark in all this Epiſtle, becauſe it chiefly relates to private Buſineſs. I have tranſlated this Paſſage differently from Monſieur *Mongault*, becauſe, I am of Opinion, *Cæſar* owed *Cicero* Money, as will appear hereafter, and had got an Aſſignation from him upon ſome forfeited Eſtates which were to be ſold by *Meto*, and *Cicero* wanted *Atticus* ſhould be preſent when *Meto* ſold thoſe Goods, in order to receive his Money. I ſhall juſt obſerve, that *Meto* was the Name of a *Greek* Philoſopher, who invented the Cycle of nineteen Years, and which was therefore called, *Meto*'s Year.

(3) He proved to be a very bad Author.

(4) Becauſe, he expected *Cæſar* could not long hold the Government, and he knew, that when he was dead, all his Acts would be reverſed, eſpecially his Gifts of Forfeitures.

(5) Viz. *Meto*, who ſeems in Fact to have been a Broker between *Cæſar* and *Cicero*. After all that can be ſaid, the

like *Vettenus*, make a Compoſition for half the Sum. Think (1), therefore, upon this. Now, I am afraid, that the Auctioneer will not make this Sale, but while the Plays are celebrating, will fly to encreaſe the clappings (2), leſt ſo great a Man ſhould be without his due Applauſe But we will (3) think of it (4).

EPIST. IV.

HOW agreeable, how pleaſureable were your Letters to me. Believe me, they gave me a Holiday. I was in great Pain at what *Tyro* told me, of your appearing to have ſome Symptoms of a Fever (5). I will therefore, take your Advice in enjoying myſelf here a Day longer. But, the Point with Regard to *Cato*, is a very delicate one (6). It is not for me to write of him in ſuch a Manner as to hope for Indulgence, far leſs for Applauſe, from your Gueſts, for my Work. Suppoſing I ſhould drop all Mention of his patriot Speeches in the Senate, his Zeal for his Country, and his Readineſs to ſerve the Public, and but ſlightly (7) touch the Weight of his Behaviour, and the Conſtancy of his Reſolution; even that

Senſe is very uncertain, and *Manutius* thinks, not without a Shew of Probability, that *Meto* himſelf was our Author's Debtor, while Monſieur *Mongault* is of Opinion, that it is a Cant Word for *Cæſar* himſelf.

(1) *Orig.* σκέψαι. *Conſidera.*
(2) *Orig.* κτύπῳ. *Plauſui.*
(3) *Orig.* ἀλογηθῇ. *Negligatur.*
(4) *Orig.* μελήσει. *Curæ erit.*
(5) *Orig.* ἐνερυθέστερον. *Rubicundiorem.*
(6) *Orig.* πρόβλημα ἀρχιμήδειον. *Quæſtio Archimedea.*
(7) *Orig.* ψιλῶς. *Tenuiter.*

would

would give Offence (1) to the Favourites of *Cæſar*. But let me tell you, a Patriot like *Cato* cannot be celebrated without giving him this noble Teſtimony; that he foreſaw all that has happened now, and all that muſt happen hereafter; that he ſtruggled vigorouſly to prevent it, and when he could not, rather than ſee it, he went out of the World. Is there a Favourite (2) of *Cæſar*, who can, with Patience, bear the Mention of ſuch a Character? But I beg you will take Care of your Health, and apply, without Delay, that Prudence to re-eſtabliſh it, which you diſcover in all other Concerns of Life.

EPIST. V.

MY Brother *Quintus* has not half, nay, not the (3) thouſandth Part of a Grain of Senſe, for he rejoices that his Son and *Statius* are become *Luperci*, inſtead of thinking, that by ſo doing, they bring a double Stain upon our Family. I may give *Philotimus* as an Inſtance of the third (4) Madneſs, that can be outdone only by my own in being

(1) *Orig.* ἀκοσμια. *Auditio.*

(2) *Orig. Alledius.* There have been great Diſputes about this Name, but it is moſt probably that he was ſome *Roman*, who was a Favourite both with *Cicero* and *Cæſar*.

(3) I have taken a little, and but very little, Freedom with the Original here. *Quantum ſapit*, is an indefinite Term.

(4) There were at *Rome* two Sets of *Luparcales* (the Officers of an ancient Feaſt in Honour of the God *Pan*) who had ſubſiſted ever ſince the Foundation of the City, the *Fabiani*, and the *Quintiniani*. A third ſet with *Antony* at their Head, was about this Time inſtituted in Honour of *Cæſar*, called the *Lupercii Julii*. As the Ceremonies of this Feaſt conſiſted in

being troubled at it. But what Impudence was it in him to aſk you to defray his Share (1) of the Expences, ſuppoſing as you ſay, your Sources had not been drained (2), and that your Streams flowed as plentifully as the Fountains of *Pirene* (3), or *Arethuſa* (4), for him to quaff, yet to talk to you about defraying (5) thoſe ridiculous Expences (6), eſpecially in his narrow Circumſtances! Where can ſuch Folly end (7)? But let himſelf anſwer for it. I own, I am pleaſed with my *Cato*, but that is no more than *Baſſus Lucilius* is with his Compoſitions (8).

Do you (as you write to me you will) enquire concerning *Cælius*. I know nothing of the Matter farther than I have told you. We muſt take Care as to the Bullion, as well as the Species (9). Let me

Riot and Diſorder, and the Inſtitution itſelf was a Proof of the abject Spirits of the *Romans* at this Time, *Cicero* was very juſtly offended, that his Nephew, and the two favourite Domeſtics of the *Ciceronian* Family ſhould enter themſelves into this Company.

(1) *Orig.* ἔρανον *Munus.*

(2) *Orig.* διψῶσαν κρήνην. *Siculoſum fontem.*

(3) *Orig.* Πειρήνην. *Pirenem.*

(4) There is an Alluſion here to a Paſſage in the firſt Ode of *Pindar*. It ſeems, our Author's Brother had applied to *Atticus* for Money to defray his Son's Part of the Expence of this chargeable Society.

(5) *Orig.* ἀμπνευμα σεμνὸν Ἀλφειῶ. *Reſpirationem venerandam alphei.*

(6) *Orig.* κρήνην. *Fontem.*

(7) *Orig.* ποῖ ταῦτ' ἀῤ ἀποσκήψῃ. *Quonam hæc erumpent.*

(8) *Cicero* wrote a Treatiſe entitled, *Cato* in Defence of *Cato's* Perſon and Principles, which was anſwered by *Cæſar* by another Writing, which he entitled, *Anti Cato*. The *Lucilius Baſſus* here mentioned, ſeems to have been ſome vain pitiful Writer of our Author's Acquaintance.

(9) Our Author very juſtly apprehended, there might be another Revolution of Government, which he ought to provide

me know, if you have any Doubts as to *Hortenſius* and *Virginius* (1). Yet, ſo far as I can perceive, you will have Difficulty to hit upon any Meaſure that is more eligible. You will ſpeak with *Muſtela* in the Terms you write to me, as ſoon as *Criſpus* (2) ſhall arrive. I have written to *Aulus*, that I have ſatisfied *Piſo* (3) concerning what I knew extreamly well of the Gold. For, I am of your Opinion, that ſuch a Way of Proceeding will ſpin Things too much out, and at this Juncture we are to ſcrape together every Thing, and from every Quarter. As to yourſelf, I eaſily perceive, that my Concerns engroſs all your Time, and all your Thoughts, and that they even debar you from the Pleaſure you would have in paying me a Viſit as you propoſe. But I imagine, that you are with me, not only becauſe you are employed in my Buſineſs, but becauſe, I fancy, I ſee in what Manner you are employed, for I can tell what you are doing every Hour of the Day.

I perceive, that *Tubulus* (4) was Prætor under the Conſulate of *Lucius Metellus* and *Quintus*

vide againſt, and therefore, intended to provide a Sum in Gold, by changing into ready Money all his Plate, and moſt valuable Moveables; but he was afraid of being impoſed upon, by having ſome baſe Gold put upon him by the Bankers, who were to tranſact the Exchange for him.

(1) The Perſons here mentioned, ſeemed to have been Bankers.

(2) They ſeem to have been concerned with our Author, as Coheirs in a Succeſſion to an Eſtate.

(3) *Aulus* and *Piſo* were Bankers.

(4) *Atticus* was a great Antiquarian in the Hiſtory and Genealogy of the Families of *Rome*. We find our Author conſulting him upon ſeveral Points, and particularly with Regard to the *Tubulus*, whom he mentions in his Treatiſe *De finibus*.

Maximus. Now, I ſhould be glad to know, under what Conſuls *Publius Scævola* the Chief Prieſt ſerved as Tribune of the Commons. If I am not miſtaken, it was under the following Conſuls, *Cæpio* and *Pompey*, for he was Prætor under *Publius Furius*, and *Sextus Atilius*. You will therefore, make me ſure as to the Time of his Tribuneſhip, and if you can, of what Crime *Tubulus* was impeached. And I beg you will enquire, whether *Lucius Libo* (I mean him who impeached *Sergius Galba*) was Tribune of the Commons in the Conſulate of *Cenſorinus* and *Manilius*, or under that of *Titus Quintius* and *Manius Acilius*, for I am confounded with, (what ſhall I call it?) the *Fannian* Epitome of *Brutus*, or the Epitome which *Brutus* has made of the Annals of *Fannius* (1). I had copied over what was in the End of that Work, and upon that Authority I made *Fannius* the Author of this Hiſtory, to be the Son-in-law of *Lælius*. But you have demonſtrated (2) the Contrary. Now you muſt ſtand your Ground againſt *Brutus* and *Fannius*. As to what I have inſerted in my Treatiſe upon famous Orators, it reſts upon the Authority of *Hortenſius*, from whom I had it, and a good Authority he is (3). You will, therefore, clear up thoſe Matters to me.

I have ſent *Tyro* to meet *Dolabella*. He will return to me on the 13*th*, and on the 14*th*, I look

(1) *Orig. Conturbat enim une epitome Bruti Fanniana) an Bruti epitoma Fannianorum.* This *Fannius* had wrote Annals, which *Brutus*, who was a great Epitomizer of uſeful Works, had abridged.

(2) *Orig.* γεωμετρικῶς. *Argumentis geometricis.*

(3) He was famous for having a good Memory.

for

for you. I perceive how very dear my *Tullia* is to you. I beg, in the moſt earneſt Manner, that you will continue your Affection to her. Let every Thing, therefore, ſtand on its preſent Footing, for ſo you adviſe me in your Letter. Though it is not at all amiſs for me to avoid being at *Rome* on the firſt of the Month, or having any Meeting with thoſe Duns (1) of Uſurers (2), and, though it is proper I ſhould have Time to make up my Accounts, yet nothing can compenſate for my long Abſence from you. When I was at *Rome*, and was in Expectation of ſeeing you every Moment, yet no Day paſſed without my thinking the Hours long till I ſaw you. You know, that I am far from loving Compliments, and therefore, what I expreſs, often falls ſhort of what I feel.

EPIST. VI.

I Beg you will take Care, that there is not too much Alloy in that Gold of *Cælius*. I am no Judge of thoſe Matters, but (3) ſurely, the Exchange has been ſufficiently to my Diſadvantage, and ſhould this Gold——But, what am I talking; I

(1) *Orig.* ἀρχέτυπα. *Primigenias tabulas.*

(2) The Original here is very obſcure, if not vitiated, but I believe, I have hit upon *Cicero*'s Meaning. The Intereſt of Money amongſt the *Romans*, was paid commonly in the Beginning, or Middle of every Month.

(3) Monſieur *Mongault* reads here, *Ego iſta novi*, but I think, the common Reading is better, *Ego iſta non novi*, becauſe he makes Uſe of the like Expreſſion in the laſt Letter, when he ſpeaks of the Banker *Cælius*.

leave all to you. You have here a Touch of the *Hegeſian* Manner (1) which *Varro* commends. Now, as to *Tyrannio*,—is it ſo?——Sure, it cannot be—What without me!——After I, who had ſo much Time upon my Hand, ſo often refuſed to read his Book without you. How will you anſwer to me, for what you have done? There is but one Way, and that is, by ſending me the Book, which I earneſtly entreat you will do. And yet, I ſhall not have greater Pleaſure in the Book than I have had in knowing that you admire it. For, I love in Literature as in Government (2), every Thing that is condeſcending (3), and I am glad that you have had ſuch Pleaſure in an Eſſay on a Subject of ſo little Importance. Yet, that has been always your Way. You pant for Knowledge, the only Food of the Mind. But let me know what Service thoſe Obſervations, either ſharp or ſerious, can be to me, in my Treatiſe concerning the Ends of Things good and evil (4)? But this will lead us into too long a Train, and, perhaps, you are even now buſied in ſome Concern of mine, and for that dry Entertainment which you had in my little Garden, you ſhall repay me with all that is coſtly, and all that is curious (5). But to return where I left off. If you

(1) *Hegeſias* was an *Athenian* Orator, who affected, what the *Engliſh* call a ſnip-ſnap Stile, which found a great many Advocates, and amongſt others *Varro*. But our Author was no Friend to it.

(2) *Orig.* πάντα φιλόδημον *Omnem popularem.*

(3) *Orig.* διωρίαν. *Commentationem.*

(4) *Orig.* τέλος. *Finem.*

(5) *Orig. Et pro iſto aſſo ſole, quo tu abaſus es in noſtro pratulo, ego te nitidum ſolem unctumque repetemus.* The Reader is here to underſtand,

you love me, ſend me *Tyrannio*'s Book. It is now your Property, becauſe he has preſented it to you.

What, are you ſo little of a Man of Buſineſs, as to be able even to read my Orator (1)? That is done like my Friend. Go on, I take it kindly, and will take it more kindly, if you will order your Tranſcribers to inſert, not only in your Copies, but in thoſe of others, the Name of *Ariſtophanes* for that of *Eupolis* (2). As to *Cæſar*, he made himſelf merry with your *moſt humbly ſheweth* (3), but the Expreſſion is both elegant (4), and polite. He deſired you, however, to be eaſy; and that, in ſuch a Manner, as left me no room to doubt of his favourable Intention for you. I am ſorry your Daughter's Illneſs continues ſo long; but, as ſhe has now no Shivering, I hope ſhe will ſoon recover.

underſtand, that the *Aſſus Sol* was an Expreſſion made uſe of by the *Romans*, to ſignify their walking by Way of Regimen in the Sun, quite naked, without anointing themſelves with Oil. But the *nitidus unctuſque ſol*, ſignified their Walking with their Body prepared by rich Oils by Way of Preſervative for their Health and their Skin.

(1) This Sentence is taken from a Speech of *Menedemus*, in the *Heautontimoromen* of *Terence*.

(2) *Cicero*'s Direction was ſo well followed in this Particular, that we have no Copy of his Treatiſe, with this Blunder in it.

(3) *Orig. Quæſo. Cæſar* piqued himſelf greatly upon his being a Critic, on the Purity of the *Latin* Tongue. *Atticus* had preſented him a Petition for ſome Indulgences to the Inhabitants of *Buthrotum*, who were likely to ſuffer ſeverely for their Attachment to *Pompey*.

(4) *Orig.* ἰώπιὸς. *Elegans.*

EPIST. VII.

I Wrote down every Thing you wanted to know in the Tablets (1) I ſent you, which I gave to *Eros*. What I wrote was ſhort, but it contains more in Subſtance than you wanted to know. Amongſt other Things I mentioned my Son, for it was from you I took the Hint with Regard to him. I ſpoke to him in the frankeſt Manner, which I wiſh you would learn from himſelf, when it ſuits your Conveniency to talk with him. But why need I to wait till then? I acquainted him, that it was at my Deſire you had enquired whether there was any Thing he wanted, or wiſhed for. He had a Mind for *Spain*, and that, he ſaid, would require handſome Appointments. I told him, they ſhould be the ſame as *Publius* had given to his Son, or the *Flamen Lentulus* to his. With Regard to his going to *Spain*, I ſtarted two Objections. The Firſt was the ſame I had mentioned to you, that I was afraid of public Reproach. Had we not gone far enough in abandoning the Republican Party, that we ſhould take Arms againſt it?—In the next Place, I told him, it would give him Pain to ſee himſelf outdone by his Couſin in Intereſt with the great Men, and in all Diſtinctions of Honour. I preſſed him to leave himſelf to my Generoſity, rather than indulge his own Fancy, but that I would put no Hardſhip upon him; and this I ſaid, becauſe I underſtood, you was not averſe to his going to *Spain*. I will, however, beſtow farther Thoughts upon that

(1) *Orig. Codicilis.*

Head,

Head, and I beg you will do the ſame. Our great and obvious Buſineſs is to remain quiet. It is hard to ſay, what may be the Conſequences ſhould he go. But we ſhall conſider farther. I wrote likewiſe, in the Tablets, concerning *Balbus*, and I am ſtill of the ſame Mind, as ſoon as he ſhall return. But, if that ſhould not be ſoon, I will ſet out for *Rome* in three Days. I forgot to tell you, that *Dolabella* is here with me.

EPIST. VIII.

A Great many People approve of my Reſolution concerning my Son (1), and the Perſon, who is to attend him, is well qualified. But let us previouſly take care of the firſt Payment of my Daughter's Fortune. The Term is at Hand, and my Son is upon the Wing (2). Let me know I beg of you what *Celer* reports *Cæſar* to have done with Regard to the Candidates, whether he deſigns

(1) *Viz.* To ſend him to *Athens*.

(2) *Orig. Currit ille.* Monſieur *Mongault* underſtands the *ille* here to denote *Dolabella*, and has tranſlated the Paſſage, *Et Dolabella arrive*, though I think, without any Manner of Propriety. The Commentators think, that *Cicero* meant *Cæſar*, whom he expected from *Spain* in a Hurry, and to whom he owed Money. I cannot be of that Opinion, becauſe, it appears from the Words immediately following, that our Author did not apprehend *Cæſar*'s Approach to be ſo ſudden, and we have Reaſon from other Parts of his Works to believe, that he was ſo far from being in *Cæſar*'s Debt, that *Cæſar* was in his. I have therefore underſtood him to ſpeak of his Son, which makes his Meaning to be clear and conſiſtent. With Regard to the other Buſineſs mentioned in this and the following Letters, it moſtly turns upon private Affairs, the Meaning of which is very uncertain.

that

that our Magiſtrates ſhould be nominated in the Meads of *Spain* (1), or in the Field of *Mars*? To ſay the Truth, I ſhould be glad to know whether there is any Neceſſity for my attending the Elections at *Rome*, for I cannot avoid obliging both your Wife (2) and Daughter.

EPIST. IX.

MY Abode here would be very agreeable, and would be daily more ſo, were it not for the Reaſon I mentioned to you in a former Letter. Nothing could be more pleaſureable than this Solitude would be to me, did not the Son of *Amyntas* (3) ſometimes break in upon me. What an inceſſant, what an inſufferable Goſſip he is (4)! As to every Thing beſides, you can form to yourſelf, nothing that is more delightful than is this Villa, the Shore, the Proſpect of the Sea, and in ſhort every Thing that is round me. But it is not worth while to ſwell a Letter with theſe Trifles. And yet I have nothing more material to write, and I am drowſy beſides.

(1) *Orig. In Fænicularium.*

(2) Whoſe Brother *Celer* put in for a Government.

(3) Meaning *Lucius Marcius Philippus* from his being the Nameſake of *Philip* of *Macedon*, the Son of *Amyntas*, and Father of *Alexander* the Great.

(4) *Orig.* ὦ ἀπεραντολογίας ἀηδοῦς! *O infinitam et inſuavem loquacitatem!*

EPIST.

EPIST. X.

I Am vexed, by Heavens I am, at the Death of *Athamas* (1). It is natural for you to be concerned at his Loſs, but it ought not to be to exceſs. Of all the various Paths that lead to comfort, the following is the moſt direct; let Reaſon effect what Time muſt effect. Let us take care of *Alexis*. He is a ſecond *Tyro*, whom I have ſent back ſick to *Rome*, and if epidemical (2) Diſtempers rage in your Quarter, let us convey *Alexis* to my Houſe with *Tiſamenus*. You know that all the upper Part of my Houſe is empty, a Circumſtance which, I think, ought to have great Weight.

EPIST. XI.

THE Death of *Seius* (3), gives me a heavy Heart. But every Lot of Humanity ought to be borne with Patience. For what is Man, or how long Time has he to employ himſelf below? Let us think of Things that ought to concern us more (and but a very little more) nearly. How ſhall I behave in the Senate? That I may forget nothing, *Cæſonius* writes me Word, that *Poſthumia*, the Wife of *Sulpicius*, is come to his Houſe. I have already told you, in Anſwer to yours, that I have at preſent laid aſide all Thoughts of the

(1) He was a favourite Slave of *Atticus*.
(2) *Orig.* ἐπιδήμιον. *Morbi popularis.*
(3) He was a common Friend to *Atticus* and our Author.

Daughter

Daughter of *Pompey* the Great (1). As to the other Lady you mention in your Letter, I ſuppoſe you know her; never did I ſee any Thing more diſagreeable. But I am ſoon to ſee you, and then we will talk farther of theſe Matters.

Your Letter came to my Hand after this was ſealed up; I am glad your Daughter is in ſo good Spirits, but am very ſorry to hear, that ſhe is not free from ſome little Diſorders (2).

EPIST. XII.

PRESS more and more the Payment of my Daughter's Fortune (3). It is flat Tyranny to turn me over to *Balbus*. Put an End to the Thing however at any Rate. It is ſcandalous that my Affairs ſhould lie in this Diſorder. The Iſland near *Arpinum*, ſeems to be proper for the *Apotheoſis* (4) I deſign, but I am afraid it will not do her ſufficient Honour (5), becauſe it is too remote (6) from the Road. I therefore think of my Gardens, but I muſt take a Survey of them when I come to *Rome*.

(1) As there is a conſiderable Diſtance of Time between our Author's laſt Letter and this, the Reader is to underſtand that, in the Interval, he had been divorced from *Terentia*, and he was now thinking of a ſecond Marriage.

(2) *Orig.* συμπάσχω. *Una afficior.*

(3) The Reader is to underſtand, that *Tullia* died in Childbirth, a few Weeks or Days after her Divorce from *Dolabella*, and our Author was ſo ſenſibly affected with her Death, that he was upon the extravagant Deſign of celebrating an Apotheoſis, and building a Temple to her Memory.

(4) *Orig* ἀποθέωσιν. *Conſecrationem.*

(5) *Orig.* τιμήν. *Honorem.*

(6) *Orig.* ἀπρόπτιμος. *A via remota.*

You

You ſhall have your own Way with Regard to the Perſon who is to deliver the Sentiments of *Epicurus* (1), yet I ſhall not hereafter be fond (2) of living Characters for my Interlocutors. You can't imagine what Difficulties I find in this Matter. Let me therefore return to dead Characters, for from them nothing can be taken amiſs (3). I have nothing farther to write to you, and yet I make it a Rule with myſelf to ſend you a Letter every Day, that I may provoke you to give me an Anſwer, not that I expect you will write to me upon any Buſineſs, but I know not how it is, I am ſtill impatient for your Letters. Therefore, whether you have any Thing material to write or not, yet ſtill write me ſomewhat. Mean while take care of your own Health.

EPIST. XIII.

THough I agree with the Phyſician *Craterus*, yet I can't help having my own Fears with Regard to your Daughter. It is true the Letter, I received from *Brutus*, was written like a Man of Senſe, and a Friend, yet ſtill it filled my Eyes with Tears. I am more calm in this Retirement than I was in that Buſtle. You are the only Perſon whoſe Abſence I regret, but I write here with the ſame Eaſe, as if I were at home. But ſtill, the ſame Melancholy preys upon my Spirits, and

(1) *Atticus* was of Opinion, that our Author ought to make uſe of living Interlocutors in his philoſophical Tracts.

(2) *Orig.* μεθαρμόζομαι. *Commuto.*

(3) *Orig.* ἀνεμέσητον γάρ. *Non enim invidioſum.*

keeps

keeps my Reflection alive, believe me, without indulging it, though I own, I am at no great Pains to baniſh it.

As to what you write concerning *Apuleius* (1), I am of Opinion, you need not give yourſelf any great Trouble about it, or ſpeak any Thing to *Balbus* and *Appius* about it. He has already ſatisfied them, and has ordered me to be acquainted, that he would by no Means trouble me, but I beg you will take Care from Day to Day, to renew my Excuſes on Account of my bad State of Health. *Lænas* has undertaken to make Oath of this. To him you may add *Caius Septimius* and *Lucius Statilius.* In ſhort, No-body will refuſe to ſwear, whom you deſire; but ſhould any Thing go againſt us, I will come to *Rome* in Perſon, and ſwear, that I am not in Health, and never will be. For, as I intend never to be preſent at thoſe Entertainments, I chooſe rather to have a legal Excuſe, than that of Sorrow, for my Abſence. I deſire, that you will dun *Coccius.* He has not performed his Promiſe to me; and I want to buy ſome Place where I may retire, and where I may hide and enjoy my Grief in Solitude.

(1) He was choſen into the *Augural* College, and *Cicero*, as one of his Collegues, was obliged to attend a Feaſt he made of Courſe, unleſs he could be excuſed, by getting three Perſons to ſwear, that he was in a bad State of Health.

EPIST. XIV.

I Sent you a Letter Yeſterday, about making my Excuſe of Abſence to *Apuleius*. I ſuppoſe, you will find no Difficulty in it, for no body whom you deſire, will refuſe to ſwear, but you may apply to *Septimius*, to *Lænas*, and to *Statilius*. But *Lænas* took the whole upon himſelf to me. You write me, that you are ſued by *Junius*. Why, *Cornificius* is a rich Man; but ſtill, I deſire to know at what Time I entered into thoſe Recognizances, and whether it was for the Father or the Son, and the rather, becauſe, as you write me, you will thereby ſee the Agents of *Cornificius*, and the Cormorant *Apuleius*.

You expreſs your uſual Kindneſs in your Endeavours, to make me baniſh this Melancholy. You know, my Friend, I have done all I can. There is not one Sentiment concerning Conſolation under Affliction, that I did not read over at your Houſe. But my Sorrows have got the better of all Comfort. I even went farther than any Man ever did before me, for I ſtrove to write myſelf out of my Affliction, by addreſſing Letters to myſelf. I will ſend you the Book of them, when my Amanuenſes have tranſcribed them. Take my Word for it, that no Kind of Conſolation comes up to it. I write for whole Days together. Not that I make any Progreſs in my Cure, but it employs me, not ſufficiently indeed, for my Affliction is very intenſe; but ſtill I am amuſed, and I do all in my Power, not to cure my Mind, but, if poſſible, to preſerve a decent Appearance. While I

endeavour to do this, I ſometimes think I am to blame; and ſometimes, I think, I ſhould be to blame, did I not endeavour to do it. I am ſomewhat aſſiſted by Solitude, but my Advances would be much greater had I your Company; this is my ſole Reaſon for leaving this Place. For, conſidering my Afflictions, my Situation was tolerable, though my leaving this Place is the very Thing I am ſorry for. For you can no longer be the ſame to me as you was, all that endeared me to you is now vaniſhed.

I have already acquainted you by writing of *Brutus*'s Letter to me. He writes like a Man of Senſe, but his Letter did me no Service. I wiſh that he would come to ſee me, as he wrote to you he would. I make no Doubt, but that would do me Service; becauſe he has ſo great an Affection for me. I beg that you will write me whatever you hear; above all, when do you think *Panſa* ſets out. I am in Pain about *Attica*'s Illneſs, but yet I have great Faith in her Phyſician *Craterus*. Do you forbid *Pilia* to torment herſelf; for you are accuſtomed to grieve ſufficiently for every Body.

EPIST. XV.

AS you do not think, that a general Excuſe for the whole Time is proper, I beg you will take Care to excuſe me from Day to Day with *Apuleius*. In this Solitude, I am without all Converſation, and in the Morning, when I have plunged myſelf into a thick ruggy Wood, I never leave

leave it before the Evening. Next to yourſelf, I have no Friend but Solitude. In it, all my Converſation is with Letters, and even that Converſation is interrupted by Tears, which I check as much as I am able, but hitherto they are too hard for me. I will, as you adviſe me, write an Anſwer to *Brutus*. To-morrow you ſhall have that Letter. You will deliver it whenever you have an Opportunity.

EPIST. XVI.

I Would not have you neglect your own Buſineſs to come to me. If you ſhould be longer detained, I would rather come to you. Nor indeed, would I have left your Company if any Thing could poſſibly have done me Service. Could my Caſe admit of Relief, it muſt come from you alone. As ſoon as it is in the Power of Man to give me Comfort, that Man muſt be yourſelf. Even at preſent, I cannot enjoy Life without you. But it was inconvenient to live at your Houſe, and I could not live at my own, and had I been nearer *Rome*, yet ſtill I could not be with you. The ſame Buſineſs that now detains you from ſeeing me, would have detained you then. Hitherto, I have found no ſuch Relief as in this Solitude. How I dread, leſt *Philippus* ſhould break into it, for he arrived Yeſterday in the Evening. Scribbling and Reading do not ſooth my Sorrows, but they ſtupify my Brain.

EPIST. XVII.

I HAVE a Letter from *Marcianus*, informing you, that I am excuſed with *Apuleius* by *Laterenſis*, *Naſo*, *Lænas*, *Torquatus*, and *Strabo*. I beg you will take Care to write to them in my Name, to let them know how much I am obliged to them for this Service. *Flavius* ſays, that about twenty-five Years ago, I entered into Engagements for *Cornificius*. The Party is worth Money, and *Apuleius* is a well-bred Land-Jobber; yet I beg, that you will take Care to conſult the Books of my Co-ſureties, whether it is ſo or not. Before my Ædileſhip, I had no Dealings with *Cornificius*. Yet the Thing is poſſible, but I want to be at a Certainty, and if you think proper, you may attach his Agents. Yet after all, what is it to me? though ſtill one ought not to neglect ſuch a Thing. You will let me know, as ſoon as you know yourſelf, when *Panſa* ſets out. Preſent my Compliments to your Daughter, whom I beg you will take all Manner of Care of, and to your Wife.

EPIST. XVIII.

WHILE I avoid thoſe Remembrances which produce a heart-biting Grief, I avoid conſulting with you. But if I have ſtill that unaccountable Deſire, you muſt pardon it. For ſome of the Authors I am now reading, tell me,

me, that the Thing I ſo often have mentioned to you, and which I am ſo earneſt that you ſhould approve of, ought to be carried into Execution (1). I mean, that ſame Temple, and as you love me you will think of it. As to the Plan, I am in no Doubt of fixing upon that of *Cluatius*, neither have I any Difficulties as to the Materials; but I cannot ſay the ſame as to the Place where it is to ſtand. I beg, therefore, you would beſtow ſome Thought upon that. For my own Part, I will in this enlightened Age, conſecrate the Memory of my

(1) It muſt be acknowledged, that our Author was no more fixed in his Principles of Philoſophy, than in thoſe of Government. Accidents, and different Situations of Life had great Impreſſion upon both. It is true, he wiſhed well to his Country, and his Heart was naturally good and ſincere, but we find him ſometimes not quite conſiſtent with what he is at other Times. When he wrote this Letter, he was greatly affected by his Daughter's Death, and in that Diſpoſition of Mind that is moſt ſuſceptible of religious Apprehenſions. This made him pay the greater Regard to the Sentiments of thoſe Philoſophers, who were the moſt averſe to the Epicurean Doctrine of his Friend, and who encouraged the Belief of the Immortality of the Soul, which our Author in many other Parts of his Works, treats as a Doctrine, the Truth of which is more to be wiſhed than hoped for. It is more than probable, that this Book of Conſolation, of which only a few Fragments now remain, was compoſed entirely upon the Principles of the Soul's Immortality, for otherways, his building a Temple to the Memory of his Daughter, and in a Manner conſecrating the ſame, muſt have appeared to *Atticus* ridiculous and fantaſtic. Mean while, it may be proper here to remark, that the Building ſuch Temples, or conſecrated Places by Parents, to the Memory of their Children, is juſtly accounted by the moſt ancient and venerable Authors to be the great Source of Superſtition. The Grief of a Parent upon the Loſs of a Child, being more intenſe, and conſequently more extravagant than that of a Child upon the Loſs of a Parent. Our Author even tells, that the Word Superſtition came from thoſe who all Day ſacrificed, and prayed, that their Children might outlive themſelves. *Qui tota die precabantur & immolabant ut ſibi ſui liberi ſuperſtites eſſent, ſuperſtioſi ſunt appellati.* Lib. 1, de Nat. Deorum.

Daughter with every Monument of every ingenious Writer, be he *Greek*, or *Latin*; a Thing, which may, perhaps, make my Wound bleed afreſh. But I now look upon myſelf as bound by a ſolemn Vow and Engagement, and I am more affected by that Length of Time in which I am to have no Exiſtence in this World, than with the narrow (but to me it ſeems too long) Span of Life, that ſtill remains to me.

Nothing have I left uneſſay'd, but I can find no Reſt. For while I employed myſelf in that Work, which I have formerly mentioned to you, I ſoothed, as it were, my Anguiſh; but now I loath every Thing; nor can I find any better Refuge than in Solitude, which *Philippus* (as I was afraid he would) has not yet diſturbed. For Yeſterday, as ſoon as he had paid me his Compliments, he ſet out for *Rome*. I have, as you deſired, ſent you the Letter which I have written to *Brutus*; you will take Care, that it be ſent off with yours; mean while, I have ſent you a Copy, that if you are not pleaſed with the Contents, you may keep back the Original.

You write me Word, that my domeſtic Affairs are ſettling in due Order; I pray you, write me the Particulars; for there are ſome I am impatient to know. Take care that *Cocceius* does not give us the Slip. I think, from what *Eros* writes, that we may depend upon *Libo*'s Word. As to my Stock, I truſt in *Sulpicius* and *Egnatius*. I cannot imagine, what your Difficulties can be with Regard to *Apuleius*, as it is ſo eaſy to obtain a Diſpenſation. You write me, you intend to ſee me; I beg

you

you will take Care, that it may put you to no Inconveniency. For the Journey is a long one, and ſhould you be obliged to leave me ſoon, our parting will give me infinite Pain. But every Thing ſhall be as you incline. For my Part, do what you will, I ſhall always both think it right, and that you do it out of Affection for me.

Yeſterday, when I underſtood by Letters from others, that *Antony* was arrived (1), I was ſurprized your Letters mentioned nothing about him: But you, perhaps, wrote them the Day before their Date. Even thoſe Matters, however, give me no Concern. But I am of Opinion, that the Affair of

(1) He had ſet out for *Spain*, but came back in a Hurry to *Rome*, on the following Account. He was in great Favour with *Cæſar*, being one of the moſt proper Inſtruments which that great Man could employ in ſubverting the public Virtue of his Countrymen, and conſequently, the Conſtitution of his Country; not, I believe, that *Cæſar* would have deſired either, had not both of them been incompatible with his Safety. Add to this, that *Antony* was a Man of Wit and Parts; he lived at an immenſe Expence, and was in all Reſpects, a Soldier of Fortune. This, and his Intimacy with *Cæſar*, made him preſume upon that great Man's Friendſhip, and he had bought moſt of *Pompey*'s Effects at Auction, in Hopes that *Cæſar* would not call upon him for the Payment. But *Cæſar* was of all Mankind the greateſt Maſter of his own Affections, excepting that for Power. Like other great Politicians, he encouraged his Miniſters in their Extravagancies, that he might have the Popularity of puniſhing them. The buying of the great *Pompey*'s Effects, had raiſed a terrible Clamour at *Rome* againſt *Antony*, and *Cæſar* wiſely availed himſelf of it. For *Antony* neglecting to make Payment (the Sum being very large) *Cæſar* ordered *Lucius Plancus* to ſeize all *Antony*'s Effects, and to ſell them for Diſcharge of the Debt. The News of this Order reached *Antony*'s Ears when he was on his Road to *Spain*, and it was to prevent that Sale that he returned in the Hurry mentioned here.

his Purchaſe has brought him back in ſuch a Hurry.

As to what you write me, *Terentia* ſays concerning the Witneſſes to the ſealing up of my Teſtament (1); you are, in the firſt Place, to believe, that I mind none of thoſe Matters, nor can any Thing give me the ſmalleſt Concern or Surprize. But, after all, in what does my Conduct reſemble hers? She refuſed to call in thoſe Witneſſes, whom ſhe thought would enquire to know the Contents of what they were to witneſs. But did I make any Difficulty of that? Let her then do as I have done. Let who will read my Teſtament, I am ready to produce it: She may ſatisfy herſelf, that I could not ſhew greater Regard, than I have ſhewn, for my Grandſon. As to my not calling ſuch or ſuch Perſons to witneſs its ſealing up; in the firſt Place, it did not come into my Head; and for this Reaſon, in the next Place, becauſe it was of no Signification. Perhaps, you may yourſelf remember, that I ſpoke to you to bring ſome of your Friends to witneſs it. For what Occaſion was there for a great many? It is true, I ordered my Domeſtics to attend. You was of Opinion, that I ſhould ſend for *Silius*; and that put it into my Head to ſend for *Pubilius* to be preſent;

(1) *Cicero* was at this Time thinking of marrying another Wife, *Pubilia*, whom he afterwards married. This ſeems to have come to *Terentia* Ears, becauſe, *Cicero* had invited *Pubilius*, the Lady's Brother, to be Witneſs to his Teſtament, and had omitted to ſend for the Relations of his own and her Family. This furniſhed *Terentia* with Matter of Complaint, as if our Author had done, or intended to do ſomething that was unhandſome towards his Grandſon *Dolabella*'s Son.

though

though there was no Neceſſity for either. You will manage this Point as you ſee proper.

EPIST. XIX.

THIS I own is a very pleaſant Place (1). It is ſituated in the Sea itſelf, and may be ſeen from *Antium* and *Circe*; but, as in a long Succeſſion of Ages, the Succeſſion to Property (2) may be next to infinite, I am to take Care, ſhould the Monument I think of continue to exiſt, that it ſhall have the ſame Regard paid to it as is paid to conſecrated Places. I now give myſelf no trouble about Revenues; I can be contented with a little. I ſometimes think of purchaſing ſome Country Seat on the other Side of the *Tyber*, and chiefly, becauſe I know no Place that has a greater Reſort to it (3). But, we will conſult about what Seat it ſhall be when we meet together, but ſtill we muſt order

(1) Meaning *Aſtura*, lying between the Promontory of *Antium*, and that of *Circe*.

(2) The Antients, as appears from the Works of our Author, and many others, were extreamly delicate with Regard to their Burying Places; and they commonly excepted them from the other Parts of Heritage, which could be diſpoſed of by Conveyance or Succeſſion, and, as it were, entailed them for ever upon the Purpoſes to which they were originally deſigned. *Cicero*, therefore, in this Paſſage, enclines to entail the Spot where this Temple ſhould be built in the ſame Manner, and nothing was wanting that Laws or Imprecations could effect to preſerve ſuch Deſtinations forever ſacred and inviolable. *Atticus* ſeems to have adviſed *Cicero* to build his Temple at *Aſtura*.

(3) Becauſe, he intended there to build his Temple, which he wanted to have as public as poſſible to do Honour to the Memory of his Daughter.

Matters

Matters ſo, that the Temple may be finiſhed this Summer. Mean while, do you finiſh the Bargain concerning the Pillars with *Apellas* of *Chios*.

I approve of what you write, concerning *Cocceius* and *Libo*, and chiefly with Regard to my ſitting as Judge (1). I ſhould be glad to know, if you have received any farther Information concerning that Bail, and likewiſe, what the Agents of *Cornificius* are ſaying; but yet I ſhould be loth to put you, who have ſo much Buſineſs already, to any extraordinary Trouble in that Affair. *Balbus* and *Oppius* have likewiſe written to me concerning *Antony*, and that their Writing was agreeable to you, for Fear I ſhould have been diſturbed. I returned them Thanks, but I would have you to know, as I have already writ to you, that I am to be diſturbed neither by that News, nor any other that can poſſibly happen. If, as you mentioned, *Panſa* is ſet out this Day, you will inſtantly begin to write me, how ſoon you look for the Arrival of *Brutus*, that is, what Day he is to be at *Rome*. If you know where he is at preſent, you can eaſily form a pretty near Conjecture as to that.

As to what you write to *Tyro* concerning my Wife, I beg, my deareſt Friend, that you will take the whole of that Matter upon yourſelf. No-body knows ſo well as you do, how far I am engaged in Honour and Duty, and as ſome think, in Juſtice to my Son. As to my own Part, I am determined by nothing near ſo much as by the Ties of

(1) He at this Time declined all public Offices of a Senator, particularly in that of preſiding in the Courts of Law, or upon Trials or Arbitrations.

Virtue

Virtue and Honour, eſpecially as I think, all Aſſurances of the other Party (1), are neither ſincere nor ſtable.

EPIST. XX.

YOU ſeem not to be quite ſenſible, how very unconcerned I am about *Antony*, and every Thing of that Kind. With Regard to *Terentia*, I informed you in the Letter I wrote Yeſterday. You give me Advice, and you ſay, you do it at the earneſt Requeſt of my other Friends, that I ſhould conceal the Exceſs of my Grief. Is it poſſible for me to do that better than by ſpending whole Days in Study? I do it, it is true, not to conceal my Affliction, but to ſooth, and to cure my Mind; but though it may not have the Effect I wiſh for upon myſelf, yet ſurely it conceals from the World the Appearances of exceſſive Grief. This Letter is conſiderably ſhorter, becauſe I wait for your Anſwer to my Letter of Yeſterday. I am chiefly impatient for your Sentiments, with Regard to the Temple, and I am ſomewhat curious to know about *Terentia*. I beg you will inform me by your next Letter, whether *Cnæus Cæpio*, the Father of *Servilia*, the Wife of *Claudius*, periſhed by Sea in his Father's Life-time, or after he was dead, or whether *Rutilia* died before or after the Death of her Son *Caius Cotta*? Theſe Queſtions relate to the Treatiſe I have compoſed concerning the Means of abating Affliction.

(1) Meaning *Terentia*.

EPIST.

EPIST. XXI.

I Have read, and ſent back to you, the Letter of *Brutus*, which is, by no Means, a decent Anſwer to your Requeſt. But let him ſee to that (1), and yet it is ſcandalous for him to be ſo ignorant of that Matter. He ſuppoſes that *Cato* firſt gave his Vote for putting the Conſpirators to death. Now all the other Magiſtrates, excepting *Cæſar*, had voted the ſame Way before, and as the Opinion of *Cæſar*, who then ſpoke only in his quality of Prætor, was ſo ſevere, he thinks that the Sentiments of the Conſulars, *Catulus*, *Servilius*, the *Luculli*, *Curio*, *Torquatus*, *Lepidus*, *Gellius*, *Volcatius*, *Figulus*, *Cotta*, *Lucius Cæſar*, *Caius Piſo*, with *Manius*

(1) I have, in ſeveral Animadverſions upon our Author's Works, thrown out ſome Doubts with Regard to the Conſpiracy of *Catiline*, eſpecially as it has been repreſented by our Author. I ſhall not here trouble my Reader with my Reaſons for being of a very different Opinion from the Reſt of the World upon that Subject, and for believing that our Author, impelled by his own Fears, put the Conſpirators to death without any legal Evidence of their Guilt. I cannot, however, help obſerving, that the Paſſage before us very ſtrongly confirms my Suſpicion of *Cicero*'s Inſincerity in his whole Account of that Matter. Notwithſtanding that Force of Affliction for the Loſs of his Daughter, which he ſo feelingly repreſents, we here ſee his Vanity get ſo much the better of him, that he employs his Friend *Atticus* to prevail with *Brutus*, who was the very Soul of Truth, to alter a Narrative of that Conſpiracy which he had made in a Panegyric upon his Uncle *Cato*, and in which our Author thought he was not mentioned in Terms ſufficiently for his Advantage. In fact, *Brutus* begged to be excuſed, and admitted only of one Circumſtance, in which he was ſet right by *Atticus*. The Reader is to obſerve, that *Cæſar*, as Prætor, ſpoke before *Cato*, who was only Tribune elect. As ſuch, however, he ſpoke before all the private Senators, ſo that the *omnis*, here mentioned, is to be underſtood not of the whole Body of the Senate, but of thoſe who bore or had borne public Employments.

Glabrio,

Glabrio, and *Silanus*, and *Murena*, Conſuls elect, was more mild. Why then was the Sentence drawn up according to *Cato*'s Opinion? The Reaſon was he ſpoke to the Point more perſpicuouſly and copiouſly than the others did. With regard to me, he praiſes me for reporting, not for diſcovering, the Conſpiracy, without mentioning the Spirit I raiſed againſt the Conſpirators, and that the Meaſure which followed was no more than what I reſolved upon before the Thing was debated in the Senate. *Cato* extolled all this to the Skies, and was of Opinion that it ought to be inſerted in the Sentence, for which Reaſon a Majority divided for his Motion. *Brutus* thinks he pays me a mighty Compliment when he calls me an "excellent Conſul." But could an Enemy ſpeak of me in colder Terms? With regard to the reſt, in what Manner has he written to you? All he deſires of you is to correct the Reſolution of the Senate. He could not have avoided doing this, had his Miſtake been pointed out to him by the moſt deſpicable of all our Acquaintance (1). But let him anſwer for that likewiſe.

As you approve my Deſign of a Country-Houſe (2), I beg you will do ſomething in that Matter. You know my Funds. Now if we can get any Thing from (3) *Faberius*, I ſhall have little or no Difficulty in making the Purchaſe. The Seat of *Druſus* certainly is to be purchaſed, and perhaps

(1) *Orig. Ranius.* Who was it ſeems a Perſon of little or no Conſideration.

(2) *Orig. Horti.* Gardens which I have tranſlated, a Country Houſe or Seat of which the Gardens were the chief Embelliſhment,

(3) He owed our Author Money.

thoſe

thoſe of *Lamia* and *Caſſius*. But we ſhall talk of thoſe Matters when we meet. As to *Terentia*, I cannot write of her more handſomely than you do. Let us, in the firſt Place, have Regard to what Virtue and Duty requires. If I ſhould be miſtaken, I ſhould chuſe to ſuffer, by being deceived by her rather than by myſelf. Five hundred Pounds muſt be paid to *Ovia*, the Wife of *Caius Lollius*; *Eros* ſays he cannot raiſe the Money without me, I ſuppoſe on Account of his giving ſome Goods and Effects to be appraiſed. I wiſh he had talked of the Matter to you, for, if, as he writes me it be true, that Matters are in ſuch Readineſs, the Affair may be finiſhed by you; I beg you will enquire into and ſettle the whole Matter.

You invite me to reſume my Functions in the Forum, the Place which I had declined before I was overtaken by Affliction. What is the Forum to me? Where are its Courts of Juſtice? Where is the Senate, while thoſe, whom I cannot behold with Patience, are perpetually ruſhing upon my Sight? You tell me the Public calls upon me to come to *Rome*, that it will not diſpenſe with my Preſence, and that I have been diſpenſed with hitherto only upon certain Terms. But be it known to you, my Friend, that, for this long Time, you ſingly have been more dear to me than all the Public, and I have not ſuch a contemptible Opinion of myſelf, as not to chuſe to follow my own Sentiments, than that of all the others you mention, be who they will. And yet I do not exceed the Bounds that are preſcribed me by the moſt learned Authors, whoſe Writings I have thoroughly read over, and all that is upon the Subject of Conſolation,

ſion, becauſe I thought it a Mark of Courage in a Patient to ſearch for his Cure. Nay, I have tranſplanted their Sentiments into my own Works, which ſurely was no Symptom of a deſponding, abject, Spirit. I beg therefore that you will not call me from this Regimen into the Buſtle of Life, leſt I ſhould relapſe.

EPIST. XXII.

IT is not acting by me with your uſual Friendſhip, to load me with the whole Affair of *Terentia*. For thoſe are the very Wounds which I cannot bear to have handled without roaring out through Anguiſh. Do therefore all you can to ſooth my Affliction; I aſk no more of you than you can do, and beſides you are the only Perſon who can diſcover her true Sentiments. As I perceive you are in ſome Difficulty, with Regard to *Rutilia*, I beg you to write me as ſoon as you come to a Certainty, and whether *Clodia* ſurvived *Decimus Brutus*, the Conſular. You may know the firſt from *Marcellus*, or at leaſt from *Poſthumia*; and the Second from *Marcus Cotta*, from *Scyrus* or *Satyrus*.

I beg leave again to put you in Mind of the Country Seat I am to purchaſe, for which I muſt employ, if my own Means ſhould be ineffectual (which I hope they will not be) the Credit of my Friends, who, I am ſure, will not fail me. Beſides there are ſome Effects which I can ſell very conveniently. But if you will aſſiſt me, I need to ſell nothing, but pay Intereſt for a Year and no longer

for

for the Sum I agree for, which is the Method I would chuſe. The Seat of *Druſus* is the moſt likely for my Purpoſe, for he wants to ſell it. Next to them, I think on that of *Lamia*, but he is not at *Rome*. Do you, however, be on the Scent as much as you can. *Silius* makes uſe of no Country Seat, and he can live very well upon the Intereſt I ſhall pay him. You are to lay yourſelf out for this without minding the Situation of my private Affairs, which I am very little anxious about, but you are to conſider what I wiſh for, and my Motives for wiſhing it.

EPIST. XXIII.

YOU begin your Letter to me in ſuch a Manner, that I expected ſome News from it. You tell me that though I did not mind what paſſed in *Spain* (1), yet that you ſtill would inform me by writing. But I perceive that all you write is in Anſwer to my Letters, particularly concerning the *Forum*, and the Senate. But you tell me my Houſe is a *Forum*. What Occaſion have I for a Houſe itſelf, if I am debarred from the *Forum*? Long, long, my deareſt Friend, have I made it no Secret, and I make it none now, that I loſt all Reliſh for Life, after loſing the only Bleſſing that could make me love it. I therefore court Solitude; and yet, ſhould any Accident draw me to *Rome*, I will endeavour, all that is in my Power (and I

(1) *Cæſar* was then carrying on the War againſt *Pompey*'s Sons in *Spain*, of which *Atticus* had promiſed to give our Author ſome Account.

know

know it to be in my Power) that none beſides myſelf ſhall perceive my Anguiſh, nay, if poſſible, that even you ſhould not perceive it. There is another Cauſe for my not going to *Rome*. You remember the Requeſt which *Aledius* (1) made to you; if in this Situation they peſter me, what would they do ſhould I go to *Rome*? You may manage with *Terentia*, in the Manner you write me, and in ſo doing you extricate me from a mighty overload of mighty Affliction.

But now to make you ſenſible that my Sorrows, great as they are, have not bereft me of Senſe, I obſerve that you mention, in your Annals, under what Conſuls *Carneades* (2) came at the Head of that Embaſſy to *Rome*. Now I want to know what the Subject of that Embaſſy was. If I miſtake not, it was concerning the City of *Oropus*, but I am not ſure. Taking that however for granted, I ſhould be glad to know upon what Subjects they diſputed; and likewiſe who the noble Epicurean was at *Athens*, who, at that Time, preſided in their Gardens (3), and likewiſe who was the moſt diſtinguiſhed Stateſman (4) in that City. All this I

(1) He was a Friend of *Cæſar*'s, and he had informed *Atticus* how kindly *Cæſar* would take it, if our Author would ſo far Countenance his Proceedings as to appear in the Senate at *Rome*.

(2) This celebrated Embaſſy came from *Athens*, with the Philoſopher *Carneades* at the Head of it, in order to obtain a Mitigation of a Fine impoſed, by the *Romans*, upon the *Athenians* for plundering the City *Oropus*.

(3) The Diſciples and Followers of *Epicurus* held their Schools and Aſſemblies in his Gardens at *Athens*, in the ſame Manner as the Diſciples of *Plato* did in the Academy, thoſe of *Ariſtotle* in the *Lyceum*, and thoſe of *Zeno* in the Portico.

(4) *Orig.* πολιτικοὶ. *Reip. tractandæ periti.*

believe you may learn from *Apollodorus* (1). I am concerned about your Daughter's Illneſs, but, as it is ſlight, I hope ſhe is in a fair Way. I have not the leaſt Doubt with Regard to *Gamala*'s death; for why ſhould *Ligus* be the only happy Father? For my Part, had I my Choice of all I could deſire in this Life, I never could admit of Comfort.

You write me how much the Seat of *Druſus* is valued at: I heard of it before, and if I miſtake not, I mentioned it in my Letter to you of Yeſterday, but be what it will, there is no paying too dear for a Thing which one muſt have. Whatever Opinion you may entertain, yet I know enough of myſelf to be ſenſible that that Purchaſe, if it does not abate my Anguiſh, will at leaſt acquit me of a Debt of Duty. I have written to *Syca*, becauſe he is the Friend of *Lucius Cotta*. If we can come to no Agreement concerning the Tranſtiburine Gardens, *Cotta* has near to *Oſtia* a Seat in a very frequented Place. It is ſmall indeed, but it is more than large enough for my Purpoſe. I beg you would think of that, but without being ſtartled at the Price of the other Gardens. I have now no Occaſion for Plate, for Raiment, or for Houſes of Pleaſure. This Seat is all I want. I know who can aſſiſt me in the Purchaſe, but you will talk with *Silius*, for nothing could ſuit me better than his Seat. I have given *Syca* a Commiſſion concerning this Matter likewiſe, and he writes me in Anſwer, that he has fixed a Day to treat with *Silius*. Therefore write me what he has done, and do as you judge proper.

(1) He was an Epicurean, and had wrote the Life of his Maſter, with the Annals of the old Philoſophers.

EPIST.

EPIST. XXIV.

IT happens luckily that *Silius* has ſettled that Matter, for I was not willing to diſappoint him, and I was in ſome Doubts about my own Ability. You will finiſh that Affair with *Ovia*, in the Terms you promiſe me. I think now it is high Time to diſpoſe of my Son. But let me know whether he can have Credit upon *Athens*, for what Money he may have Occaſion for, or whether he muſt carry it with him in Specie? I beg you would conſider of the whole Matter, how, in what Manner, and when he is to proceed. You may learn from *Alediuſ*, whether *Publius* (1) is to go to *Africa*, and when; and then I beg you will let me know by a Letter. But to return to my own trifling Amuſements; I deſire you will inform me whether *Publius Craſſus*, the Son of *Venuleia*, died in his Father's Life-time, as I think he did, or afterwards. I have the ſame Queſtion to aſk with regard to *Regillus*, who, if I remember rightly, died before his Father *Lepidus*. You will finiſh the Affair of *Ciſpius*, and likewiſe that of *Præcius*. I am extremely glad of *Attica*'s Recovery. Pray make my Compliments to her, and to *Pilia*.

(1) He probably was the ſame, who, after the Death of *Cæſar*, embraced the Cauſe of Liberty, and was proſcribed by the *Triumvirs*. He afterwards came into great Favour with *Auguſtus Cæſar*, who valued him the more for having the Courage to carry about with him the Portraiture of *Brutus*.

EPIST. XXV.

SICA has wrote me a very particular Account of his Tranſaction with *Silius*, and he informs me, as you do, that he has laid the Matter before you. I am pleaſed with my Bargain and the Terms, but I ſhould chuſe to pay him in Money, rather than give him any Thing in exchange, for *Silius* will put no Value upon a Houſe of Pleaſure. Now, with Regard to my Land Eſtate, I can live upon it, and that is as much as I can do. Then, ſay you, how can you raiſe the ready Money? You are to preſs *Hermogenes* for the Payment of that fifty Pounds, eſpecially now that I am ſtraitened for Money; and I perceive I have as much in my Houſe. As for the Remainder of the Sum, I either will pay Intereſt for it to *Silius*, while my Affair with *Faberius* is ſettling, or I will take a Draught from *Faberius* for the Sum, upon ſome of his Debtors. I ſhall likewiſe receive ſomewhat from another Hand, but you ſhall be Maſter of the whole Tranſaction. For my own Part, I prefer his Seat to that of *Druſus*, nor indeed were they ever compared together. Take my Word for it I have but one Motive for the Purchaſe, and I am ſenſible it diſorders my Head (1), but I beg you will continue to humour me in this Failing. As to what you tell me concerning the Manner in which a Patriot ought to ſpend his old Age (2), every Thing of that Kind is over with me, I have other Purſuits in view.

(1) *Orig.* τετυφῶσθαι. *Nimia cupiditate accenſum.*
(2) *Orig.* ἐγγήραμα. *Senectutis occupatio.*

EPIST.

EPIST. XXVI.

SICA writes to me, that though he has come to no Concluſion with *Aulus Sibius*, yet he himſelf would come hither the 22d. I know how much you are buſied too well, for me not to excuſe you. I am extreamly ſenſible how willing, or rather how anxious, and how earneſt you are, that we ſhould have a Meeting. With Regard to *Nicias* (1), whom you mention, there is no Man's Company whom I could be more fond of than his, were I in a Diſpoſition to enjoy the Charms of his Converſation; but Solitude and Retirement are now my only Enjoyments. I am moſt deſirous of *Sica*'s Company, becauſe he can bear Solitude ſo well. Beſides, you are no Stranger to the Weakneſs, the Delicacy, and the Habits of our Friend *Nicias*. Why therefore ſhould I give him Pain, when he can give me no Pleaſure? His affectionate Offer, however, is to me extreamly obliging. There is one Thing (2) you touch upon in your Letter, to which I am determined to give you no Anſwer. For I am in Hopes that I have prevailed with you to rid me of that Plague. My Compliments to your Wife and Daughter.

(1) He was a famous *Grammarian*.
(2) *Viz.* His Difference with *Terentia*.

EPIST. XXVII.

IT is true, I am no Stranger to the Terms of that Tranſaction with *Silius*, but, to Day, I ſuppoſe, I ſhall be inſtructed by *Sica*, in all the Particulars. You ſay that you know nothing about that Seat of *Cotta*; I tell you that it is a ſmall mean dirty Hovel, lying beyond the Seat of *Silius*, which I ſuppoſe you are no Stranger to. It has no Ground belonging to it, and it is large enough for no other Purpoſe, but that which I intend. I want a Place that is greatly frequented. If any Agreement is made, that is, if you make any, (for it all reſts upon you) concerning the Seat of *Silius*, there is no Occaſion for me to think any more concerning that of *Cotta*. I will follow your Advice, with Regard to my Son. He ſhall be Maſter of his own Time, and you will take care to get him Credit for his neceſſary Expences. You will let me know, as you mention, when you have learned any Thing from *Aledius*.

I obſerve, from your Letters, as no doubt you do from mine, that neither of us have any Subject for Writing. 'Tis ſtill the ſame thread-bare Story over and over again every Day, yet I cannot, for my Life, refrain writing to you every Day, that you may ſend me an Anſwer. Send me Word if you know any Thing concerning *Brutus* (1), for I ſuppoſe, by this Time, you know the Place where he waits for *Panſa*. If, as is uſual, he waits for

(1) *Brutus* was then Governor of *Ciſalpine Gaul*, and he was to be relieved by *Panſa*.

him

him in the Frontier of his Government, he may be at *Rome*, towards the Beginning of next Month. I wiſh it was not ſo ſoon, becauſe I have many Reaſons for being extremely averſe from coming to *Rome*. I am therefore in ſome Doubts with myſelf, whether I ought not to coin ſome Excuſe for them, which I perceive would be no hard Matter for me to do. But I ſhall have Leiſure enough to think of that Matter. My Compliments to your Wife and Daughter.

EPIST. XXVIII.

SICA had writ ſo particularly concerning that Affair with *Silius*, that I learned no more of it from talking with him than I had done from his Letters. Therefore, ſhould you meet with *Silius*, you will write to me if you ſee Occaſion. As to the Perſon, who you ſuppoſe has been ſent to me, I am quite in the Dark whether any ſuch Perſon has been ſent or not, at leaſt no body has talked with me upon that Head. You will therefore proceed as you have begun, and if you can gain any Thing upon *Terentia*, which I think indeed is impoſſible, you may, if you pleaſe, introduce my Son to her Favour. It is of ſome Conſequence to him, that he ſhould appear to have a Regard for her. For my Part, I take no other Concern than that which you know of, and which indeed I am greatly anxious about.

You invite me to return to my old Habits of Life. It has long been my Fate to weep over the Calamities of my Country. But my Grief was the

leſs exceſſive, becauſe, I ſtill found a Satisfaction in my own Family. At preſent, I can neither reliſh the Modes nor the Purſuits of the World, nor do I think, I ought to be much concerned in what Light others take this Matter. If my Conſcience acquits me, let the World talk as it will. I have no Reaſon to repent thoſe Letters of Conſolation, which I addreſſed to myſelf. They have done me this Service, that my Mourning, though not my Grief is abated; for my Grief is, what I cannot diminiſh, nor would I, if I could (1).

You are right in your Conjecture of my Intentions, with Regard to *Triarius* (2); you are, however, to take no Steps but with the Conſent of his Parents. I love the Memory of the Deceaſed, I am the Guardian of his Children, and I have an Affection for the whole Family. With Regard to that Affair of *Caſtricius*, if he is willing to take Money for the Slaves, and to be paid according to the preſent public Terms of Payment (3), nothing

(1) *Orig. Mœrorem minui: dolorem nec potui, nec, ſi poſſem, vellem.*

(2) He is one of the Interlocutors in our Author's Treatiſe, upon the Ends of Things good and evil.

(3) *Orig. Si Caſtricius pro mancipiis pecuniam accipere volet, eamque ei ſolvi ut nunc ſolvitur.* This Affair ſeems to have concerned *Quintus Cicero*, whoſe unworthy Behaviour our Author appears no longer to have reſented. *Quintus Cicero* owed this *Caſtricius* ſome Money, and he made over ſome Slaves to him as a Security. When the Civil War was over, *Quintus* propoſed to *Caſtricius* to redeem the Slaves, in the Terms of a Law made by *Cæſar*, for the more eaſy Payment of Debts. For that great Man, ſeeing the prodigious Diſorder into which the Civil Wars had thrown all Matters of Property at *Rome*, ordered a Commiſſion to be made out, to certain Perſons for valuing Effects, which, according to the Price they bore before the Civil War, the Creditors were obliged to take in Payment.

Our

thing can be more equitable. But, if the Bargain has been made ſo as that he can carry off the Slaves themſelves, I think (ſince you will have me to write you my Mind on that Head) the other Terms will not be fair. For I am unwilling that my Brother *Quintus* ſhould any Way involve himſelf, and if I miſtake not, you are of the ſame Sentiments. I ſhould think that *Publius* will go to *Africa* by Sea, if (as you write me, *Aledius* ſaid) he is to wait for the Equinox. Now, he told me, that he was to go by *Sicily*. I beg you will let me know, whether he holds in that Reſolution, and when he is to ſet out? I likewiſe entreat, that you will at your Conveniency, viſit my Grandſon *Lentulus* (1), and let him have what Slaves you think proper. My Compliments to your Wife and Daughter.

Our Author in many Parts of his Epiſtles, hints at this Law, which was called the *Lex Julia*. But the Law contained another Clauſe, which this Paſſage ſolely relates to. For, we learn from *Suetonius*, that it ſtruck off all Intereſt that was paid for Money, during the Continuance of the Civil Wars. That which had been paid, was deducted as Payment of the principal Sum, and if none had been paid, none was to be accepted. *Popma*, therefore, and the other Commentators, have abſurdly applyed the eſtimatory Part of that Law to this Paſſage. The Queſtion with our Author was, that *Quintus Cicero* ſhould pay ready Money for the Slaves, with the Deduction of the Intereſt that had been paid. But at the ſame Time, he was of Opinion, that if the Terms of the Bargain were optional to *Caſtricius*, whether he ſhould take the Money or the Slaves, it was putting a Hardſhip upon *Caſtricius* to force him to take the Money in the Terms of the *Julian* Law.

(1) This was the Surname of the *Cornelian* Family, and *Dolabella* was the ſecond Surname of one of the Branches of the ſame Family.

EPIST.

EPIST. XXIX.

YOU tell me you are to ſee *Silius* to Day. You will therefore, write to me to-morrow, or rather with your Conveniency, whenever you come to any Agreement with him. I am far from avoiding *Brutus*, though at the ſame Time I am far from expecting from him any Relief to my Anguiſh; but I had my Reaſons for not going to *Rome* at this Juncture. Should thoſe continue, as at preſent they bid fair to do, I muſt invent an Excuſe to *Brutus*. I beg you would finiſh my Bargain about that Country-ſeat. My firſt View in having it is, what you know of, and the next is, I have Occaſion for it myſelf. For, I neither can live in a Hurry, nor can I be at ſuch a Diſtance from my Friends. I can find no Place ſo well ſuited for this Purpoſe as that Seat is, and I am extremely ſenſible what your Deſign was in the Management of that Affair, and the rather, becauſe, I think, you are of my Opinion, that I am very well with *Oppius* and *Balbus*. You will let them know how earneſtly, and for what Reaſon I deſired to have that Seat, but my whole Succeſs depends upon my receiving Payment from *Faberius* (1). Put

(1) We are told by *Appian*, that this Gentleman was a Kind of Secretary to *Cæſar*. Some Commentators are of Opinion, that he owed Money to our Author, and that he gave him a Draught upon *Oppius* and *Balbus*, who owed Money to him. But I do not ſee any great Occaſion to ſuppoſe all this, *Cæſar* himſelf, ſeems to have been originally our Author's Debtor, and to have given *Faberius*, who was then in *Spain* with *Cæſar*, a Grant of ſome forfeited Eſtates, upon the Condition, that he ſhould out of them defray the Debt due to *Cicero*. *Oppius* and *Balbus*,

Put it to them, whether they will anſwer for my being paid; whether there will be any Loſs ariſing in paying down the Money immediately, and how much that may amount to, for I deſpair of receiving my whole Sum. In ſhort, you are to learn, whether they are inclineable to ſerve me in what I propoſed. If they are, it will be a great Aſſiſtance to me; if not, we muſt endeavour to be aſſiſted from other Quarters. You are to look upon this Purchaſe, as that old ἐγγράμμα or ἐνταφιον (1), which you mention, for my latter End. I have laid aſide all Thoughts of that Houſe at *Oſtia*. If I cannot get this Seat, I muſt try to purchaſe that of *Damaſippus*, for I believe, it is impoſſible to prevail with *Lamia* to part with his.

EPIST. XXX.

I Search for Matter to write to you, but I can find none; 'tis all the ſame Story over and over every Day. I am extremely obliged to you for the Viſit you have paid to my Grandſon. You may allot him as many Slaves as you think proper, and you may take your Choice of them. You

Balbus, therefore, may be ſuppoſed to have been Agents for *Faberius* in ſelling his Eſtates, and ſettling his other Matters, and this Conjecture agrees very well with all that is ſaid here.

(1) *Senectutis occupatio. Funeris ornamentum.* This alludes to a Saying of *Cato* the Cenſor, κάλλιστον ἐγγράμμα τὴν πολιτείαν. That it was a moſt glorious Thing to grow old in the Service of one's Country. The ἐνταφιον alludes to Funeral Ornaments. So that *Cicero* ſays, that all the Glory and the Ornament of his Life and Death, conſiſted in thoſe Gardens, and that Country Seat.

ſeem

ſeem to be apprehenſive, that *Silius* will not part with his Seat, or that he will put an exorbitant Price upon it. *Sica* is of another Opinion, but I incline to be of yours; I have therefore, written to *Egnatius* in the Terms propoſed by *Sica*. As to *Silius* deſiring you to ſpeak with *Clodius*, it is very agreeable to me that you ſhould, and much more convenient than for me to write to *Clodius* as *Silius* propoſed. I think, that it would be very proper for *Egnatius* to finiſh the Bargain for the Slaves of *Caſtricius*, ſince you write me, that they are in a fair Way of agreeing. I beg you will take Care to ſettle that Affair with *Ovia*. As you tell me, your Letter was writ after it was dark laſt Night, I am in Hopes the one you write this Day will be more full.

EPIST. XXXI.

SICA will be ſurpriſed, that *Silius* has changed his Mind. Indeed, I am the more ſurpriſed, becauſe, having attributed this Change to his Son, which I think is no unreaſonable Apology, (for he cannot deſire to have a more dutiful Child) you tell me, you are of Opinion, if we ſhould purchaſe another Eſtate which he diſlikes, after buying that, he will ſell us the other. You deſire to know of me the higheſt Price I am willing to give, and how much I value it more than the Seat of *Druſus*. I have never ſeen it. I know, that the Seat of *Coponius* is both old and little. It has a fine Wood, but I know the Value of neither, and yet I think it were proper that I did. But I muſt value both of

of them, by the Neceſſity I am under to have either, and not by their intrinſic Worth. I beg that you would endeavour to know, whether I can purchaſe them or not. For if I ſhould ſell the *Faberian* Eſtate (1), I ſhould not doubt of being able to purchaſe the Country-houſe of *Silius* with ready Money, provided he can be prevailed upon to ſell it. If it is not to be ſold, I will endeavour to get that of *Druſus*, even though I ſhould pay as much for it as *Egnatius* told you *Druſus* was willing to take. *Hermogenes* likewiſe can be of great Aſſiſtance to me in raiſing the ready Money. Indulge me, my Friend, in thinking on this Occaſion, as a Man who is fond of the Purchaſe he wants to make. And yet both that Fondneſs and my Grief ſhall be regulated by your Pleaſure. *Egnatius* has written to me; if he has communicated any Thing to you, you will inform me by a Letter, for he is the moſt proper Agent we can employ in this Affair, which, I think, ought by all Means, to be concluded. For I cannot ſee, that we can come to any Concluſion with *Silius*. My Compliments to your Wife and Daughter. This I write with my own Hand. I beg you will adviſe me how I am to proceed.

(1) From this it appears, that *Faberius*, in the Terms of the *Julian* Law, had made over to our Author for the Payment of his Debt, an Eſtate, or Effects of an adequate Value.

EPIST. XXXII.

PUBLILIA ſends me a Requeſt, that her Mother and her Brother, with whom ſhe had conſulted (1), may pay me a Viſit as they intend, and if I pleaſe, that ſhe may come along with them. She begs

(1) The Original here is very much depraved. One Copy reads it, *Cum Publilia loqui retur*. Another *loquereiur*, another *loqui*, and another *locutam*; and in this laſt Senſe, I have tranſlated it. There is ſomething ridiculous enough in the Circumſtances mentioned in this Letter. Our Author had put away one Wife, a Woman of great Spirit, Virtue and Fortune, with whom he had lived upwards of thirty Years, and who had borne all the Reverſes of his Fortune with amazing Magnanimity, and with unparallelled Affection towards him and his Family. It is true, no Man can be a Judge of another Man's domeſtic Sufferings or Concerns; and therefore, it would be raſh to conclude, that *Cicero* divorced this Lady, merely through a Peeviſhneſs contracted from the ill State of his Affairs, and the Reflection upon his own Miſconduct, with which ſhe was, perhaps, too ready to upbraid him, for there is ſome Reaſon to believe, that ſhe by no Means approved of the Part he had acted. But at the ſame Time, it is pretty extraordinary, that we find nothing in his Epiſtles to *Atticus*, (with whom he ſays, he could converſe more freely than he could with his own Heart,) that can give us a diſadvantageous Idea of this Lady. He mentions, indeed, ſomewhat about a Remittance ſhe had made him, which fell a few Pounds ſhort of what it ought to have been, and that ſome raſcally Domeſtics about him, endeavoured to give him a diſadvantageous Idea of her Conduct, which he could not believe to be true. Be that as it will, it is certain, this Lady was divorced at a Time of Life, that leaves us little room to ſuſpect her of too much Gallantry, which our Author no where ſeems to hint at; that ſhe was afterwards married to two or three of the greateſt and the nobleſt Men of *Rome*, with whom ſhe lived, as far as we can learn, without Reproach, and that ſhe died in the 103d Year of her Age, the Wife of *Vibius Rufus*, who was Conſul in the Reign of *Tiberius*, and who boaſted, that he was poſſeſſed of two Things which had belonged to two of the greateſt Men who ever lived, the Wife of *Cicero*, and the Chair in which *Cæſar* was killed.

Soon

begs me in very copious pathetic Terms, that I would give her leave, and that I would ſend her an Anſwer. You may be ſenſible, how much Trouble this Affair gives me. My Anſwer to her was, that my Affliction was more intenſe than it was at the Time when I told her, I wanted to be alone, and therefore, I deſired ſhe might forbear her Viſit at this Time. I was of Opinion, that unleſs I ſent her an Anſwer, ſhe certainly would come along with her Mother; I think, ſhe will not ſo ſoon, for it is plain, that thoſe Letters were not dictated by herſelf. Now I want to avoid the Attempt, which I am ſure they will make, to pay me a Viſit, and there is but one Way to do it, (how diſagreeable it is to me!) but Neceſſity compels me (1). I beg you will learn to what preciſe Day I can remain here, before they attempt to ſur-

Soon after this Divorce, our Author married *Pubillia*, a Ward of his own, a Woman of Birth and Quality, rich, young, and beautiful. Our Author, in other Parts of his Works, apologizes for the Inequality of the Match, through the Neceſſity he was under to repair his private Affairs, which had gone to Ruin through the Fault of thoſe with whom he had entruſted them, but without fixing any particular or direct Charge upon *Terentia*. It is remarkable, that he ſeems to have married this Lady while he was in all his Bitterneſs of Affliction for his Daughter, or but a very little before her Death; and from the Courſe of Life he afterwards uſed, we cannot ſuppoſe, that ſhe enjoyed a great deal of his Company. I think, it is pretty plain, that both his Marriage, and the Death of his Daughter, happened between the Time of his writing the eleventh and the twelfth Letter of this Book, and in this Letter we perceive him ſo much out of Humour with her and her Friends, that he ran away from his own Houſe to avoid both her and them.

(1) Monſieur *Mongault* and I differ in our Tranſlation of of this Paſſage. I point it as follows, different from all Editions. *Nunc, non puto; apparebat enim illas literas non eſſe ipſius. Illud autem, (quod fore video) ipſum volo vitare, ne illæ ad me veniant; & eſt una vitatio, ut ego nollem! ſed neceſſe eſt.*

priſe

priſe me with this Viſit. You will proceed (to uſe your own Expreſſion) in your own cool Way.

I beg you will propoſe to my Son, if you think it reaſonable, that in Order to defray his Expences at *Athens*, he will ſuit himſelf to the Rents of my *Argiletan* and *Aventine* Houſes, which would have ſatisfied him, had he remained at *Rome*, and hired a Houſe as he was once thinking of doing; and if you think proper to make him this Propoſal, I beg that you will order every Thing ſo, that we may ſupply him with whatever is neceſſary from thoſe Rents, and I will anſwer for it; they will maintain him in as handſome a Manner as *Bibulus*, or *Acidenus*, or *Meſſala* (1), who, I hear, are to be at *Athens*, can live in. I therefore beg you in the firſt Place, to look out who are to rent thoſe Houſes, and how much they will pay; and in the next Place, that ſome Perſon may pay him punctually to the Day; and what travelling Expences and Equipages he will want. He can have no Occaſion for any Wheel-Machine (2) at *Athens*. As to what Horſes he may want upon the Road, you yourſelf obſerve, that I have at Home more than can be ſufficient for him,

EPIST. XXXIII.

I Wrote to you Yeſterday, that I was of Opinion, you ſhould try what you could do with *Damaſippus*, if *Silius* ſhould behave in the Manner you

(1) Theſe were three young *Roman* Noblemen of great Diſtinction.

(2) *Orig. Jumento.*

think

think he will; and if *Druſus* ſhould not be compliable. He, if I miſtake not, has parcelled out his Eſtate upon the Banks of the *Tyber* into ſuch and ſuch a Number of Acres, ſo that every Parcel has a ſet Price which I am ignorant of. You will, therefore, let me know, upon what Terms you proceed with him. I am exceſſively concerned about the Illneſs of our dear *Attica*, but my Apprehenſions of any Miſmanagement with Regard to her, vaniſh, when I reflect upon the Worth of her Tutor, the Sagacity of her Phyſician, and that univerſal Regularity and Obſervance of every Kind that prevails through all your Family. You will, therefore, take care of her, for I can write no more.

EPIST. XXXIV.

CONſidering my Misfortunes, I can enjoy myſelf very well here, even without *Sica*, for *Tiro* is better. But, as your Letter deſired me to be upon my Guard againſt a Surpriſe of a Viſit from my Wife and her Friends (by which I perceive, you are ignorant on what Day they will ſet out on their Journey) I thought proper to come to this Place; and, I perceive, you are of the ſame Mind. To-morrow, therefore, I will come to *Sica*'s Seat near *Rome*, and after that, I think to take your Advice of paſſing ſome Days about *Ficulea* (1). As I am to ſee you in Perſon, we will diſcourſe together

(1) It lay in the Country of the *Sabines*.

concerning the Matters you have mentioned in your Letters to me. I cannot help acknowledging I am wonderfully charmed with the Affection, the Aſſiduity, and the Wiſdom you expreſs in managing my Concerns, in the Meaſures you purſue, and in the Advices you give me in your Letters.

EPIST. XXXV.

NOtwithſtanding what you write, I beg you will inform me how you proceed with *Silius*, the very Day on which I am to viſit *Sica*, and chiefly what Place he intends to reſerve for himſelf. You write, that it is towards the Extremity of the Eſtate, but I beg you will take Care, that it is not the very Spot which you know invited me to think at all of this Bargain. I have ſent to you the Letter I lately received from *Hirtius*, which is moſt affectionately written. It did not come into my Head before we parted, that the Public has a Right to as much Money as exceeds the Sum allowed by the Law (1), (I knew not how much that is) to be expended upon a funeral Monument. This would not give me great Concern, were it not that I have taken a, perhaps, unaccountable

(1) This was a ſumptuary Law made by *Cæſar*, and amongſt other Extravagancies of Living, it repreſſed the exceſſive Expences which the *Romans* were beginning to lay out upon Tombs. But though *Cæſar* was pretty exact in enforcing this Law, it was eluded ſoon after his Death by the *Romans* laying out vaſt Sums upon thoſe Monuments, to the Memory of their deceaſed Friends, which did not go under the Denomination of Tombs.

Fancy,

(1) Fancy, that the Monument I intend ſhould paſs by no other Name than that of a Temple; ſhould I perſevere in this, I am afraid that it cannot be executed upon the Spot we propoſe. I beg you would conſider what there is in this; for tho' my Affliction is not ſo pungent, and though I have, in ſome Meaſure, recollected myſelf, yet ſtill I want your Advice. I therefore again and again entreat you, in a Manner more earneſt than you either require or will ſuffer me to uſe towards you, that you will employ the whole Faculties of your Soul in thinking on this Matter.

EPIST: XXXVI:

I Intend to erect a Temple, nor can that deſign be rooted out of my Heart. I want to avoid all the Appearance of a Tomb, not ſo much on account of the Penalty of the Law, as that I may gain my End of celebrating an Apotheoſis (2), which I may do, ſhould the Temple be reared in my own Gardens. But I have often told you how much I am afraid of the Shiftings of Property. Should I erect this Temple in an open Field, I think I may poſſibly ſucceed; in Poſterity looking upon it with all the Reverence due to Conſecration itſelf. I own, my Friend, theſe are Weakneſſes, but they are Weakneſſes you muſt bear with. I can converſe more freely with you than with any Man in the World, nay more freely than I can with

(1) *Orig.* ἀλόγως. *Sine ratione.*
(2) *Orig.* ἀποθέωσιν. *Conſecrationem.*

my own Heart. If you are pleaſed with the thing itſelf, with the Situation, and with the Deſign, I beg you will read over the ſumptuary Law, and ſend it to me, and I will follow any Method you think of to elude it.

If you ſhould write to *Brutus*, you may (unleſs you think it improper) reproach him for not coming to *Cumæ*, for the Reaſon he mentioned to you, for, to my Mind, he could do nothing ſo unpolite with Regard to me. If you are of Opinion that I ought to continue to think of the Temple, I beg that you would put *Cluatius* in mind of it, and ſpirit him up. For, though I ſhould even think proper to build it upon another Spot, yet I ſhall ſtill ſtand in need of his Aſſiſtance and Advice. You will perhaps come to morrow to your Country Seat.

EPIST. XXXVII.

I Yeſterday received from you two Letters, dated the Day before, one by *Hilarus*, the other by an Expreſs. That ſame day I underſtood by the Freedman *Ægypta*, that your Wife and Daughter were in very good Health, but that Letter came to my Hand thirteen Days after its Date. I am obliged to you for ſending me the Letter you received from *Brutus*. I have ſent back the Original to you with a Copy of my Anſwer annexed. I approve greatly of your Scheme of *Tuſculum* for a Temple, if you cannot find out any Country Seat for me, which, loving me as you do, you certainly

tainly may find out. It is true you are very sagacious in contriving, yet unless you took great Concern in humouring the strong Passion that I have, so pretty an Expedient never could have come so patly into your Mind. But, I know not how it is, I want a Place that is greatly frequented. Therefore, there is a Necessity for your finding me out a Seat near Town.

The Seat of *Scapula* is very public. Besides it is so near *Rome*, that it will not take me a whole Day to travel betwixt both places. Therefore, before you come away, I wish you could speak with *Otho* if he is at *Rome*. If that Proposal should come to nothing, I must carry the Humour I have beyond your usual Patience with it, even to putting you in a Passion. For I must again repeat it, that *Drusus* (1) certainly is willing to sell his Seat. If no other can be had, it shall not be my Fault if I do not purchase that. I beg you will take care that I do not overstretch myself in this Bargain. Now there is one Way to take Care of this, and that is, by endeavouring to purchase from *Scapula*, and I hope you will let me know how long you intend to be at your Country Seat near *Rome*.

I have Occasion to make use of the Interest and Weight which you have with *Terentia*, but you may do as you think proper; as I am sensible that when my Interest is concerned, you are at greater Pains than I am myself. I have a Letter from *Hirtius* informing me, that *Sextus Pompeius* has left *Cordua*, and has re-

(1) *Atticus* was a great Manager, and was very unwilling that our Author should pay too dear for this Whim.

treated into the farther *Spain* (1), and that his Brother *Cnæus* is fled, I know not, becauſe I care not, whither. We have nothing elſe that is new in *Hirtius*'s Letter, which is dated from *Narbonne* the 18th of *April*. You write to me concerning the Shipwreck of *Caninius* (2), as if it were a Matter of doubt with you. You will therefore write me when you are better informed. You deſire me to ſhake off my Melancholly. It would give me great Eaſe could you find me a Spot for my Temple. Many Notions, concerning the Apotheoſis (3), crowd into my Head, but we muſt firſt make ourſelves ſure of the Spot. I therefore beg that you would talk with *Otho*.

EPIST. XXXVIII.

YOUR not writing to me, I take to be an infallible Sign of your being very much buſied. But my Fellow has acted like a Raſcal in not waiting for your Leiſure, that being the ſingle Purpoſe for which he was diſpatched. At preſent, unleſs you have been detained by ſome extraordinary Buſineſs, you probably are at your Country

(1) This was the Part of *Spain* which was neareſt the *Gauls*, and this Paſſage ſhows this Letter to have been written after the laſt defeat of the *Pompeian* Party in *Spain*. *Sextius Pompeius* was at *Cordua*, when that Battle was fought againſt his Brother *Cnæus*, who, after loſing the Battle, embarked on board his Fleet, which was burnt by *Didius*, *Cæſar*'s Lieutenant, and *Cnæus* himſelf, after receiving ſeveral Wounds being abandoned by all his Followers, was found concealed in a Cavern, where his Head was cut off and carried to *Cæſar*.

(2) This News was falſe.

(3) *Orig.* εἰς ἀποθέωσιν. *Ad Conſecrationem.*

Seat

Seat, while I here ſpend whole Days in writing, by which I gain ſome Amuſement to my Mind, but no Relief to my Sorrows. *Aſinius Pollio* has written to me concerning our diſgraceful Kinſman (1), and he ſpeaks very fully upon what the younger *Balbus* had ſufficiently intimated, and *Dolabella* had but juſt hinted at, before. It would touch me ſenſibly had I any Senſibility left for freſh Affliction. But could there be any Thing more deteſtable?—How is ſuch a Fellow to be avoided?—But for my own Part at leaſt—I will however reſtrain my Indignation.—As, my Friend, you have nothing material to write, even write me what and when you pleaſe, at your Leiſure.

You are of Opinion that I ought now to prove the Greatneſs of my Reſolution, and you tell me that certain Perſons talk concerning me, in more ſevere Terms than either you, or *Brutus*, have informed me by your Letters (2). If ſome People in

(1) Meaning his nephew *Quintus*, who was at that Time with *Cæſar* in *Spain*, and continued to rail againſt our Author.

(2) This Hints at a moſt villanous Report raiſed by our Author's Enemies, as if ſomething criminal had paſt between him and his Daughter, whom he ſo paſſionately bewailed. This Report was by no Means diſcouraged in the Court of *Auguſtus*, where our Author ſeems to have been held in great Contempt. The Truth is, that Prince had Reaſon to be aſhamed of his Behaviour to *Cicero*, and might ſeek to juſtify himſelf by loading his Memory not only with Weakneſſes, which he really had, but with Imputations that he did not deſerve. It was generally thought, at that Time, that *Virgil* alluded to our Author in the following Line,

Hic thalamum invaſit natæ vetitoſque hymenæos.

And it is certain, that he was more directly charged with the ſame Crime by other Writers, particularly by *Salluſt*, or whoever was the Author of the Invective againſt him. But, after all, the Charge ſeems to have been falſe and malicious. Our Author had

in the World look upon my Spirit to be broken, and my Senſes impaired, let them be made acquainted with the Number and the Quality of my literary Compoſitions. If they are rational Beings, they will think me far from being blameable, ſince I am already ſo far recovered, as to bring my Mind to ſuch a compoſed State as to be able to write on difficult Subjects. Or ſuppoſing that I have choſen, as an Amuſement for my Grief, an Exerciſe the moſt becoming of a Gentleman, and a Man of Letters, they muſt think that I am to be commended for it. But while I do every Thing I can for my own Relief, do you compleat that Point

had great Senſibility of Diſtreſs, of Friendſhip, and, above all, of Affection. This carried him often into Extravagancies which were extremely ridiculous; witneſs his exceſſive Deſpondency during his Exile. This Concern for his Daughter was of the ſame Kind. But whoever will be at the Pains to conſult the human Heart cannot find, in our Author's Behaviour, the ſmalleſt Trace of an unnatural Correſpondence with his Daughter. He was a Man of Senſe and Learning, and however paſſionately fond we can ſuppoſe ſuch a Man to be of a Woman in a criminal Way, Sorrow for her Death will never take ſuch a Turn as that of our Author's did, by worſhipping her, in a Manner, with divine Honours, and aſſigning her a Place with the Souls of the Juſt and the Virtuous in the other World. At the ſame Time, when we conſider our Author's natural Diſpoſition, the amiable Character, and the fine Qualifications of a Daughter, who was the Darling of his Soul, and who had anſwered the fondeſt Wiſhes of a fond Father; a Daughter, whoſe Company ſoothed all his other Anguiſh, we cannot be ſurprized at the Exceſs of his Affliction for her Loſs. But there is one Preſumption not taken Notice of by Authors, which, I think, entirely deſtroys the vile Imputation, and that is, that notwithſtanding ſhe had been two or three Times divorced, we do not find the ſmalleſt Taint upon her Character as to Chaſtity, though we cannot imagine if there had, that it would have been concealed either to, or by her Huſbands. Add to this, that her laſt Huſband *Dolabella*, even after his Divorce, lived in as great Friendſhip with our Author as before, a Circumſtance utterly inconſiſtent with the Nature of the Charge in Queſtion.

which,

which, I perceive, you are as zealous about as I am myſelf. This I look upon as a Debt I have contracted; nor can I admit of Comfort till I have diſcharged it, or at leaſt ſee myſelf in a Condition to diſcharge it, that is, by finding a Spot ſuitable to my Purpoſe.

If, as you write to me, *Otho* told you the Heirs of *Scapula* think of dividing thoſe Gardens into four Parts, and then peremptorily ſelling them to the beſt Bidder amongſt themſelves (1), there will be no Room for any other Purchaſer. But if the Sale, as it poſſibly may, ſhould be open, we ſhall then have our Chance. For I had the Refuſal of that Eſtate, which was advertiſed for Sale (2), and which belonged to *Trebonius* and *Cuſinius*, but you know upon what Kind of a Spot it is ſituated, and I can, by no Means, approve of it. The Gardens of *Clodia* would ſuit me extreamly well, but I believe they are not to be ſold. Notwithſtanding you are ſo averſe, as you write me, to purchaſing the Gardens of *Druſus*, yet I muſt have my Reſource in them, unleſs you can find me out ſome others. I am not a bit ſtartled at the Houſe being what it is. For I will build nothing but what I would have built, had I not made that Purchaſe. I am as much pleaſed with the fourth and fifth Books of *Cyrus* (3) of *Antiſthenes* (4), as I am with the other Works

(1) *Orig. Heredes Scapulæ, ſiſtos hortos, ut ſcribis tibi Othonem dixiſſe, partibus quatuor factis, liceri cogitant: Nihil eſt ſcilicet emptori loci.* The Caſe muſt have been as I have tranſlated this Paſſage, and indeed the Word *liceri* implies it.

(2) There are a great Number of Readings here in the Original. I read *Publicatus* after the moſt ancient Editions.

(3) *Orig.* αὖθις δ', ſ. *Cyrus* 4 & 5 *Tomi.*

(4) They are mentioned in the Catalogue given us by *Dionyſius*

Works of that Author, who is a Man of more Quickneſs than Learning.

EPIST. XXXIX.

WHEN my Meſſenger returned to me without a Letter from you, I thought the Reaſon of your not writing was, becauſe you had written the Day before upon the very Buſineſs to which I have ſent you an Anſwer in my laſt Letter (1). I was in Hopes, however, of having ſomething from you concerning the Letter of *Aſinius Pollio*; but I am too apt to form a Judgment of your Leiſure by my own. I therefore indulge you not to think yourſelf under any Neceſſity of writing to me, unleſs you have ſomething very important to communicate, or unleſs you are very much at Leiſure. I would take your Advice concerning the Letter Carriers, had I any Diſpatches of Importance, eſpecially, as formerly, when the Days were ſhorter, our Expreſſes arrived every Day at the appointed Hour. Then indeed we had Matter for Diſpatches; we wrote concerning *Silius*, *Druſus*, and other Affairs, but now, unleſs *Otho* had been in Being, we ſhould have had nothing to write upon. Yet at preſent, even that Affair is ſuſpended by thus converſing with you in your Abſence. But ſtill I am much

nyſius Laertius of the Works of this Author, who was a Cynic Philoſopher.

(1) *Orig. Hac Epiſtola.* I ſhould, from this Expreſſion, be inclined to think this Letter to have been a Kind of a Poſtſcript to the foregoing, after the Arrival of a Meſſenger without any Letters from *Atticus*.

relieved,

relieved, and much more when I peruſe a Letter from you. But, as I ſuppoſe you are not now at *Rome*, and as we have nothing of Importance to communicate, let us give a Truce to writing, till ſomething new ſhall preſent.

EPIST. XL.

FROM a Writing ſent me by *Hirtius*, in which he makes a Collection of *Cato*'s Failings, but launches out into exceſſive Commendations of me, I can gather where *Cæſar* will lay the Streſs of his Invective againſt my Panegyrick upon *Cato*. I have therefore ſent that Writing to *Muſca*, that he might give it to your Tranſcribers; for I want that it ſhould be publiſhed, and I beg that you will lay your Commands upon your People, that it may be done with all poſſible Diſpatch. I often make an Eſſay towards that political Counſel (1), but I can make no Advance, though I have, before me, the Diſcourſes addreſſed by *Ariſtotle* and *Theopompus* to *Alexander* (2). But what Parallel is there between our Situations? What they wrote did Honour to themſelves, and gave Pleaſure to their Patron. Do you, at preſent, find any Circumſtance ſuitable to thoſe; for my own Part, I can form no ſuch Idea.

You write me, that you are apprehenſive, that my thus indulging my Melancholy, will impair

(1) *Orig.* Συμβουλευτικὸν. *Conſilium de adminiſtranda Rep.* This was a very noble Deſign, and ſuggeſted to our Author by *Atticus*, and it is to be lamented, that it never was executed by him.

(2) *Orig.* Ἀριστοτέλους & Θεοπόμπου πρὸς Ἀλέξανδρον. *Ariſtotelis & Theopompi ad Alexandrum.*

both

both my Intereſt, and my Reputation. What Men blame or require, I know not. Shall I not grieve? How can I do otherwiſe? Shall I not be dejected? Was ever Man leſs ſo? While I had the Relief of living in your Houſe, was any Man denied Acceſs to me? Or did any Man whom I ſaw, complain of his Reception? From your Houſe I went to *Aſtura*. Thoſe merry Fault-finders with me, cannot read ſo much as I wrote there. How well it is wrote, is nothing to the Purpoſe. But the Manner of Writing was ſuch, as no Man under a broken Spirit can execute. I afterwards ſpent thirty Days at my Seat near *Rome*, and where was the Man, during all that Time, who complained of any Difficulty in either having Acceſs or Converſation with me? At this very Time, my Application to reading and writing is ſuch, and upon ſuch Subjects, that they who are about me are under greater Difficulties from their Leiſure, than I am from my Labour. But ſome one may aſk, why am I not at *Rome?* I anſwer, becauſe all other Men of Diſtinction have left it (1). Then, why am I not upon ſome of my little Eſtates which ſuit with this Seaſon? I anſwer, becauſe I cannot bear to ſee ſo much Company. I am at a Place where the Man (2), who has the moſt agreeable Retirement at *Baiæ*, uſed every Year to ſpend the Seaſon. When I ſhall return to *Rome*, I will give no handle to find Fault with me, either from my Looks, or my Words. But never more can I reſume that Chearfulneſs with which we uſed to

(1) *Orig. Quia diſceſſus eſt.*
(2) Meaning probably *Lucullus*.

ſweeten

ſweeten the Bitterneſs of the Times in which we live; yet, Reſolution and Steadineſs ſhall be wanting neither in my Soul, nor in my Expreſſions.

As to the Gardens of *Scapula*, I think you and I may have Intereſt enough to bring them to be put to Sale. Unleſs we can do that, we ſhall be excluded from bidding. But ſhould they come to an Auction, my Keenneſs would go much farther than *Otho*'s Purſe. As to what you write me concerning *Lentulus*, the Matter does not ſtick there. If I can depend upon the *Faberian* Eſtate, and if you continue your friendly Efforts, I ſhall obtain what I wiſh for. You aſk me, how long I am to continue here? I anſwer, a few Days; but the preciſe Day when I ſhall leave this Place, I know not; when I do, I ſhall inform you by a Letter. At the Time of writing this Letter, I have News, both by Word and Writing, agreeable to your Accounts of your Wife, and your Daughter.

EPIST. XLI.

I HAVE nothing material to write to you, but I want to know where you are. Let me, therefore, know, if you are from *Rome*; or, if you intend to leave it, when you are to Return? You want to know, when I leave this Place. I think of being on the 14th at *Lanuvium*, and the Day after that, to be at *Tuſculum*, or at *Rome*, you ſhall know which, on the very Day, I am determined. You know, that Sorrow is apt to be peeviſh (1); you have felt no ſuch Effects from mine. But ſtill, I own my Paſſion for this

(1) *Orig.* φιλαίτιον συμφορά. *Querula res, calamitas.*

Temple

Temple to be very ſtrong; unleſs, I will not ſay it ſhould be effected, but, unleſs I ſhall ſee it effected, I will venture to ſay, and you will take it with your uſual good Nature, you will feel ſome Sallies of my Paſſion. Not that they are juſtifiable, but you will bear with what I now write, as you bear, and have borne with, every Thing that comes from me.

I deſire that you would contract all your Means of Conſolation into this ſingle Point, to lay yourſelf out for what I paſſionately deſire. In the firſt Place, for the Seat of *Scapula*; next, for that of *Clodia*; thereafter, if *Silius* ſhould be unwilling, and *Druſus* unreaſonable, for that of *Cuſinius* and *Trebonius*; I think, that *Terentius* is its preſent Maſter, I know that *Ribilus* was. But, if you are in the ſame Mind which you intimated in ſome of your Letters to me, that I ſhould build my Temple at *Tuſculum*, I will agree to it. If you want to give me Comfort, let this Affair be compleated. At preſent, you reproach me more ſeverely than is conſiſtent with your uſual good Nature. But that, perhaps, has been abuſed through my Weakneſs, and what you do is from Exceſs of Affection. But, in the mean Time, if you want to comfort me, the building of this Temple is the higheſt, nay, if you would know the Truth, the only Comfort I can admit of.

When you have read the Letter of *Hirtius*, which to me appears to be a Specimen (1) of the Invective wrote by *Cæſar* againſt *Cato*, let me know at your Leiſure, what you think of it. I now return to

(1) *Orig.* πρόπλασμα. *Specimen.*

my

my Temple. Unleſs it ſhall be finiſhed this Summer, which you ſee we have all before us, I ſhall think myſelf guilty of Sacrilege.

EPIST. XLII.

I NEVER yet have been one Day diſappointed when I expected to hear from you; for I knew what you write to me, and I ſuſpected, or rather I underſtood, that you had nothing to write. Ever ſince the 10th of this Month, I ſuppoſe you have been from *Rome*, and therefore, could expect nothing from you. Mean while, I ſend you a Letter every Day, for I had rather be impertinent than that you ſhould be without an Opportunity of writing to me, in caſe any Thing ſhould occur which you may think proper I ſhould know. Thus, I received on the 10th a Letter from you, which was of little or no Conſequence, and indeed, what could you ſay? And yet, the Contents, ſuch as they were, gave me Pleaſure. It gives me Pleaſure to hear from you, were it only to know that you have nothing to ſay. You wrote, however, ſomething concerning *Clodia*. Where is ſhe, or when will ſhe come to *Rome*? Her Seat next to that of *Otho*, ſuits the beſt with my Purpoſe. But I don't ſuppoſe that ſhe will be willing to ſell it, for ſhe has a Fancy for it, and ſhe is rich, and you are not inſenſible what Difficulties attend the other Bargain. But I conjure you, let us manage ſo as to fall upon ſome Expedient for obtaining what I ſo paſſionately deſire. I think

of

of leaving this Place To-morrow. But I will go either to *Tuſculum*, or to *Rome*, from whence I may, perhaps, ſet out for *Arpinum*. When I come to any Reſolution, I will let you know by a Letter. It occured to me to prompt you to do the very Thing that you are doing, for I thought, that you could go through that Affair more conveniently at your own Houſe, when you are free from all Interruption.

EPIST. XLIII.

ON the 14th, as I have formerly wrote to you, I propoſed to lie at *Lanuvium*, from whence I ſet out either for *Rome*, or *Tuſculum*. But I will let you know the Certainty. You obſerve a judicious Silence as to my receiving great Relief from the Temple I propoſe to build, ſince, take my Word for it, it will be greater than you can poſſibly conceive. My very venturing to lay myſelf open to you, is a Proof how paſſionately fond I am of the Thing, but you muſt bear with this my Infirmity; bear with it, did I ſay, nay, you muſt encourage it. I am afraid I ſhall fail as to *Orbo*, becauſe, perhaps, I am ſo fond of ſucceeding; beſides, the Purchaſe may riſe above my Purſe, eſpecially as my Competitor is himſelf fond of the Seat, a rich Man, and one of the Heirs. Next to that Seat, I have an Eye on that of *Clodia*. But if it cannot be had, let me have ſome one or other. I think myſelf more ſacredly bound than Man ever was by the moſt ſolemn Vow. You are likewiſe to enquire after the Seat of the *Trebonii*, though

though the Owners are not at *Rome*. But, as I wrote to you Yesterday, you are to bestow some Thoughts about *Tusculum*, for we must by no Means let the Summer pass unactive.

EPIST. XLIV.

IT gives me Satisfaction, that *Hirtius* has so feelingly (1) wrote to you concerning me. In this he acts with good Nature, but I have still greater Satisfaction in your having acted with so much greater good Nature, in not sending to me his Letter, which might have renewed my Grief (2). I should be glad that your People would publish the Treatise which he has sent to me concerning *Cato*, because, all Invectives from the Party, does Honour to the Memory of that Patriot. In your making Use of *Mustella*, you have a very proper Agent, and one who has had a great Regard for me, ever since the Affair of *Pontius*. There is no more in the Affair, than to have the Sale open. It may, therefore, be easy for you to come to some Conclusion, as this may be effected by gaining over any one of the Heirs. I think, *Mustella* can bring about this, if you ask it of him. You will thereby furnish me with a Place proper for my darling Purpose, and likewise a suitable Employment for my old Age (3). As to the Seats of *Silius* and *Drusus*,

(1) *Orig.* Συμπαθῶς. *Cum significatione doloris.*

(2) I have added these Words as well as Monsieur *Mongault* has others, the better to explain this Passage.

(3) *Orig.* Ἐγκήραμα. *Senectutis oblectamentum.*

I think a Man cannot ſpend his Time and Fortune in them with any Grace (1), for who would be confined for whole Days to ſuch a *Villa*? Therefore, I ſhould, in the firſt Place, chuſe the Seat of *Otho*, and next, that of *Clodia*. If we can get neither, we muſt either uſe ſome Piece of Management with *Druſus*, or I muſt build at *Tuſculum*.

You are in the Right to ſhut yourſelf up at Home. But I beg you will finiſh what you are about, that you may have ſome leiſure Hours to ſpare upon me. I am to ſet out, as I wrote you before, from hence to *Lanuvium* on the 14th Inſtant, and from thence to *Tuſculum* next Day. For I have laboured to get the better of this Deſpondency, and have, perhaps, ſucceeded, provided I can perſevere; you ſhall, therefore, be informed perhaps To-morrow or next Day at fartheſt. But what, I beg of you, is the Matter? *Philotimus* denies that *Pompey* is blockaded within *Carteia* (3); (now *Oppius* and *Balbus* ſent me the Copy of a Letter written to *Clodius Patavinus*, expreſsly in the Affirmative), and he ſays, there is a great deal yet to go through before the War can be finiſhed. Why, he is the very Ape of *Fulvius* (4) in telling Lies for *Pompey*. But I beg you will inform me, if you know any Thing for certain. I likewiſe want

(1) *Orig.* οἰκοδομητικά. *Apta ad occupationem patris familias.*

(2) Some place this City in *Bætica*, at the Mouth of the River *Bætis*; others think it ſtood where *Gibraltar* does now.

(3) *Orig. Fulviniaſter.* Our Author has, in a preceding Letter, taken Notice how apt this *Philotimus* was to exaggerate every Thing in Favour of *Pompey*'s Party, and this *Fulvius* probably was a Perſon eminent for the ſame Quality.

to

to know, if there is any Truth in *Caninius* being ſhipwrecked.

EPIST. XLV.

I HAVE here finiſhed two large Treatiſes (1), for I have no other Method of amuſing my Sorrows. I ſee you have nothing to write, but though you have not, yet ſtill I would have you write me that you have nothing, only putting it into other Words. I am glad of *Attica*'s Recovery. I am ſorry at your being ſo low ſpirited (2), though you write me, that there is nothing in it. It will be much more convenient for me to live at *Tuſculum*, both becauſe I can more frequently correſpond with you, and ſometimes enjoy your Company. In other Reſpects, Things ſuited me better (3) at *Aſtura*. Nor can the Objects (4) here that recal the Ideas of my Loſs, increaſe my Anguiſh; for I carry that about with me, go where I will. I mentioned *Cæſar* being your Neighbour, from the Circumſtances you wrote me in your Letter. I am pleaſed he ſhould be an Inmate (5) with *Quirinus* (6), rather than with the *Dea Salus*.

(1) *Orig.* Συντάγματα. *Volumina.*

(2) *Orig.* Ἀχηδία. *Torpedo cum mæſtitiâ.*

(3) *Orig.* ἀνεκτότερα. *Tolerabiliora.*

(4) *Tullia* died in our Author's Houſe by *Tuſculum*, where he was at the Writing of this Letter.

(5) *Orig.* Σύσκον. *Contubernalem.*

(6) The Reader is to obſerve, that after *Cæſar* had entirely vanquiſhed the Party of *Pompey*, the Senate carried their Adulation of him ſo far as to erect a Statue for him in the Temple of *Romulus* with the Inſcription, *Deo invicto*. As the Houſe of

Salus. Do not you, however, neglect to publiſh the Writing of *Hirtius*. For, I think, as you write, that however the Genius of our Friend may be admired and approved of, yet ſtill to attempt (1) an Invective againſt *Cato*, muſt be held ridiculous.

EPIST. XLVI.

I Believe, I ſhall get the better of my Deſpondency, and go from *Lanuvium* to *Tuſculum*. I either never muſt again enjoy myſelf at that Seat (for my Grief may be diminiſhed, but never can it ceaſe) or it is immaterial to me whether I go thither now, or ten Years hence. For the Remembrances I ſhall meet with there, cannot be more ſenſible than thoſe which I am tortured with Night and Day. How then! ſay you, has Study had no Effect upon you in this Affair? I am afraid none, but for the worſe. Were it not for Letters, I ſhould, perhaps, be more inſenſible. A Mind that has the Culture of Learning, has no Senſations that are vulgar; it has no Feelings, but what are exquiſite.

of *Atticus* ſtood near the Temple of *Romulus*, and that of the *Dea Salus*, or Goddeſs of Health likewiſe; our Author expreſſes himſelf better pleaſed that *Cæſar*'s Statue ſhould be placed in the firſt Temple than in the latter, for *Romulus* was not made a God, nor had he the Name of *Quirinus* till after his Death, which our Author alludes to in this Paſſage.

(1) *Orig.* ὑπόθεσις. *Argumentum.*

EPIST.

EPIST. XLVII.

WELL, you will come hither as you have propoſed, provided you can do it without incommoding yourſelf. Even the ſmalleſt Hint will be ſufficient to me in that Affair, nay, I would go to *Rome* in Perſon, were it neceſſary. You may, therefore, manage in it as you ſee proper. You may ſpeak to *Muſtella*, as you propoſe in your Letter, though it is a Matter of great Difficulty, for which Reaſon, I am the more inclined to treat with *Clodia*. In either Caſe, however, I muſt call in the Debt due to me from *Faberius*, and it will not be amiſs, that you ſpeak to *Balbus* concerning it, to let him know the plain Truth of the Matter, that I want to make that Purchaſe, but cannot do it unleſs I get in that Money, and that I will not venture to conclude upon any Thing, unleſs I am ſure of being paid it. But as *Clodia* is to be at *Rome*, and as you are ſo much for that Bargain, I have fixed my Mind entirely on her Seat. Not that I prefer it to the other, but it is a very troubleſome difficult Matter to diſpute with an Antagoniſt, who, beſides his having a Fancy for it, is a rich Man, and one of the Heirs. It is true, I have as great a Fancy for it as any Man can have, which is the only Circumſtance in which we are upon a Footing. But we will talk of this when we meet. You will continue to publiſh the Writing of *Hirtius*. I am of your Opinion, with Regard to *Philotimus*. *Cæſar*'s Neighbourhood I foreſee, will raiſe the Value of your Houſe. To-day, I look for the Return of my Expreſs,

who will bring me an Account of your Wife and Daughter.

EPIST. XLVIII.

I MAKE no Doubt of your having great Joy, in ſhutting yourſelf up at Home. I ſhould, however, be glad to know, what Progreſs you have made, or whether you have not yet finiſhed. I look for you at *Tuſculum*, and the rather, becauſe you had written to *Tiro*, that you was to ſet out immediately, adding, that you thought there was a Neceſſity for it. I have been always ſenſible how ſerviceable you have been to me while you are preſent, but I am much more ſenſible of it when you are gone. Therefore, as I wrote you before, I will either wholly come to you, or do you to me, as ſhall be moſt convenient.

EPIST. XLIX.

YEſterday, ſoon after we parted, you muſt know, that ſome People, who ſeemed to be Men of Faſhion, brought me a Meſſage, and a Letter from *Caius Marius* (1), the Son of *Caius*, and Grandſon of *Caius*, conjuring me in the moſt earneſt Terms, by the mutual Relation between us,

(1) This Perſon was an Impoſtor, and wanted to paſs for the Son of the younger *Marius*, and conſequently to be related to our Author, whoſe Grandfather had married the Aunt of *Marius*. He muſt likewiſe, have been related to the Family of the *Craſſi*, and to *Cæſar* himſelf.

by

by the *Marius* whom I celebrated in my Poem (1), and by the Eloquence of his Grandfather *Lucius Craſſus*, that I would defend him; and, at the ſame Time he inſtructed me in his Cauſe. I wrote him in Anſwer, that he had no Occaſion for any Body to plead for him, becauſe *Cæſar* his Kinſman was abſolute Maſter of *Rome*, a Man of the greateſt Worth, Learning, and good Breeding. I told him, however, that I would ſtand his Friend.

Could I ever believe, that I ſhould live to ſee the Time when *Curtius* would have the Preſumption to think of ſtanding for the Conſulate. But enough of that; I am concerned about *Tiro*, but I will ſoon know how he does. I ſent a Perſon Yeſterday on Purpoſe to ſee him, and likewiſe charged him with a Letter for you. I have ſent you my Letter to *Cæſar*. I beg you would let me know by a Letter the preciſe Day when thoſe Gardens are advertiſed for Sale.

EPIST. L.

YOUR Departure from hence gave me as much Pain, as your Arrival here gave me Pleaſure. Therefore, as ſoon as you can, that is, as ſoon as you have attended *Sextus*'s Auction, you will let me ſee you again. Even one Day of your Company, would be of Service; I ſhall not mention how kindly I would take it; I myſelf would come to *Rome*, that I might enjoy

(2) Some Fragments of this Poem ſtill remains.

your Converſation were I ſufficiently informed how to proceed in a certain Affair.

EPIST. LI.

TIRO is come to me ſooner than I apprehended. *Nicias* too is come, and I underſtand, that *Valerius* will be here to-day. Though this is a goodly Company, yet I ſhall be more ſolitary than I ſhould be, had I no-body with me but yourſelf. But I look for you as ſoon as you have diſpatched the Affair of *Peduceus*. You hint, however, ſomewhat as if you might be here before. Let that be as you can conveniently. You may deal with *Virgilius* as you propoſe. I ſhould, mean while, be glad to know when the Sale is to commence. I perceive, that you are for my writing to *Cæſar*. Why, to tell you the Truth, I myſelf was ſtrongly of the ſame Opinion, and the rather, becauſe there is nothing in the Letter I have addreſſed to him, but what is ſuitable to the Character of the beſt of Citizens. I mean, the beſt in this Senſe; one who will ſuit himſelf to the Times with that Temper which is recommended by all Writers upon Government (1). You muſt know, however, that I am of Opinion, that *Cæſar*'s Friends ſhould ſee it beforehand. You, therefore, will manage that. But unleſs you are ſure that they will be pleaſed with it, it ought by no Means to be forwarded to *Cæſar*. Now you will be a Judge of the Nature of their Approbation, whether it be feigned or real.

(1) *Orig.* πολιτικοὶ. *Qui de Rep. ſcripſerunt.*

If

If it ſhould be feigned, it is the ſame Thing to me as Rejection would be. But you have Sagacity enough to find this out (1).

Tiro has communicated to me your Sentiments, with Regard to *Cærellia* (2), that it is not conſiſtent with my Dignity to be owing Money; that you are of Opinion, I ought to give her a Draught, and that, if the one ſhould give me any Uneaſineſs, the other, that of being in her Debt, ought to give me much more (3). But we will talk of this and a great many other Matters, at meeting. Mean while, if you think proper, I muſt ſuſpend the Payment of that Debt to *Cærellia*, till I know what I have to depend upon from *Meto* and *Faberius*.

EPIST. LII.

YOU are acquainted with *Lucius Tullius Montanus*, who is gone to *Athens* with my Son. I have received a Letter from his Siſter's Huſband, informing me, that by his becoming Bail for *Flaminius*, he owes *Plancus* two hundred Pounds, and that *Montanus* had made ſome Application to you

(1) *Orig.* Τῦτο δὲ μηλόβοη. *Hoc vero accurate perveſtigabis.*

(2) This was the celebrated old Lady, whom our Author is ſaid to have fallen in Love with in his old Age, though he was younger than ſhe.

(3) *Orig. Hoc metuere, alterum in metu non ponere.* This is a Verſe often made Uſe of by our Author, by Way of Proverb, but we know not from whom he had it. It anſwers, however, ſomewhat to the *Engliſh* Proverb, To ſtartle at Mole-hills, and leap over Mountains The Meaning here is, that *Atticus* reproaches our Author with preferring the greateſt Evil, that of being in debt, to the leſſer Evil, that of giving a Draught for the Money.

on

on that Head. Why, really I think my Connection with *Montanus*, makes it my Duty to beg that you will do him all the Service you can, either by applying to *Plancus* in his Behalf, or doing any Thing elſe to aſſiſt him. If you know more of the Matter than I do, or if you think proper that any Application ſhould be made to *Plancus*, I hope you will write to me, that I may know how the Matter ſtands, and what it is we are to apply for. I am impatient to know what you have done with Regard to that Letter to *Cæſar*. I am not ſo anxious as I was concerning the Seat of *Silius*; but you muſt, by all Means, procure me either that of *Scapula*, or that of *Clodia*. You appear, however, to me, ſomewhat at a Loſs to know whether *Clodia* will come to *Rome*, and whether ſhe will ſell her Gardens. But I have heard the moſt ſurpriſing News that *Spinther* (1) has divorced his Wife. You muſt, ſay you, be extreamly confident of the Power of the *Latin* Language (2), ſince you employ

(1) He was the Son of *Lentulus*, who was ſo active in recalling our Author from his Baniſhment. His Wife's Name was *Metella*, who was afterwards famous for her Intrigues with the Son of the Comedian *Æſopus*. This *Lentulus* had the Nickname of *Spinther*, from the great Reſemblance between him and a Slave of that Name. There is a Pun here which is not decent to explain.

(2) I have elſewhere obſerved, that our Author, as he himſelf often intimates, was the firſt who, as it were, moulded the *Latin* Language to philoſophical Terms, which *Atticus*, who was a profeſſed Champion for the *Greek* Tongue, had thought to be impracticable. It is in this Senſe that I, as well as Monſieur *Mongault*, have tranſlated this Paſſage, but I am not ſure whether there is not a farther Alluſion in the Words. The Original is, *De Lingua Latina ſecuri es animi, dices, qui talia conſcribis*; ἀπόγραφα (*exempla*) *ſunt*. The younger *Gronovius* very rightly obſerves, that the *Animus ſecurus* here may imply his Mind

ploy it on ſuch Subjects as you do. All I do is to copy the Sentiments of others. There is no great Trouble in that. All I have to do, is to furniſh Words, and of them I have plenty.

EPIST. LIII.

I Write to you, even though I have nothing to ſay, becauſe I have a Pleaſure in ſuppoſing myſelf to be converſing with you. *Nicias* and *Valerius* are here. To-day I look for your Morning Letters, and perhaps I ſhall have a Packet in the Afternoon, unleſs you are prevented by your Diſpatches from *Epirus*, which I do not chuſe to interfere with. I have ſent you a Letter to *Marcianus*, and another to *Montanus*. Unleſs you have already delivered them, I beg that you would make them up into one Packet.

Mind being free from the exceſſive Melancholy our Author had long entertained for the Loſs of his Daughter, and which was now ſo far abated, that he could apply himſelf to write philoſophically in *Latin*. But I muſt obſerve farther, that this Paſſage is likewiſe applicable to the Sneer he had juſt before paſt upon *Spinther*, whoſe Name in *Latin* was Απογεαφος, that is, tranſcribed from the *Greek*, by which our Author brings forth this Piece of low Wit, without having Recourſe to a *Greek* Word, and which he ſuppoſes *Atticus* would be jealous of; neither Monſieur *Mongault*, nor any of the Commentators ſeem to have attended to this.

CICERO's EPISTLES TO ATTICUS.

BOOK XIII.

EPIST. I.

NOthing could be more ſevere, and at the ſame Time more moderate, than your Letter to my Son (1) was. You ſaid neither more nor leſs than what I moſt earneſtly deſired you ſhould ſay. You have likewiſe wrote, in a very proper Strain, to the two *Tullii*. Either your Letters muſt have a due Effect, or I muſt take another Courſe. As to the Money, I ſee that you are exerting yourſelf, or rather you have exerted yourſelf, moſt indefatigably; ſhould you

(1) He had been guilty of ſome little Irregularities at *Athens*.

ſucceed,

ſucceed, I ſhall look upon thoſe Gardens as your preſent. There is no Kind of Purchaſe I would prefer to this, eſpecially conſidering the uſe to which it is to be appropriated; neither am I now ſo much in a Hurry as I was before, becauſe you promiſe, or rather you undertake, that the Building ſhall be compleated before the End of Summer. Let me tell you likewiſe, that I know of no Place where I could more comfortably paſs my old Age (1), or wear away my Sorrows. Theſe Conſiderations make me ſo paſſionately fond of this Purchaſe, that I am ſometimes upon the Point of preſſing you, but then I check myſelf as having no Manner of Doubt, that in a Matter in which you know me to be very earneſt, you are more earneſt than I am myſelf. Therefore I look upon that Affair as actually finiſhed.

I am impatient to know what the Sentiments of thoſe Gentlemen were with Regard to my Letter to *Cæſar*. *Nicias* has a due Reſpect for you, and it gives him vaſt Pleaſure to know that you remember him. For my own Part, I have a vaſt Affection for our Friend *Peduceus*. I have for him all the Affection I had for his Father (2); I love him equally on his own Account, and therefore he is doubly dear to me. As to you, you are ſuperlatively ſo, becauſe you have recommended to both of us, that we ſhould live on ſuch Terms of Friendſhip. After you have looked upon the Gardens, and told me your Sentiments of them in writing, you will then furniſh me with ſome Subject of

(1) *Orig.* καταδυσιν. *Reliquum vitæ decurſum.*

(2) *Orig. Nam et quanti patrem feci, totum in hunc: ipſum per ſe æque amo, atque illum amavi.*

a Letter to you. I will write, however, at any Event, for I never am without ſome Subject or other.

EPIST. II.

I Did not take your Arrival ſo kindly as I did the Diſpatch you made on the Road. Was ever ſuch an Affront offered to Man? But I am now become inſenſible, I have now loſt all the Feelings of Fleſh and Blood (1).—This Day I looked for your Letters, not that I expect any freſh Intelligence from them.—For what more can be ſaid?—Well, let that paſs——You will order thoſe Letters to be delivered to *Oppius* and *Balbus*, and talk, when you have an Opportunity, to *Piſo* about the Gold. Should *Faberius* give a Draught, you will take Care that it be for the whole Sum he owes me. You will learn from *Eros* how much it is. *Ariarathes* (2), the Son of *Ariobarzanes*, is at *Rome*. It is my Opinion that he intends to purchaſe ſome Kingdom or other from *Cæſar*, for, in his preſent Situation, he has

(1) We are perhaps at no great Loſs in not knowing the particular Hardſhip which *Cicero* alludes to here; whether it related to *Terentia*, or which I think, more probably, to the infamous Reports which had been raiſed of him of his too great Intimacy with *Tullia*.

(2) His Father *Ariobarzanes* was elected king of *Cappadocia*, upon the Failure of the old Line of the *Cappadocian* royal Family. As his elder Brother had no Children, *Ariarathes* was the preſumptive Heir of that Crown, which gave *Cæſar* ſome Jealouſy of him, and therefore he had no Territories aſſigned him in the general Settlement, which *Cæſar* was now making of the Empire. He afterwards ſucceeded his Brother, who was put to death by *Caſſius*, but *Antony* ſtript him of his Crown and gave it to *Archelaus*.

not

not one Foot of Ground he can call his own. Our Friend *Seſtius*, who is Maſter of the Ceremonies in ordinary (1), has wholly engroſſed him. That he do it with all my Heart. But as I was greatly obliged to his Brothers, and very intimate with them, I have ſent him a Letter of Invitation to the Uſe of my Houſe. When I ſent off *Alexander* expreſs for this Purpoſe, I charged him with this Letter. To-morrow, it ſeems, is appointed for the Sale of *Peduceus*. You will then be more at Liberty to ſet out for this Place, unleſs you ſhould be detained by ſettling Matters with *Faberius*. But take your own Time. Our Acquaintance, *Dionyſius*, complains bitterly, and not without Juſtice, of his long Abſence from his Pupils (2). He has written very fully to me, and I ſuppoſe to you likewiſe. He is in a fair Way to be much longer abſent from them, which I am ſorry for, becauſe I am uneaſy for the Man's Company.

EPIST. III.

I AM ſo impatient for a Letter from you, that I wonder none has yet come, though I write this in the Morning. With Regard to thoſe Aſſignments, I am ſo well aſſured of the Credit of the

(1) *Orig. Noſter Parochus publicus.* The Buſineſs of the *Parochi* was to furniſh foreign Princes and Ambaſſadors with the Money and Proviſions alotted them by the Public. They likewiſe furniſhed the Maſters and Governors of Provinces on the Road with their Perquiſites of Salt, Wood, Hay, and the like.

(2) Meaning himſelf and *Atticus*, for he cannot mean his Son, and his Nephew, to whom *Dionyſius* had formerly been Tutor.

Parties,

Parties, that nothing ſtartles me, but your ſeeming to be in ſome Doubt. I own I think it no good Sign when you leave the Matter to me, for had I been my own Agent in this Affair, I ſhould not have taken one Step, but by your Advice. Mean while, I am perſuaded, that your Doubt ariſes from your own uſual ſcrupulous Exactneſs in Buſineſs, rather than from any real Doubts you have as to the Parties (1). For you do not approve of my Tranſaction with *Cælius* (2), and you are againſt my ſelling off any more of my Effects. I think you are in the right as to both. There is therefore a Neceſſity for my making uſe of this Aſſignment, or otherwiſe, you muſt, once in your Life, and in this very Bargain, become a Surety (3). But now the whole reſts upon myſelf (4). The Day when I am

(1) *Gronovius* is in ſome doubt whether the Scruple, mentioned here, does not relate to that which *Atticus* ſuppoſed the Heirs of *Scapula* would have, with Regard to the Aſſignments which *Cicero* was to give for Payment.

(2) The Reader may remember, that our Author propoſed to convert his Effects into ready Money, which he was to receive from his Banker, and that he was in ſome Doubts as to the Goodneſs of the Gold in which the Payment was made.

(3) I have been at ſome Pains, and I hope I have ſucceeded in tranſlating this difficult Epiſtle. I have, in the Courſe of theſe Notes obſerved, more than once, that, notwithſtanding the celebrated Friendſhip between our Author and *Atticus*, the Latter dealt with the Former with great Exactneſs, not to ſay Rigour, in all Money Matters; and the Author of his Life gives us, in his Commendation, a Circumſtance which really turns to his Reproach; that he laid it down as a Rule to be Bail for no Man. *Cicero* was no Stranger to this, and what he writes here is in a Vein of pleaſantry, becauſe he will not ſeem to ſuppoſe that any ſuch Reſolution could be conſiſtent with the Friendſhip between them. The Reaſon therefore why *Atticus* was in ſome Doubts about the Validity of the Aſſignments was, leſt *Cicero* might have called upon him to have anſwered for them to the Sellers or their Agents.

(4) *Viz.* Becauſe the Aſſignments were ſo good, that he did not

I am to be paid, indeed, is at ſome Diſtance, but let there be no Obſtacle in that. For if I can but purchaſe the Gardens, I believe the Auctioneer (I am ſure the Heirs will) will give me as long a Time for my paying them. You muſt ſpeak to *Criſpus* and *Muſtella*, and I want to know what Shares they have in this Succeſſion. *Ægypta*, the Freedman of *Brutus*, has brought me a Letter from his Maſter with the News of his Arrival. I have ſent the Letter to you, becauſe it is written with a Complaiſance unuſual to him.

EPIST. IV.

I Have, through your Labour, the Liſt of the ten Deputies (1), which indeed has put me upon thinking. For the younger *Tuditanus* was not ſo much as Quæſtor, till the Year after *Mummius* had been Conſul, ſo it muſt be the Elder, who is mentioned in the Liſt of Deputies. You are frequently teazing me to know, whether I am ſatisfied with that Aſſignment, and I have as often told you that I am. If you can finiſh any Thing with *Piſo* do it. As to *Avius*, I make no doubt of his acting as he ought. I wiſh you could be here before *Brutus*; if you cannot, let us at leaſt meet al-

not doubt but that the Sellers would take his own perſonal Security for making them good.

(1) After *Mummius* had conquered *Achaia*, the Senate, as uſual, ſent ten Deputies to regulate the civil Government of the conquered Countries, and our Author intended to have made them Interlocutors in a political Treatiſe he was about to compoſe. The Original here is dark, but I have ſupplied it from other Parts of our Author's Writings.

together at *Tuſculum*. It is of great Importance for me to ſee you. If you will order one of your Slaves to make Enquiry, you may learn on what Day *Brutus* is to be here.

EPIST. V.

I Took it that *Spurius Mummius* was one of the ten Deputies, but, now I think of it, he ſerved probably (1) as Lieutenant to his Brother, for it is certain that he was then at *Corinth*. I have ſent you my *Torquatus* (2). I beg you will talk, as you propoſe, with *Silius*, and preſs him to diſpatch. He refuſed to defer the Payment ſo long as *May*, but he agreed to every Thing elſe (3). But I beg you would tranſact this in your own prudent Manner, as you do every Thing elſe. After you have ſpoken to *Criſpus* and *Muſtella*, let me know what you have concluded with them. Now that you have promiſed me to be here when *Brutus* ſhall arrive, I am quite ſatisfied; and the more ſo, as I ſuppoſe you will ſpend the intermediate Time in finiſhing my capital Affair.

(1) *Orig.* εἰλογον. *Veriſimile.*

(2) *Viz.* The firſt Book of his Conferences *de finibus*, in which *Torquatus* explains, and defends the Epicurean Syſtem.

(3) *Manutius* is of Opinion, that this Paſſage ought to be read, *Illam diem negabat eſſe menſe Maio, iſtam non negabat*; and Monſieur *Mongault* lets the whole paſs without any Note. *Manutius* thinks farther, that the Matter, alluded to here, was, that *Silius* was willing to delay the Payment, for his Gardens, till the Month of *May*, but that the Heirs of *Scapula* refuſed to lie ſo long out of their Money for their Payment. But if this could be the Senſe, I cannot ſee with what Propriety *Silius* could be the Nominative to *negabat*.

EPIST. VI.

YOU have done quite right as to the Aqueduct. Take care that I have the Columns (1), be the Expence what it will. Though I think I have heard from *Camillus*, that the Law, in this Reſpect, is altered. What can we anſwer more genteelly to *Piſo*, than that the younger *Cato* is here all alone (2)? and this Anſwer will ſerve not only the Coheirs of *Hirennius*, but, as you know, (for you was concerned in the ſame Affair with me) for the younger *Lucullus*. For it is material to know, that his Guardian took up that Money in *Achaia*. But *Piſo* deals like a Man of Honour, for, he ſays, he will do nothing that can diſoblige us. Therefore, as you write to me, we will, when we meet, conſult how to ſettle this Matter. You have done extremely well in having had a meeting with the other Coheirs.

(1) *Orig. Columnarium, vide, ne nullum debeamus.* This alludes to part of the ſumptuary Law enacted by *Cæſar*. Some of the Commentators imagine, that the *Columnarium*, here mentioned in the Original, was a Tax upon Columns, as *Oſtiarium* was upon Doors, which *Cæſar* exacted of the Citizens of *Rome*, upon Buildings already raiſed. But this is not very probable, becauſe, in his third Book of the civil Wars, we find him blaming *Scipio* for exacting that very Tax. It is more probable, that his ſumptuary Law laid a Tax upon all new Columns employed in Building. There is however an Obſcurity in the Original which leaves it uncertain, whether our Author does not mean to deſire *Atticus* to take Care that he ſhould not be loaded with that Tax; in which Caſe, for *nullum*, we muſt read *ullum*. The Columns, here ſpoken of, were perhaps thoſe which were to be employed in building the Temple, in Memory of his Daughter.

(2) *Orig. Solitudinem Catonis.* The Reader is to underſtand that our Author was Guardian to young *Lucullus*, and probably to the younger *Cato* likewiſe, whoſe Eſtate was in Arrears to *Piſo*, and the Coheirs of *Hirennius*.

As to your wanting to ſee my Letter to *Brutus*, I have no Copy of it. *Tyro* ſays, that you certainly have one, and I remember that, at the Time I ſent you his uncivil Letter, I ſent you a Copy of my Anſwer. You will take care that I am not troubled with any judicial Functions. I was utterly ignorant of that *Tuditanus*, the great Grandfather of *Hortenſius*, and I took it to have been his Son, who was the Deputy, which was impoſſible. I am quite certain that *Mummius* was at *Corinth*, for the late *Spurius* often read over to me his Letters full of quaint Witticiſms, which he wrote from *Corinth* to his Friends. But I make no doubt of his having been Lieutenant to his Brother, and not one of the ten Deputies. I have likewiſe learned, that our Anceſtors never named any Relations of a General amongſt the ten Deputies, who were to controul him, though later Times have been ſo ignorant, or rather ſo neglectful, of this moſt ſalutary Maxim, as to ſend *Marcus Lucullus*, and *Lucius Murena*, and other of his neareſt Relations, to *Lucius Lucullus* as his Deputies. It is likwiſe natural to ſuppoſe (1), that his Brother would prefer him, before any other, to be his Lieutenant. What Work do I cut out for you! who thus both read for me, and negotiate for me, and that too with more Attention to my Concerns than you give to your own.

(1) *Orig.* εἰλογώτατον. *Maxime vero ſimile.*

EPIST. VII.

SESTIUS has been with me, as *Theopompus* (1) was the Day before. He tells me, that he received a Letter from *Cæſar*, informing him, that he was determined to remain at *Rome* (2), and that he gives the very Reaſon, mentioned in my Letter, left, were he abſent, his Laws ſhould be neglected, as his ſumptuary Law has been. This is very probable (3), and is no more than what occurred to myſelf before. But thoſe Gentlemen muſt be humoured, unleſs I ſhould think proper to reſume what I at firſt propoſed. Well, it is certain then that *Lentulus* has divorced *Metella*; but you know all thoſe Matters better than I do; write me therefore ſomewhat in Anſwer; what you pleaſe, provided it be ſomewhat. For, at preſent, nothing occurs to me that you can write, unleſs you think proper to write ſomewhat concerning *Muſtella* or *Silius*. *Brutus* came to *Tuſculum* Yeſterday about five in the Evening. To-day therefore he will viſit me, and I wiſh that you were preſent when he does. For I ordered him to be told, that you waited as long as you could for his Arrival; that you would return if you heard of it, and that I would inſtantly inform you, as I do by this Letter.

(1) He was a native of *Cnidos*, and a Favourite with *Cæſar*.

(2) This ſeems to contradict a Report which has obtained in Hiſtory, as if *Cæſar* intended, upon his being peaceable Poſſeſſor of the Empire, to undertake an Expedition in Perſon againſt the *Parthians*.

(3) *Orig.* εἰκὸς. *Veri ſimile.*

EPIST. VIII.

I Really have nothing to write to you, for you had no ſooner left me than you ſent me back a Letter of three Pages (1) in Anſwer to mine. I hope you will take care to convey this Packet to *Veſtorius*, and employ ſome one or other to enquire whether *Quintus Faberius* has any Eſtate that is to be ſold in the Territory of *Pompeii*, or in that of *Nola*. I beg you would ſend me the Epitome of *Brutus* of the *Cælian* Annals (2), and get for me, from *Philoxemus*, the Treatiſe of *Panætius* (3) concerning Providence (4). I hope to ſee you on the 13th, with your Family.

EPIST. IX.

YOU were but juſt gone Yeſterday when *Trebatius* and, ſoon after, *Curtius* arrived here. The latter came only to pay me his Compliments, but he ſtayed here upon my Invitation, and I have *Trebatius* with me likewiſe. *Dolabella* arrived this Morning. We converſed together for a long Time;

(1) *Orig. Triplices remiſeras.* In Matters of ſmall Moment, the ancients uſed to ſend their Tablets or Pocket Books to one another with their Buſineſs written in them, and an Anſwer was returned on the ſame Tablets. The Buſineſs mentioned here, took up, it ſeems, three Pages of thoſe Tablets.

(2) They were compoſed by *Lucius Cælius Antipater*. *Brutus* was a great Epitomiſer of Works of that Kind.

(3) He was a ſtoic Philoſopher, and wrote in Defence of an immediate Providence.

(4) *Orig.* Παναιτίου περὶ προνοίας. *Panætii de providentia.*

and

and indeed nothing could be more open (1), nothing more affectionate (2), than what he ſaid to me. Mean while we fell upon the Subject of my Nephew, of whom he told me many Things that are not to be expreſſed, and ought not to be related (3). One Circumſtance, however, was of ſuch a Nature, that, unleſs the whole Army knew it, I ſhould not venture to dictate it to *Tiro*, nay, not to write it with my own Hand. But I ſhall find Time enough for this. While *Dolabella* was with me, *Torquatus* arrived very ſeaſonably (4), and *Dolabella* very handſomely told him in what Terms I had expreſſed myſelf concerning him, for I luckily had talked with him in the moſt earneſt Manner, which ſeemed to give *Torquatus* ſenſible Pleaſure.

I expect to hear from you if you know any Thing of *Brutus*. *Nicias* thinks the Marriage is finiſhed, but he ſays that his Divorce, from his firſt Wife, is diſliked. I therefore, as well as you, am earneſt, that the Affair ſhould be finiſhed. For if he has given any Offence, this Step will remedy it (5). I muſt go to *Arpinum*; for I muſt ſettle the Affairs of that little Farm, and I am afraid I ſhall not be at Liberty to leave *Rome* after *Cæſar*'s Arrival, of which *Dolabella*'s Opinion is conformable to the Conjecture you had formed from *Meſſalà*'s Letter.

(1) *Orig.* ἐκτενέστερον. *Prolixius.*
(2) *Orig.* φιλοστοργότερον. *Amantius.*
(3) *Orig.* ἄφατα, ἀδιήγητα. *Non dicenda, non narranda.*
(4) *Orig.* εὐκαίρως. *Opportune.*
(5) We ſee, by this Paſſage, that *Plutarch* was miſtaken in ſaying, that *Brutus* was married to *Portia* in the Life Time of her Father *Cato*. Our Author here means, that *Brutus*, by marrying the excellent Daughter of the great *Cato*, would be a ſufficient Vindication for his divorcing *Clodia*, who had given him no Cauſe of Diſguſt.

When I ſhall arrive at *Arpinum*, and when I have underſtood what Buſineſs I have there, I will write to you the preciſe Day when I ſhall ſet out on my Return.

EPIST. X.

I AM not at all ſurprized at your being ſenſibly affected by the Death of *Marcellus*, and at your being apprehenſive in many other Reſpects. For how can we be on our Guard againſt an Accident, which never had any Precedent, and which ſeemed to be inconſiſtent with Nature to permit (1). We therefore have every Thing to fear. But how can you, who are ſo exact in thoſe Matters, be ſo much miſtaken (2) as to ſay, that I am the only ſurviving Conſular (3)? Make you then no Account of *Servius*? But this is of no Kind of Importance, eſpecially with me, who think that thoſe who are dead are as happy as we are. For what are we, or what can we do? Of what Importance are we at home or abroad? Had I not taken it in my Head to amuſe myſelf with Writing ſuch Trifles as theſe, I ſhould not have known how to have borne my own Exiſtence.

(1) We have a curious Account of the Death of this great Man, in a Letter from *Sulpicius* to our Author. After *Cæſar*, at the univerſal Requeſt of the Senate, had pardoned him, he was ſtabbed to death in his Return home by this *Magius*, who was his intimate Friend and Client.

(2) *Orig.* παρὰ τὴν ἱστορίαν. *Præter Hiſtoriam.*

(3) There were many Conſulars beſides our Author, and *Servius* alive at this Time, but they behaved ſo, as they had nothing to fear from *Cæſar*.

I am

I am of the ſame Opinion with you concerning *Dolabella*. Something that is public (1), and ſomething that is political (2), would ſuit him beſt. In ſhort, ſomething muſt be done for him, for he is very anxious about it. You will take Care to acquaint me, if you know any thing of *Brutus*. The ſooner, (if he is determined upon it) that he finiſhes his Marriage, ſo much the better; for he will thereby reſtrain, or at leaſt, moderate all Tattling and Goſſipping about him. Some People have talked of him, even to myſelf. But *Brutus* knows beſt what Meaſures to take, eſpecially if he conſults with you. I think of ſetting out on the 22d, for I have no Buſineſs either here or there, or by Heavens, any where. Yet I had ſome Trifles to ſettle there.

This Day I look for *Spinther*, from what *Brutus* wrote to me. In the ſame Letter, he clears *Cæſar* from having any Hand in the Death of young *Marcellus*, nor indeed, had he been killed by Treachery in the Dark, and by an unknown Hand, could any Suſpicion have been fixed on him. But now, that *Magius* is known to be the Aſſaſſin, does not his Frenzy explain the whole Affair? I am intirely ignorant what his Motive could be; you will therefore, let me know, though I have no Kind of Doubt but about the Grounds of the Fury of *Magius*, who had ſome Time ago made Uſe of him at *Sunium*, as a Bail. No doubt, this gave Riſe to his Fury, becauſe *Marcellus* was of himſelf in-

(1) *Orig.* κοινότερα. *Magis communia.*
(2) *Orig.* πολιτικώτερα. *Ad remp. adminiſtrandam magis accommodata.*

ſolvent;

ſolvent. I ſuppoſe, he aſked *Marcellus* for ſome Money, and that *Marcellus*'s Anſwer, as was uſual with him, was a little harſh.

EPIST. XI.

THERE is no judging of Things at a Diſtance(1)—I believed I could have eaſily lived without you, but I find it quite the Reverſe now that we are ſeparated. But I was obliged to go to *Arpinum*, both that I might ſettle the Concerns of my ſmall Eſtate there, and leſt I ſhould make our Friend *Brutus* tired of his waiting upon me; for we can hereafter enjoy one another's Company with greater Pleaſure at *Tuſculum*. But at this Juncture, while he wanted every Day to ſee me, and I could not poſſibly go to him, he was deprived of all the Pleaſure of his Seat at *Tuſculum*. Do you, therefore, inform me by a Letter, whether *Servilia* be come to *Rome*, whether *Brutus* has made any Advances, or whether he propoſes any Thing, and when he is to meet the great Man; in ſhort, let me know every Thing that may be proper for me to know. I beg you will, if poſſible, talk with *Piſo*. You are ſenſible, it is now high Time, but let that be as your Conveniency can admit of.

(1) *Orig.* οὐ ταυτὸν εἶδος. *Non eadem facies.* I have followed *Caſaubon* in Beginning this Letter, with the Expreſſion which in other Editions finiſhes the preceding, as there is no Diſtinction in the oldeſt Manuſcripts.

EPIST.

EPIST. XII.

YOUR Letters concerning our darling *Attica* gave me great Concern, but they gave me Comfort at the ſame Time. For, I thought I had ſufficient Grounds for moderating my Affliction, as you yourſelf take Comfort in the ſame Letter. You have diſpoſed of my Oration for *Ligarius* to fine Advantage; you ſhall be my Publiſher, for whatever I ſhall write hereafter. As to what you write concerning *Varro*, you know, that till lately, I compoſed nothing but Orations, or ſome ſuch ſerious Works, into which I could not interweave *Varro* with any Propriety. Afterwards, when I undertook a Work of more general Erudition (1), *Varro* acquainted me, that he intended to addreſs (2) to me a Work of great Weight and Importance. Two Years paſſed over, without his advancing one Inch, though he is a very Mercury (3) for Diſpatch in Writing. Now, all this while, I was making Preparations for anſwering his Compliment in the ſame Coin (4), and with Intereſt (5), "if I could," for *Heſiod* in ſuch Caſes, recommends the Expreſſion of "If you can (6)." At preſent, I have addreſſed to *Brutus*, as you deſired me to do, my treatiſe "concerning the Ends of Things

(1) *Orig.* Φιλολογώτερα. *Eruditiora.*

(2) *Orig.* ωροσφώνησιν. *Inſcriptionem.*

(3) *Orig.* Καλλιππίδης. *Callippides.*

(4) *Varro* afterwards addreſſed his Book upon the *Latin* Tongue to our Author.

(5) *Orig.* αὐτῷ τῷ μέτρῳ καὶ λώιον. *Eadem menſura, & melius.*

(6) *Orig.* ἂιχε δύναι. *Si poſſis.*

good

good and evil (1)," of which I own I am fond; and you ſignified to me, that ſuch an Addreſs would not diſpleaſe him. I will, therefore, introduce *Varro* into my academical (2) Diſcourſes, where the Interlocutors are Men of Eminence indeed, but by no Means proper to handle philoſophical Diſtinctions and Niceties. Beſides, thoſe Diſcourſes proceed upon the Principles of *Antiochus* (3), which he greatly approves of. We will in other Places introduce *Catulus* and *Lucullus*, provided, however, that you approve of my Plan; and I expect you will write to me concerning it.

I have received a Letter from *Veſtorius*, concerning the Sale of the Effects of *Brinnius*. He ſays, there was not the leaſt Oppoſition in fixing it at my Houſe (for they ſuppoſed I ſhould be at *Rome* or *Tuſculum*) on the 24th of *June*. You will, therefore, deſire your Friend and my Co-heir *S. Vettius*, or my Friend *Labeo*, to put off the Sale for a ſhort Time, for I ſhall be at *Tuſculum* about the 7th of *July*. You have *Eros* at *Rome* dealing with *Piſo*. Let us beſtow all our Thoughts upon the Gardens of *Scapula*; the Day of Sale approaches.

(1) *Orig.* περὶ τελῶν συνταξιν. *De finibus commentationem.*
(2) *Orig.* Ἀκαδημικὴν. *Academicam.*
(3) *Orig.* Ἀντιόχεια. *Antiochia.* He was a Diſciple of *Carneades*. Both *Cicero* and *Atticus* had ſtudied under him at *Athens*, and *Lucullus* had afterwards brought him to *Rome*.

EPIST.

EPIST. XIII.

THE Letter you wrote me concerning *Varro*, had the Effect of making me transfer my academical Treatiſe from thoſe Men of great Quality to our Companion, and inſtead of two Books, I have made four. Though many Things are ſuppreſt in them, yet they are much larger than the others were; you will write me, however, what his real Sentiments are. Above all Things too I want to know who the Perſon is, you think he is jealous of (1); whether it is not *Brutus?* The Knowledge of that would finally determine me; but I want to be ſure of the Fact. As to the Books themſelves (unleſs an Author's Fondneſs for his own Works (2) deceive me), I have finiſhed them in ſuch a Manner, that even *Greece* itſelf can produce nothing of that Kind. I hope, you will patiently put up with the Expence, of having my Academics tranſcribed in the Form I ſent them to you. In their preſent Form they are a great deal more perſpicuous, ſuccinct and agreeable.

But, I am now at a Loſs (3) what to do; I want to gratify *Dolabella*, who paſſionately deſires I ſhould addreſs ſomewhat to him. I can find nothing; I am afraid People (4) talk already; if I ſhould find any Thing that would be ſuitable, how could I eſcape Cenſure (5)? I muſt, therefore,

(1) *Orig.* ζηλοτυπεῖσθαι. *Invideri.*
(2) *Orig.* φιλαυτία. *Amor ſui.*
(3) *Orig.* ἀπορῶ. *Dubito.*
(4) *Orig.* αἰδέομαι Τρῶας. *Vereor Trojanos.*
(5) *Orig.* μέμψιν. *Accuſationem.* It was indeed, pretty extraordinary, that our Author ſhould live in ſuch Intimacy with *Dolabella*, who had but juſt repudiated his beloved Daughter.

But

drop that Deſign, or fall upon ſome Expedient. But why ſhould ſuch Trifles employ me? I beg you will let me know, how my Darling *Attica* does: I am greatly concerned about her. But after often examining your Letters, I am more at Eaſe. Yet I look for freſh Accounts.

EPIST. XIV.

THE Freedman of *Brinnius*, and one of his Coheirs with me, has written to me, that he and *Sabinus Albius* the third Coheir, would, if it was agreeable to me, wait upon me. This I am abſolutely againſt. For the Legacy is not worth the while. And yet, they might eaſily advertiſe the Day of Sale (for it is to be on the 11th) if they came to me at *Tuſculum* in the Morning of the 6th. If they want, however, to protract the Time, they may do it two or three Days as they think proper, for ſuch a Delay will be of no Conſequence. Therefore, you will ſtop thoſe Perſons, if they are not ſet out before this comes to your Hand. Let me know, if you hear any Thing of *Brutus*, or of *Cæſar*, or any other News. I again beg of you, to take it into your Conſideration, whether it may be proper to ſend my Work to *Varro*. And indeed, this Matter ſomewhat concerns yourſelf. For, be it known unto you, that I have made you and him two Speakers in the

But *Cicero* might likewiſe be afraid, leſt he ſhould be cenſured, as if his Courtſhip of *Dolabella*, was in order to keep himſelf with *Cæſar*.

Conference,

Conference. I, therefore, think it is high Time for us to come to a Reſolution. For, though the Names are inſerted, yet ſtill, they may be eraſed, and others put in.

EPIST. XV.

HOW, I pray you, does our darling *Attica* do, for I have heard nothing from you for theſe three Days? How ſhould I? Since no body has gone between us, and, perhaps, you had no more Subject for writing than I had. I am this Day, when I give this Letter to *Valerius*, in Expectation of ſome of my People. Should any one come with Letters from you, I ſhall then have ſubject Matter for writing.

EPIST. XVI.

SUCH heavy and ſuch inceſſant Rains have fallen here, that I have not as yet been able to ſtir without Doors, though all I now court are Rivers and Retirements for the Abatement of my Grief. I have inſerted *Varro* as a Speaker through the whole of my academical Treatiſe (1). At firſt, I had made *Catulus*, *Lucullus*, and *Hortenſius* the Interlocutors; reflecting afterwards, that there was ſome Impropriety (2) in this, becauſe the Public knew, that though thoſe Perſons were not illiterate (3),

(1) *Orig.* Σύνταξιν. *Commentationem.*
(2) *Orig.* Παρὰ τὸ πρέπον. *Præter decorum.*
(3) *Orig.* Ἀπαιδευσία. *Ignorantia.*

yet,

yet, that they were not converſant (1) in thoſe Matters, as ſoon as I came to my Country Seat, I put their Parts into the Mouths of *Cato* and *Brutus*. This produced your Letter concerning *Varro*, and I thought no body more proper than he was for defending the Doctrine of *Antiochus* (2). Still, I hope, you will write to me in the firſt Place, whether it may be proper for me to addreſs any Thing to him; and, in the next Place, if it is, whether I ſhould addreſs this Work? What is *Servilia* doing? is ſhe arrived yet? How does *Brutus* go on? is the Day fixed yet? What do you hear of *Cæſar?* I remain here as I told you, till the 7th. Endeavour to come to ſome Concluſion with *Piſo*.

EPIST. XVII.

ABOUT the 27th, I expect to hear ſomewhat from *Rome*, not that I ordered any of my People to come to me, therefore, I expect to hear by yours concerning what I have ſo often written about; what *Brutus* deſigns to do? whether he has concluded upon any Thing? and whether any News is come from *Cæſar?* But how can thoſe Matters concern me? I want to know, how your ſweet Daughter does. Though your Letters bid me hope for the beſt, yet they are of too old a Date. Mean while, I expect more freſh Intelligence.

(1) *Orig.* Ἀτριψία. *Uſus nullus.*
(2) *Orig.* Ἀντιόχεια. *Antiochia.*

EPIST.

EPIST. XVIII.

YOU ſee the Benefit of our being Neighbours. For my Part, I am determined to purchaſe that Seat near *Rome*. While I was at *Tuſculum*, our Correſpondence by Letters was ſo frequent, that I imagined myſelf to be talking with you in Perſon. Now I ſhall have the ſame Benefit, as you adviſe me. I have compleated the Treatiſes which I have addreſſed to *Varro*, which, I aſſure you, are ſufficiently ſubtile. I, however, am impatient till you write to me an Anſwer, in the firſt Place, how you came to know that a Man, who, like *Varro*, has wrote ſo much (1) without addreſſing any Thing to me, ſhould deſire me to pay him that Compliment? In the next Place, who the Perſon is he is jealous of (2), whether it is not *Brutus*? If he is not jealous (3) of him, he can be far leſs ſo of *Hortenſius*, or any of the Interlocutors in my Treatiſe concerning Government. I would have you to be Expreſs with me upon the two following Points; whether you are ſtill of Opinion, that I ought to ſend my Work to *Varro*, or do you think, I have no Occaſion to do it? But we will talk of thoſe Matters when we meet.

EPIST. XIX.

MY Amanuenſis *Hilarus* was but juſt gone from hence on the 27th, at which Time I

(1) *Orig.* Πολυγραφώταλος. *Multa ſcribens.*
(2) *Orig.* ζηλοτυπεῖν. *Invidere.*
(3) *Orig.* ζηλοτυπεῖ. *Invidet.*

gave him a Letter for you, when your Letter-Carrier came with your Letters dated the Day before, in which I read with the greateſt Pleaſure, that your Daughter deſired you not to be concerned, and you tell me, ſhe is out of Danger (1). The good Opinion you had of my Oration for *Ligarius* has, I perceive, ſet it off to great Advantage. For *Balbus* and *Oppius* write to me, that they are wonderfully pleaſed with it, and cannot help ſending it, ſhort as it is, to *Cæſar*. This is no more than what you yourſelf wrote me ſome Time before.

As to the Buſineſs of *Varro*, I pay no kind of Regard to what People may think of me, as if I courted Fame (2) through him; (for I had laid it down as a Reſolution to introduce no living Characters as Speakers in any Dialogue of mine), but, becauſe you write me, that *Varro* is fond of having ſuch an Addreſs, and that he would be very proud of it, I have therefore, finiſhed thoſe Conferences. I have in four Books comprehended the whole Academic Syſtem. How well it is executed, I ſhall not pretend to ſay. But it is impoſſible for me to finiſh any Thing more highly. I have put into *Varro*'s Mouth all the Arguments which were ſo accurately collected by *Antiochus* againſt the Doctrine of Comprehenſion (3). Theſe I have anſwered myſelf, and you are the third Party in our Converſation. Had I brought in *Cotta* and *Varro* diſputing together as you adviſed me to do in

(1) *Orig.* Ἀκίνδυνα. *Sine periculo.*
(2) *Orig.* φιλόδοξος. *Gloriæ cupidus.*
(3) *Orig.* Ἀκαταληψίαν. *Opinionem eorum qui nihil comprehendi poſſe dicunt.*

your

your laſt Letters, I muſt then have been a mute Perſon (1). There is a fine Effect, when the Interlocutors are ſuppoſed to be dead, and it has been followed by *Heraclides* (2) in ſeveral of his Conferences; and in my ſix Books concerning Government. I am likewiſe extremely fond of my three Books upon the Character of an Orator, where I have done the ſame Thing, and where the Interlocutors are ſuch as neceſſarily rendered me ſilent. They are *Craſſus*, *Antonius*, the elder *Catulus*, *Caius Julius* the Brother of *Catulus*, *Cotta* and *Sulpicius*. I was but a Boy when this Conference is ſuppoſed to have happened, ſo that properly, I could have no Share in it. But as to my later Compoſitions, they are in the Manner of *Ariſtotle* (3), and the Speeches of the other Interlocutors are ſo diſpoſed, that I make the principal Figure myſelf. Thus, in my Work concerning the Ends of Things good and evil (4), I have aſſigned the Defence of the Epicurean Doctrine to *Lucius Torquatus*, that of the *Stoics* to *Marcus Cato*, and that of the *Peripatetics* (5) to *Marcus Piſo*. All whom I anſwer (6). This I thought I could do, without giving any Offence (7), becauſe all of them are deceaſed.

You know, that I introduced *Catulus Lucullus*,

(1) *Orig.* Κωφὸν πρόσωπον. *Perſona muta.*

(2) He was a Native of *Pontus*, and a Diſciple of *Plato* and *Ariſtotle*, but none of his Works are now remaining.

(3) *Orig.* Ἀριστοτέλειον. *Ariſtotelicum.*

(4) *Orig.* περὶ τελῶν. *De finibus.*

(5) *Orig.* περιπατητικὰ *Peripatetica.*

(6) I have after Monſieur *Mongault* inſerted theſe Words for the better Underſtanding our Author's Meaning in the Original.

(7) *Orig.* Ἀξηλοτύπητον. *Sine invidia.*

and *Hortenſius* diſputing in this academical Treatiſe; but that was with no Kind of Propriety. For, they were made to canvaſs Subtleties (1) which they could not be ſuppoſed ſo much as to have dreamed of. Therefore, as ſoon as I read your Hint concerning *Varro*, I laid eagerly hold of it as if it had been a Stray (2). Nothing can be better ſuited than his Part is to that Kind of Philoſophy which he has chiefly adopted, and his Arguments are put with ſo great Force, that I do not think, I make myſelf a greater Figure, than he does, in the Debate. I have been at Pains to give unto the Doctrines of *Antiochus*, all the ſtrong Air of Truth (3) which he is Maſter of. They have all the Force of his Reaſoning, cloathed in the Beauty of my Language, provided, you allow it to have any Beauty. But I beg you will take ſome Pains to know whether it is proper I ſhould addreſs thoſe Treatiſes to *Varro*? Several Things occured to me on that Head; but of that when we meet.

EPIST. XX.

I HAVE received Letters of Condolence from *Cæſar*, dated from *Hiſpalis* the laſt of *April*. I do not underſtand the News about enlarging the City; I wiſh I did. I am glad that my Endeavours to oblige *Torquatus* have been agreeable to him. I will continue to encreaſe them. I can neither add any Thing to my Oration for *Ligarius* concerning

(1) *Orig.* Λογικώτερα. *Subtiliora.*
(2) *Orig.* ἅρμαῖον. *Lucrum inſperatum.*
(3) *Orig.* Πιθανὰ. *Probabilia.*

Tubero's

Tubero's (1) wife and his Stepdaughter (for it is already publiſhed), nor do I much incline to make any Apology for *Tubero*, for he is a very troubleſome Perſon (2). You muſt have had very excellent Diverſion in the Scene you mention. Though I enjoy myſelf with great Satisfaction in this Place, yet I earneſtly deſire to ſee you. I will therefore, return as I purpoſed. I ſuppoſe, you have met with my Brother, for which Reaſon I ſhould be glad to know what paſſed between you.

I am quite unconcerned with Regard to public Report, notwithſtanding the fooliſh Stuff that I formerly wrote to you. For it is below our Care. All that Man has to do, is through the whole Courſe of his Life, not to depart one Straw Breadth from the Dictates of a good Conſcience. Don't you ſee how much a Philoſopher (3) I am grown? Do you now think, that I have peruſed thoſe philoſophical Treatiſes to no Purpoſe? What I mentioned (4) was of no Conſequence. Therefore, I would not have you to be uneaſy (5). For now, I return to my former Purpoſe. Do you imagine, that I had any other View all along than not to be wanting to my Friend? You may ſay, that I do it, that I may once more aſſert my Superiority at the Bar of Juſtice. But even that does not ſway with me (6). I wiſh that I could be as much ſuperior to all

(1) He was a Proſecutor of *Ligarius*, but was ſo aſhamed of the Proſecution upon *Ligarius* being acquitted, that he wanted to lay all the Fault upon his own Wife and his Stepdaughter.

(2) *Orig.* φιλαίτιος. *Querulus.*

(3) *Orig.* φιλοσόφως. *Philoſophice.*

(4) Meaning the railing of his Nephew againſt him.

(5) *Orig.* Διδῆχθαι. *Morſum eſſe.*

(6) *Orig.* Μὴ γὰρ αὐτοῖς. *Non enim ipſis.*

domeſtic Troubles as I am to thoſe Vanities. What! do you imagine, that I aſpire at any Thing (1) which I have not yet effected? Well then, may not a Man change his Way of thinking? And yet, I cannot but approve of what I have done already. At the ſame Time, I can with great Conſiſtency lay aſide, as I do, all Thoughts of doing ſo any more. But enough of Trifles.

EPIST. XXI.

I GAVE a pretty long Letter for you to *Hirtius*, which I had wrote but a little before at *Tuſculanum*. I ſhall at another Time anſwer yours of the ſame Date; but at preſent, I chuſe to anſwer your other Letters. How ſhould I do any Thing with Regard to *Torquatus*, without hearing ſomewhat from *Dolabella*? As ſoon as I do, you ſhall know. I look for the Return of my Expreſs from him to Day, or To-morrow, at fartheſt. As ſoon as the Diſpatches arrive, I will forward them to you. I expect to hear from my Brother, for you know, I ſent him an Expreſs when I left *Tuſculanum* upon the 24th.

But now to my Purpoſe. I am now quite out of Conceit with that ſame *Inhibere* (2) which I was ſo fond of before. It is quite a Sea Term; I knew

(1) *Viz.* To be at the Head of *Roman* Eloquence.

(2) This is another Proof how very curious our Author was in his Choice of Words. He has himſelf ſufficiently explained the Meaning of this. It ſeems, *Atticus* had adviſed him to make Uſe of the Word *Inhibere*, to ſignify that philoſophical Suſpence which the Academy profeſſed, and which was known by the *Greek* Word ἐποχή.

that

that before, but ſtill I thought, that when it was made Uſe of as a Word of Direction to Rowers, they then reſted upon their Oars. But I was undeceived in this Notion Yeſterday, while a Veſſel was plying near my Villa; for when that was the Word, they did not reſt upon their Oars, but they rowed in another Manner than before. Now, this is quite a different Senſe from that of the Εποχη (1). You will therefore, replace the former Word in your Copy; and apprize *Varro* likewiſe, unleſs he has changed it already. No better Word can be uſed than *Suſtinere* in the Senſe *Lucullus* (2) uſes it.

Suſtineat currum ut bonus ſæpe agitator equoſque.

Carneades always compares the Εποχη (3) to the Poſture (4) of a Boxer taking Aim at his Antagoniſt, or a Charioteer holding in his Steeds before he ſtarts. But *Inhibitio* implies Motion, and a ſtrong Motion too; for it ſignifies a Ship going backwards.

You ſee how much more I am concerned about this Matter than I am about the Talk you mention, or about the News concerning *Pollio* (5). Let me know, if the News from *Panſa* (6) holds; for, I ſuppoſe, by this Time it is public; whether you hear any Thing of *Critonius*; or, have any certain Account con-

(1) *Orig.* ἐποχῇ. *Retentione.*

(2) I cannot eaſily believe that the Verſe here quoted was written by *Lucullus*. It was more probably put into his Mouth by our Author in the firſt Edition of his Academics, in which that great Man is made an Interlocutor.

(3) *Orig.* ἐποχῇ. *Retentioni.*

(4) *Orig.* προβολὴν. *Statum jamjam dimicaturi.*

(5) He was left by *Cæſar* in *Spain* to watch the Motions of *Sextus Pompeius.*

(6) He was then Governor of the *Gauls.*

cerning *Metellus* and *Balbinus*? But let me aſk you, Do you think it proper my Works ſhould be publiſhed without my Orders? *Hermodorus* (1) himſelf, who publiſhed the Works of *Plato*, (from whence came the Proverb, *Hermodorus ſells other People's Brains* (2)) never did ſo by *Plato*. Tell me again, is it proper they ſhould be public to any body before *Brutus* ſees them, as I have addreſſed (3) them to him by your Advice? Now *Balbus* has written me Word, that by your Leave, he has tranſcribed the fifth Book of my Treatiſe "concerning the Ends of Things." I have not indeed, made many Alterations in it, but ſome I have made. You will pleaſe, therefore, to reſerve the other Books leſt *Balbus* ſhould have what is incorrect (4), and *Brutus* what is ſtale (5). But I ſay no more on this Head, leſt I ſhould ſeem to make much ado about nothing (6). But, indeed, at this Time, theſe are to me Matters of Importance, for what have I to think of beſides?

As to what I have, at your Requeſt, addreſſed to *Varro*, I make ſuch Diſpatch to ſend it to him, that I have ſent it already to *Rome* to be tranſcribed. You may have that Work when you pleaſe, for I have wrote to the Tranſcribers, that if you deſire it, your Tranſcribers ſhould have leave to

(1) He was the Cotemporary and Diſciple of *Plato*.

(2) *Orig.* Λόγοισιν Ἑρμόδωρος. *Verbis Hermodorus.* We ſay in *Engliſh*, A Man picks another Man's Brains, when he makes Advantage of his Projects or Works.

(3) *Orig.* προσφωνῶ. *Dico.*

(4) *Orig.* Ἀδιόρθωτα. *Non correcta.*

(5) *Orig.* Ἐωλα. *Obſoleta.*

(6) *Orig.* περὶ μικρὰ σπουδάζειν. *In parvis rebus multum ſtudii ponere.*

copy

copy it out. You will not, however, make it public before I ſee you; and I know you are very obſervant when I put you upon your Guard. I forgot to tell you, that *Cærelia*, who has a ſurpriſing Paſſion for the Study of Philoſophy, is writing over my Works from your Copies; and ſhe has already my Treatiſe "concerning the Ends of Things." Now, I give you my Word for it (though all Mankind is liable to miſtake) that ſhe did not tranſcribe them from my Copy, for I never ſuffered it to go out of my Sight, and my Tranſcribers were ſo far from making two Copies, that they have ſcarcely compleated one. I would not, however, have you imagine, that your Tranſcribers are any way in fault, for I neglected to tell them, that I did not chuſe my Work ſhould be publiſhed ſo ſoon. How long I dwell upon Trifles! for, indeed, I have no Buſineſs to write of. I agree with you as to *Dolabella*. The Coheirs, as you adviſe, will come to *Tuſculanum*. *Balbus* has wrote me Word, that he does not believe *Cæſar* will come to *Rome* before the 1ſt of *Auguſt*. It gives me Pleaſure to hear that your Daughter is ſo eaſy, ſo well, and ſo chearful in her Spirits (1).

You mention what my Thoughts are of that Matter, in which I am as ſolicitous as you are (2). Hitherto, I approve greatly of the Party, ſo far as I know about him, I mean his Rank, his Family,

(1) *Orig* Εὐκόλως. *Placide.*

(2) This probably was a Marriage propoſed between a female Relation of *Atticus*, perhaps his Daughter (though ſhe ſeems to have been rather too young for Marriage at this Time) and ſome *Roman* Nobleman of Diſtinction.

and

and his Eſtate. It is, indeed, very material, that I am not perſonally acquainted with him, but I hear an exceeding good Character of him from *Scrofa*. He is likewiſe to be my Neighbour (1), if that can be of any Service; and I know, he has better Blood (2) in him than that of his Father (3). But when we meet, I will talk to you, and that in a Manner which ſhall convince you how much I am for the Match. For, I ſuppoſe, you know, that I love, and have had Reaſon for a long Time to love, his Father, not only more than you love him, but more than he himſelf knows of.

EPIST. XXII.

IT is not without Reaſon I am ſo importunate that you will let me know your Mind with regard to *Varro*. Certain Things have occurred to myſelf, but of thoſe when we meet. As for you, it is with the greateſt Pleaſure (4) that I have introduced you into my Works, and hereafter I will take all Occaſions to do the ſame. For

(1) *Orig. Proxime accedit.* Monſieur *Mongault* has followed the Senſe of *Boſius* and *Manutius*, in tranſlating this Paſſage, *Il loge auprès de vous*, and he owns, that he is far from being ſatisfied that it is *Cicero*'s Meaning, but that he cannot find any better in the Words. I cannot, however, help thinking, that it is more natural to apply them to the Neighbourhood of our Author, than of *Atticus*, becauſe of the following Expreſſion, *Si quid hoc ad rem*, as if, he would make it his Buſineſs to be acquainted with the young Nobleman, if that would do *Atticus* any Service.

(2) *Orig.* Εὐγενέστερος. *Generoſior.*

(3) Meaning that his Mother was more noble than the Father.

(4) *Orig.* Ἀσμενέστατα. *Libentiſſime.*

by

by your laſt Letters, I know, (for the firſt Time,) that it would not be diſagreeable to you. *Caſſius* had already written to me concerning *Marcellus*, and I had a very particular Account (1) from *Sulpicius*. What a lamentable incident it was! But to return to my Writings; I never can wiſh them to be better lodged than in your Hands. But let us agree that they never ſhall become public, but when both of us think proper; and yet I intimated that the Caſe was otherwiſe when I wrote you, that *Cærelia* had got ſome of them in her Hands, which ſhe could not have got but through you. I perceive that you was determined to oblige *Balbus*, but I was unwilling that the Work ſhould be ſtale before it came into the Hands of *Brutus*, or that it ſhould be imperfect when it came into thoſe of *Balbus*. If you think it proper, I will ſend my Work, as ſoon as I have ſeen you, to its Patron *Varro*, and when we meet I will impart to you the Difficulties I have hinted at.

I think you have done extreamly right (2) in ſerving thoſe who have given me Draughts, with Notice of Payment. I am ſorry that you have ſo much Trouble concerning that Eſtate which belonged to your Grandmother. What you tell me concerning *Brutus* muſt be very mortifying to him, though ſuch Rubs are common in Life. With regard to the Ladies, it is unnatural in them to be at ſuch Variance with one another, while they agree in every other Point of Duty (3).

You

(1) *Orig.* τὰ κατὰ μέρος. *Singula particulatim.*

(2) *Orig. Attributos quod appellas, valde probo.*

(3) This relates to ſome Differences between *Servilia*, the Mother of *Brutus*, and *Porcia* his new married Wife. There

is

You had no Occaſion to ſerve *Tullius*, my Secretary, with Notice, for if he had had the Money of me, I would have deſired you to call upon him for it. But there is no Part of that which was deſigned for Building the Temple in his Hands. He has however ſome Money of mine, which I am now determined to apply to that Purpoſe. I therefore was in the Right to tell you that I had Money there, and he was in the Right to deny that I lodged it there with that View. But let us forthwith ſet about the Work itſelf. I do not think a Grove to be a proper Situation for a Building conſecrated to an undeified Being (1), becauſe of its being but little frequented. It is however convenient (2). But in this, as in all Things, your Opinion ſhall be deciſive with me.

I ſhall be at *Tuſculanum* as I appointed, and I wiſh you could be there the ſame Day. But ſhould any Thing happen, as many Things may, let it be next Day when the Coheirs are to meet me, and it would be ſpiteful in you to ſuffer them to ſurprize me alone. In your two laſt Letters, you mention nothing concerning your Daughter, but I look upon your Silence as the beſt of Symptoms. In one Reſpect I am diſobliged, not with you, but with her, for not ſending me her Compliments. But I

is a great Elegance in the Original here, *Cum utraque officio parant.*

(1) *Orig. Lucum hominibus non ſane probo.* I think I have hit upon the Meaning of this Expreſſion, though the learned *Manutius* is of Opinion, that *Cicero* diſapproves of the Situation of a Grove, becauſe he intended to make his dwelling Houſe, and the Temple he deſigned to build, as i were, under the ſame Roof. Therefore ſuch a Situation was not fit *Hominibus* for living People.

(2) *Orig.* εὐλογίαν. *Convenientiam.*

deſire

deſire you will make a thouſand on my Part, both to her and to your Wife, without the leaſt Hint that I take any Thing amiſs. I have ſent you *Cæſar*'s Letter in caſe you had not read it.

EPIST. XXIII.

I Anſwered immediately Yeſterday your Letters of the Forenoon, I now anſwer thoſe of the Evening. I ſhould have choſe that *Brutus* had invited me to come to *Rome*. As he was ſpeedily, and ſuddenly, to ſet out upon a long Journey, there was the more Reaſon for me to have waited upon him, and, by my Faith, we are both of us now in ſuch a Temper of Mind, that we poſitively can have no reliſh for one another's Company; for you know the chief Heads of our Entertainment (1), and therefore I ſhould have been glad to have ſeen him at *Rome*, rather than at *Tuſculanum*. The Books, I have addreſſed to *Varro*, could not detain me in this Place. For they were tranſcribed, as you ſaw them, and they are now correcting the Slips of the Pen. You know my Difficulties with regard to this Work, but I leave all to you. My Tranſcribers are likewiſe at Work upon the Treatiſe I have addreſſed to *Brutus*.

I beg that you would finiſh the Commiſſion with which I charged you in the Manner you mention; though *Trebatius* ſays, that all my Debtors have taken the Advantage of that Deduction (2). What is

(1) *Orig.* συμβίωσις. *Convictus.*

(2) This probably related to a Debt which had been owing to our Author before the civil Wars broke out, and during which ſo much had been paid for Intereſt, which, by *Cæſar*'s Law,

is your Opinion of them?—You know the Houſe which I am offered at the Appraiſement; therefore let us put a friendly End (1) to the Tranſaction. You cannot believe how little I trouble myſelf about theſe Matters. I affirm to you, by all that is ſacred, and I hope you will believe me, that any little Eſtates I have, gives me more Pain than Pleaſure; I mean, that I am more afflicted at not having my Daughter to ſhare in it, than I am pleaſed with having what ſerves my neceſſary Expences (2). *Trebatius* informed me, that he told you the ſame Thing as he did me, about that Tranſaction. But you perhaps was afraid leſt I ſhould not have cared to hear it. This was indeed a good natured Conſideration in you, but, believe me, thoſe are Matters, which, at preſent, I do not mind. Therefore enter upon Conferences, lop away what you will, and finiſh; excite, flatter, and ſpeak, but ſo as not to forget that you are ſpeaking to *Scæva* (3). You are not however to think, that they, who uſed to command other Peoples Properties, will relinquiſh their own. You are only to endeavour to fix the Day of Payment, and even that muſt be tenderly handled.

Law, was to be now deducted from the Principal. By the ſame Law *Cicero* ſeems to have been obliged to receive the Houſe here mentioned as Part of Payment, at the Appraiſement which it bore before the civil War.

(1) *Orig.* εὐλόγως. *Cum facilitate.*

(2) *Orig. Me non habere cui tradam, quam habere qui utar.* If our Author had not had a Son, and a Grand-ſon, or no Iſſue of his own Body, there could have been no Difficulty in this Paſſage. The Meaning of it muſt have been as I have tranſlated it.

(3) He was a great Partizan for *Cæſar*, and our Author gives *Atticus* this Hint, leſt he might exaſperate him by ſome unſeaſonable Warmth or Tenaciouſneſs.

EPIST.

EPIST. XXIV.

HErmogenes *Clodius* talked to me ſomewhat as if *Andromenes* had told him that he had ſeen my Son at *Corcyra*. I ſuppoſe, if it was ſo, you muſt have heard it.—No Letters then from him?—Or is the Information falſe?—Pray let me come to a Certainty. What ſhall I anſwer you with Regard to *Varro?* You are in Poſſeſſion of the four Books (1). I will approve of whatever you do, without minding public Tattle (2). For why ſhould I? I was more apprehenſive as to the Manner in which *Varro* would receive this Compliment. But now that you have undertaken for him, I can ſleep in peace.

EPIST. XXV.

I HAVE wrote an Anſwer to your Letters which were ſo carefully penned concerning that Diſcount. You will therefore finiſh the Affair, and that too without any boggling or looking back. This is proper, nay neceſſary, to be done. I thought, as you write, that our Intelligence about *Andromenes* was falſe. For you muſt have known, had the Thing been as was reported, and you would have told me of it. Your Letter is ſo full concerning *Brutus*, that you have ſaid nothing of yourſelf. But when do you think he will come to *Tuſculanum?* For I go to *Rome* on the 14th. I meant to

(1) *Orig.* διφθέρας. *Pelliti* ſupp. *Libri.*
(2) *Orig.* αἰδέομαι Τρῶας. *Vereor Trojanos.*

tell

tell *Brutus* in my Letter (but, as you tell me you have read it, I have perhaps been a little obſcure (1)) that I underſtood by your Letters, that he was againſt my coming to *Rome* at this Time, for no other Reaſon, as it were, than to pay my Compliments to him. But, as I am now about to ſet out, I beg you will order Matters ſo, as that the Buſineſs, of the 15th, may be no Hindrance to his coming to *Tuſculanum* at his own Conveniency. For I ſhall have no Occaſion for his Preſence at the Sale. You are ſufficient to manage any Affair of that Kind. But I wanted him to witneſs my Teſtament (2), though I can put that off to another Time. Leſt I ſhould ſeem to come to *Rome* on that Account, I therefore have written to *Brutus*, that I ſhall have no Occaſion for him as I thought I would upon the 15th. I therefore beg you will manage this whole Affair, ſo as that we may not diſconcert *Brutus* in the ſmalleſt Circumſtance of his Conveniency.

But why, my Friend, do you appear to be under ſuch Terrors at my making you anſwerable for the Reception my Books ſhall meet with from *Varro*? If you have even now any Difficulties, let me know them. Sure nothing can be more elegant (3), than

(1) *Orig.* ἀναφίτιος. *Obſcurior.*

(2) He had probably, in conſideration of *Terentia*, his former Wife, upon whom his Son and Grandſon had a Dependence, made his Teſtament a-new, and had it witneſſed by more credible and diſintereſted People than before.

(3) I queſtion whether Monſieur *Mongault* has not miſtaken the Senſe of this Paſſage. The Original is, *Nihil eſt enim illis elegantius.* He tranſlates it, *Il n'eſt rien de mieux écrit que ce Livres.* I am not poſitive whether this may not be the true Senſe; I only ſhould be glad if our Author has not been guilty of ſuch groſs Vanity, and if he only jokes here upon the Elegance

than they are; I have addreſſed them to *Varro*, chiefly becauſe he deſired that Compliment, but he is you know

So keen that Innocence cannot eſcape
His wayward Humour ——— (1).

I very often think I ſee him grumbling and complaining—perhaps that my Part, in thoſe Treatiſes, is more fully defended than his. But, by Heavens, I appeal to yourſelf that it is not, and you ſhall be judge when you have leiſure to read the Books at *Epirus*; for at preſent the Diſpatches between you and *Alexion* (2) muſt engroſs all your Attention.

Mean while, I really cannot be of Opinion, that *Varro* will diſlike the Compliment I have paid him, and as I have been at the Expence of large Paper for the Dedication Book, ſhould be very well pleaſed that you would preſent it to him. But I tell you again and again, that you muſt be anſwerable for the Succeſs of its Reception. Therefore if you have any ſcruple, inſtead of *Varro*, let us fix upon *Brutus*, for he too is a Follower of *Antiochus*. How much do my Academies reſemble the Academy itſelf, never ſettled, always fluttering from this to that, up and down (3). But let me aſk you, are

gance of the Binding, the Writing, and the like, of the Dedication Book which he hints at more ſeriouſly a few Lines after. I have therefore tranſlated his Words literally, and the Reader may make what Application of them he pleaſes.

(1) *Orig.* Δεινὸς ἀνὴρ· τάχα κεν καὶ ἀναίτιον αἰτιόωτο. *Acer Vir, et qui fortaſſe vel inſontem accuſet.*

(2) He was Steward and Agent for *Atticus*, upon his Eſtates in *Epirus*.

(3) Meaning that his Academies had as often ſhifted their

are you not greatly pleaſed with my Dedication to *Varro*? Let me periſh if ever I was at ſo much Pains (1) about any Thing; I did not even dictate it to *Tiro*, who can follow out whole Periods (2), but to *Spintherus* Word by Word.

EPIST. XXVI.

I approve greatly of what you propoſe concerning *Virgilius* (3), you will therefore put it in Execution. Let that Seat be our firſt Conſideration, and *Clodia*'s the next. If I can get neither, I am afraid I ſhall be ſuch a Fool as to buy that of *Druſus* at any Price. You are no Stranger to this Affair, and to the immoderate Paſſion I have to ſee it finiſhed. I therefore ſometimes reſume the Thoughts of Building at *Tuſculum*, for I will do any Thing rather than it ſhall not be finiſhed this Summer.

In my preſent Circumſtances, I can enjoy myſelf no where better than at *Aſtura*. But the Company that is with me (I ſuppoſe becauſe they cannot put up with my melancholly Diſpoſition) are making haſte to *Rome*. I am determined, as I wrote you, to leave this Place, leſt I ſhould ſeem to be quite forlorn, though I could like very well to

Patrons and Interlocutors, as the Scholars of the Academy did their Sentiments and Opinions.

(1) *Orig.* ἔργον. *Opus.*

(2) *Orig.* περιοχὰς. *Periodos.*

(3) He was one of the Coheirs of *Scapula*; I have not altered the Order in which this Letter is placed in the common Editions, but it is eaſy to prove that it was wrote about the Time, and many of the following Letters, of this Book, were wrote about the Time of the Writing the 40th, 43d, and 45th of the preceding Book.

live

live here. But whither ſhall I go? To *Lanuvium*? I ſhould love to go to *Tuſculanum*.—But it ſhall not be long before you know my Determination. Do you proceed in Writing. You cannot believe how much I write all Day, nay all Night, for I am a Stranger to ſleep. Yeſterday I finiſhed the Letter to *Cæſar*, which you adviſed me to write, and it was right I ſhould write it, in caſe you ſhould judge it might be neceſſary to ſend it. As Matters are now circumſtanced, I can ſee no ſuch Neceſſity, but that ſhall be as you think proper; I ſhall however ſend you a Copy of it from *Lanuvium*, if I do not go to *Rome*. But you ſhall know farther To-morrow.

EPIST. XXVII.

WITH Regard to myſelf, I always thought it extreamly proper that *Cæſar*'s Friends ſhould ſee the Letter I ſent him before it came to his Hands; I ſhould have acted diſreſpectfully towards them had I done otherwiſe, and dangerouſly for myſelf had I given him any Offence. As to them, they have acted very openly. It gives me Pleaſure that they ſpeak their Sentiments ſo frankly as they have done, but I am better pleaſed that they want ſo many Alterations, that I muſt write the Letter a-new, which they cannot expect. Yet after all, why ſhould I hint at any Thing concerning the *Parthian* War, but what I knew would be to his Liking; for what is the whole Deſign of my Letter, but to keep him in good Humour (1)?

(1) *Orig.* κολακία *Aſſentatio.*

Should I have been at a Loſs for Expreſſion, had my Intention been to have ſpoken to him in what I think ought to be the Language of a good Patriot? We muſt therefore let the Matter, of this Letter, reſt as it is. For where no great Good (1) could ariſe from Succeſs, and where the Conſequences may be troubleſome through the ſmalleſt Slip (2), why ſhould we run any Riſque (3)? eſpecially when we conſider that, as I had wrote nothing to him before, he might conclude that I never would have addreſſed any Thing to him, unleſs the War had been entirely finiſhed. I likewiſe am apprehenſive leſt he ſhould think that I deſign this Letter to be a kind of an Attonement (4) for my Panegyric upon *Cato*. In ſhort I repent greatly of the Thing, and nothing, in the whole, gives me ſo much Pleaſure as that my Complaiſance (5) has been diſapproved of; not to mention my expoſing myſelf to the Ridicule of his Party, and of your Nephew amongſt the reſt.

But now as to the Gardens.—Unleſs it is in every Reſpect agreeable to you, I would not have you to go to them. For there is no Hurry. But whatever happens, let us do all we can to get Payment from *Faberius*. Mean while, inform me if you know any Thing of the Day of Sale. I inſtantly diſpatched to you the Meſſenger who came from *Cumæ*, with the News of your Daughter's perfect Recovery, and of his having Letters for you.

(1) *Orig.* ἐπίτευγμα. *Lucrum.*
(2) *Orig.* ἀπότευγμα. *Infelix ſucceſſus.*
(3) *Orig.* παραϰινδυνεύειν. *Temere ſe periculo objicere.*
(4) *Orig.* μείλιγμα. *Lenimentum.*
(5) *Orig.* σπουδὴ. *Studium.*

EPIST.

EPIST. XXVIII.

AS you was to ſee thoſe Gardens To-day, I ſuppoſe I ſhall know To-morrow what you think of them. As to *Faberius*, we will talk of him when he arrives.

With Regard to my Letter to *Cæſar*, believe me when I ſwear to you, that I can do nothing in it. It is not the Scandal of the Thing, (though that ought to be a powerful Diſſuaſive with me) that deters me. For how ſcandalous is it for a Man to flatter the Man, under whom he ought to be aſhamed even to live? But, as I was ſaying, it is not the Scandal of this that deters me; I wiſh it were, for I ſhould then act more conſiſtently with what ought to be my own Character. But nothing occurs to me. You are no Stranger to the Nature of thoſe perſuaſive Addreſſes which were made to *Alexander*, by Men of Eloquence and Learning. They addreſſed a young Prince fired with the Love of the trueſt Glory, and panting for thoſe Counſels which lead to the Paths of unperiſhable Fame. A noble Subject is a Source of Eloquence. But what can I do? And yet I had ſtruck out of the Block, ſomewhat that had ſome Reſemblance to an Idol (1); but becauſe ſome Strokes in it were better than thoſe which we have ſeen, and daily ſee, they are blamed,

(1) *Orig. Tamen neſcio quid equercu exſculpſeram, quod videretur ſimile ſimulacri.* Monſieur *Mongault* tranſlates this Paſſage, *J'en avois tire parti li mieux que j'avois pû*, but that comes, by no Means, up to our Author's Meaning, which is, that he actually had flattered *Cæſar*, and that he had cut out, for him, ſomewhat reſembling a *Simulacrum*, which was a Compliment applied only to the Gods. *Simulacra Deum.* Virg.

at which I am by no Means ſorry, as, believe me, I ſhould have been had that Letter been forwarded to *Cæſar*.

Reflect, my Friend, how ſublime was the Genius, how amiable was the Modeſty of that Pupil of *Ariſtotle*; but, after being hailed king of the Eaſt, he grew haughty, extravagant, and cruel. How then can you imagine that the Man, whoſe Statues are carried in Proceſſion with thoſe of the Gods, and ſtands under the ſame Roof with that of the Father of *Rome*, can have any agreeable reliſh for that plain, that modeſt, Letter of mine? Let him blame me for not writing, rather than condemn what I write. In ſhort, he may do as he thinks proper; I am no longer troubled with the Doubts and Difficulties (1) which I imparted to you. By Heavens, I am much more deſirous for that Event, be what it will, than I dreaded it before.

I ſhould be glad to ſee you here, unleſs ſomewhat of Conſequence ſhould detain you. *Nicias* is earneſtly called upon by *Dolabella*, (for I ſaw the Letter) I was ſorry for it, but yet I adviſed him to go. This I write with my own Hand.

EPIST. XXIX.

WHILE I was aſking ſome indifferent Queſtions, of *Nicias*, concerning Men of learning, our Converſation fell upon *Talna*. *Nicias* ſaid no mighty Matters of his Genius, but he ſaid that he was a modeſt induſtrious Man. There was one

(1) *Orig.* πρόβλημα ἀρχιμήδειον. *Quæſtio Archimedea.*

Thing

Thing, however, I did not like. *Nicias* ſaid that he knew *Talna* had lately courted *Cornificia*, the Daughter of *Quintus Cornificius*, an old Woman, and one who had been ſeveral Times married, but that ſhe, and her Female Relations, did not approve of the Match, becauſe they found that his Eſtate did not amount to above 6400 *l.* I thought proper you ſhould know this.

I have received Information about the Gardens, from your Letter, and from *Chryſippus*. I was no Stranger to the Inelegancy of the Houſe, and I perceive it has received few or no Alterations. *Chryſippus* however gives a good Character of the large Baths, and he ſays that Winter Baths may be made of the ſmaller ones; I muſt therefore add a ſmall covered Gallery, and though I ſhould make it as large as that I have built at *Tuſculanum*, yet this Seat will coſt me little more than half of what the other did. As to my Deſign of erecting a Temple (1), nothing can be more proper than the Grove which I remember; but when I knew it, it was an unfrequented Place, though now I hear it is greatly frequented.

I conjure you, by the Gods, to indulge me in this Paſſion (2). Let me but once be paid by *Faberius*, and never mind the Price. I would have you outbid *Otho*, whom I know too well to believe that he will bid extravagantly; I hear he has ſuffered ſo much, that he will be no formidable Competitor. Had he Money, would he ever bear with what he has borne? But what am I talking? If you get in the Debt of *Faberius*, let us buy them at any Rate;

(1) *Orig.* ἀφιέρωμα. *Fanum.*

(2) *Orig.* τὸ τύφον μου πρὸς θεῶν τροποφόρησον. *Cupiditate meæ per Deos indulge.*

if you do not, I ſhall not be able to buy them at a low Rate. We muſt in that Caſe, apply to *Clodia*, with whom I am in ſome Hopes I can deal, both, becauſe her Gardens are far leſs valuable, and the Time of *Dolabella*'s Payment is ſo near, that I can promiſe her ready Money. So much for Gardens. To-morrow I expect yourſelf, or your Excuſe. Perhaps you may be employed with *Faberius*. But come if poſſible.

EPIST. XXX.

I HAVE ſent you back our Nephew's Letter. How hardened muſt you be if you do not tremble at the Dangers he has run. At the ſame Time he blames me in a Letter which I would have ſent you, had you not ſent me yours; for every Thing elſe that regards the Campaign is, I believe, the ſame in both Letters. To-day I have diſpatched an Expreſs to *Cumæ*, and charged him with your Letter to *Veſtorius*, which you delivered to *Pharnaces*. Juſt as I had ſent *Demea* to you, *Eros* arrived here. But there is no other News in the Letter he brought, but that the Sale will be in two Days. After it is over, therefore you will come as you promiſe me: I wiſh you could firſt finiſh my Tranſaction with *Faberius*. *Eros* ſays, that he is not arrived at *Rome* to-day, but he thinks that he will To-morrow Morning. You muſt pay your Court to him, for there can be no Guilt (1) in any Complaiſance of that Kind. I hope to ſee you the Day after To-morrow.

(1) *Orig.* κολακίαι. *Aſſentationes.*

I wiſh

I wiſh you could recover the Names of the ten Deputies who were ſent to *Mummius*. They are not mentioned by *Polybius*, I remember *Albinus* the Conſular, and *Spurius Mummius* were two of them. If I Miſtake not, *Hortenſius* told me *Tuditanus* was another. But I perceive, from the Annals of *Libo*, that *Tuditanus* was not made Prætor till fourteen Years after the Conſulſhip of *Mummius*. This does not tally. I deſign to compoſe a Diſcourſe held in an Aſſembly of Patriot Stateſmen (1) at *Olympia*, or ſome other proper Place in the Manner of your Friend *Dicæarchus*.

EPIST. XXXI.

ON the Morning of the 27th, I received a Letter from *Demea*, dated the Day before, by which I ought to expect you to Day or To-morrow, but I believe, though I wiſh for your coming ſo ſoon, I ſhall be the very Perſon who will prevent it. For though that Tranſaction with *Faberianus* is in great Forwardneſs, yet it is not ſo forward as not to Occaſion ſome Delay to your ſetting out. As therefore you have ſtaid ſo long, you may come with your Conveniency. I beg you would ſend me the Treatiſes of *Dicæarchus*, which you mention, you may likewiſe add that upon the Deſcent (2).

I have laid aſide (3) all farther Thoughts of the

(1) *Orig.* πολιτικὸν σύλλογον. *Conventum virorum reipublicæ tractandæ peritorum.*

(2) *Orig.* καταβάσιως. *De deſcenſu* ſupp. *in Antrum Trophonii.* See Vol. 1. p. 318.

(3) *Orig.* κεκρικα. *Decrevi.*

Letter

Letter (1) I addreſſed to *Cæſar*; and yet, in it, I adviſed him to the very Meaſure which his Friends ſay he has declared in Writing; that he would undertake nothing againſt the *Parthians*, until he had ſettled all the Affairs of the *Roman* Government. But, at the ſame Time, I left it to himſelf what Courſe to take. Now you muſt know that he waits for my Opinion, nor will he do any Thing till he knows it. Let us, my Friend, fling from us all Conſiderations of that Kind; let us be, at leaſt, half free, which we can be only by Bridling our Tongues, and ſecreting our Perſons.

But you will, as you write to me, make at Attempt upon *Otho*. My deareſt Friend finiſh that Affair. For I can find no other Place where I can keep myſelf retired from the Public, and, at the ſame Time, enjoy your Company. Now my Scheme, as to the Payment for that Seat, is as follows. *Caius Albanius*, has bought of *Mar-*

(1) It is pity that this Letter has not come to our Hands, for, in the Manner our Author talks of it, it muſt have done great Honour to his Memory. Mean while I can't help thinking there is a great deal of Grimace in his Apprehenſions from *Cæſar*, who was too great a Man, and had too great a Superiority of Genius to take any Thing amiſs, that our Author could ſay. *Cicero* however had great Managements to obſerve towards *Cæſar*'s Friends and Miniſters, and ſo had *Atticus*, which was the true Reaſon why they durſt not ſend that Letter to *Cæſar*, without their Participation. There might be many Things in it which *Cæſar* might be fond of, (and indeed I believe our Author knew, and thought ſo) and yet be extremely diſtaſteful to the great Men who acted under *Cæſar*. Mean while, if the Orations, which our Author, about this Time, pronounced before *Cæſar*, are the very ſame with thoſe which have come to our Hands, we have full Proofs of the noble Indulgence which *Cæſar* gave to his Eloquence, and that it was not *Cæſar*, but his Miniſters whom *Cicero* dreaded.

ejus Pilius, a certain Number (1) of Acres, for which he is to pay him nine hundred Pounds, to the beſt of my Remembrance; though, you know, that the Price of every Thing is now greatly fallen. But I have a ſtrong Deſire for the Place, nor do I think, I ſhall have any Body to bid againſt me for it, excepting *Otho*. But, perhaps, you may be able to make ſome Impreſſion upon him, eſpecially if you can get *Canus* to back you. What an inſenſible Cormorant he is! Does he think that my Paſſion as a Father (2).——But write me an Anſwer when you think proper.

EPIST. XXXII.

THIS Day I have received from you a ſecond Letter. Therefore, I am unwilling to put you off with only one. Do you deal with *Faberius*, as you mention in yours. The whole of my Scheme depends upon that Tranſaction, and (believe me in this as in every Thing elſe) it never otherwiſe would have entered into my Head. Therefore, continue your Earneſtneſs, which I

(1) The reading here is very uncertain in the Original, I have, therefore, as the Matter is of little Conſequence, kept an indefinite Number of Acres.

(2) *Orig. Putet me patris.* The Reader muſt perceive how extremely uncertain *Cicero*'s Meaning is here, I have given it the moſt probable Turn I could. He probably either meant to ſay, Does he think, that my Paſſion as a Father, for having this Temple erected, will carry me ſo far as to gratify *Otho* at any Rate, or to bid extravagantly for the Eſtate; or does he think, that my Paſſion as a Father, for my Son who has run into extravagant Expences at *Athens*, has diſabled me from buying it?

know,

know, cannot be exceeded. Haunt him, preſs him, finiſh with him. I beg you will ſend me the two Treatiſes of *Dicæarchus* concerning the Soul (1), and that upon the Deſcent into the Cave of *Trophonius* (2). I can neither find his Tripolitics (3), nor the Letter he addreſſed to *Ariſtoxenus* (4). I ſhould be extremely glad to have thoſe three Books at preſent, becauſe they ſuit well with my Intention. My *Torquatus* is at *Rome*, and I have ordered it to be delivered to you. If I miſtake not, I ſent you before my *Catulus* and *Lucullus*. I have prefaced them a-new, with large Commendations of thoſe two great Men. I have ordered you to have thoſe Prefaces, and ſome other Additions.

I perceive you miſapprehend what I wrote to you concerning the ten Deputies, becauſe, perhaps, I wrote it in Short-hand (5). My Enquiry was concerning *Caius Tuditanus*, who, as I was told by *Hortenſius*, was amongſt the ten Deputies. Now, I perceive by the Annals of *Libo*, that he was Prætor under the Conſulate of *Publius Popilius*, and *Publius Rupilius*. My Difficulty is, whether he could have been a Deputy fourteen Years before he was Prætor, unleſs, which I cannot ſuppoſe,

(1) *Orig.* περὶ ψυχῆς. *De anima.*

(2) *Orig.* Καταβάσεως. *De deſcenſu.*

(3) *Orig.* Τριπολιτικὸν. *Tripoliticum.* This Treatiſe is quoted by *Athenæus*, and I ſuppoſe, received its Name from his treating of three States, *viz.* thoſe of *Athens*, *Corinth*, and *Pellene*.

(4) He was a very voluminous Author, and a Diſciple of *Ariſtotle*, whom he followed in not believing the Soul to be immortal.

(5) *Orig.* Διὰ σημείων. *Per notas.* From this, and many other Paſſages of Antiquity, it appears, that the Practice of writing in Short-hand was common in the Days of our Author, and under the Emperors it was brought to great Perfection.

that

that he was very old when he was made Queſtor (1). For, I perceive, that he went readily through the Curule Magiſtracies in the Years appointed by Law. As to *Poſtumius*, whoſe Statue you ſay, you remember in the Iſthmus of *Corinth*, I know he was one of the ten Deputies. He is the ſame who was Conſul with *Lucullus*, whom you gave me as a proper Perſon to take a Part in thoſe Conferences (2). Find out ſome others if poſſible, that the Dignity of the Interlocutors may give ſome to the Work (3).

EPIST. XXXIII.

WHAT amazing Negligence! Can you imagine that *Balbus* and *Faberius* did not often tell me, that the Declaration had been made (4)? I even ſent one at their Requeſt (for they ſaid, it was proper) to make it, and it was made by our Freedman *Philotimus*. If I miſtake not, you are acquainted with the Clerk. Whether you are or not, write to him, and let him forthwith engroſs the Deed. I have written to *Faberius*, in

(1) Our Author cannot imagine, that this *Tuditanus* ſhould be an old Man, when he firſt was made Queſtor, which was the loweſt of all public Offices, as he went through all the higher Offices with ſuch Diſpatch and Regularity.

(2) *Orig.* Σύλλογον. *Conventum.*

(3) *Orig.* πομπεῦσαι καὶ τοῖς προσώποις. *Pompam agere etiam perſonis.*

(4) *Orig. Profeſſionem relatam.* This refers to a Declaration which every *Roman* was obliged to get before the Prætor, of the Encreaſe of his Eſtate ſince the laſt general *Cenſus* or Survey of the People, at which Time he was obliged to make a Declaration of all he was worth.

the

the Terms you deſire. I ſuppoſe, that you have concluded upon ſomething with *Balbus* to day in the Capitol. I have no Kind of Check (1) upon myſelf, with Regard to *Virgilius* (2). Surely, I am far from being under any Obligations to him, and ſhould I buy his Share of the Gardens, how can he be at an any Loſs (3)? But let us take Care, that he does not act the Part of a *Cælius* (4) in *Africa*. You will talk concerning that Debt with *Ciſpius*, but if *Plancus* has an Eye upon the Effects, the Tranſaction will be attended with Difficulties. I am as impatient as you are for your coming hither. But that Affair muſt be by no Means neglected. You tell me, that it is poſſible to prevail with *Otho*, which gives me great Satisfaction. When we begin to treat, we ſhall then think of the Valuation (5), though he wrote nothing to me, but

(1) *Orig. Ἀναιδία. Verecundia.*

(2) Our Author ſeems to have been ſometimes very pliable in his Principles of Patriotiſm. Nothing was more common for him than to exclaim in the moſt bitter Manner againſt thoſe who bought Eſtates confiſcated by a Conqueror, and yet, he could buy this Eſtate of *Virgilius*, which was confiſcated for his Adherence to his Country's Intereſt, without any Scruple. By this Purchaſe he ſtood in the Place of *Virgilius*, who was one of the Coheirs of *Scapula*, and he was thereby at Liberty to bid for the Gardens. It is true, this *Virgilius* was Governor of *Sicily* during our Author's Baniſhment, and was far from being complaiſant to him at that Time. But ſtill, one ſhould think, that the Principles of Patriotiſm might have got the better of any private Reſentment or Affection.

(3) Becauſe, if he obtained his Pardon, he would have a Title to the Purchaſe-Money, which, however, was generally far below the Value of the Purchaſe.

(4) This is the *Cælius* whom our Author mentions in the twelfth Letter of the tenth Book, who made a Stand in the *Marian* Intereſt, and obtained his Terms.

(5) Probably *Otho* was willing to give over Thoughts of the Purchaſe, provided our Author would ſell him part of his Eſtate, which was to be valued.

concern-

concerning the Quality of the Land he wanted. Endeavour to come to a Concluſion with *Piſo* if poſſible. I have received the Treatiſe of *Dicæarchus*, and I look for his Deſcent into the Cave of *Trophonius* (1).

If you employ a proper Hand, he will find what I want to know in the Regiſter of the Senate's Reſolutions, under the Conſulate of *Cnæus Cornelius* and *Lucius Mummius*. With Regard to *Tuditanus*, your Opinion is very plauſible (2). *Hortenſius* would not without good Grounds, have affirmed, that he was at *Corinth*, and if ſo, he muſt have then been a Queſtor, or a military Tribune. You may come at the Truth by *Antiochus*. Inform yourſelf likewiſe, in what Year he was a Queſtor, or a military Tribune. If neither of thoſe anſwers with the Year, whether he did not ſerve amongſt the Prefects, or amongſt the Voluntiers (3) provided he ſerved at all in that War.

As I was going to ſpeak of *Varro*, he comes in, like the Wolf in the Fable. He is juſt arrived here, and at an Hour that required my keeping him all Night. But my Entreaties to make him ſtay, were not ſo preſſing as to tear his Robe. For I remember your Manner; beſides, he had a great deal of Company along with him, and I was not prepared for their Entertainment. But there is no great Matter in that. Soon after, *Caius Capito* ar-

(1) *Orig.* Καταβάσεως. *De deſcenſu.*

(3) *Orig. Contubernalibus.* They were young Gentlemen of Fortune and Family, who ſerved under Generals of Reputation, and were treated pretty much upon the ſame Footing, as our Voluntiers of Diſtinction.

(2) *Orig.* Εὔλογον. *Probabile.*

rived

rived with *Titus Carrinas*, and I but juſt touched their Garment, when they conſented to ſtay, which happened luckily enough. But by Accident *Capito* talked about the Project of enlarging the City; he ſaid, that the *Tiber* was to be turned from the *Milvian* Bridge, and to run by the Foot of the *Vatican* Mountain; that the *Campus Martius* was to be encloſed and built upon within the Walls, and that the *Vatican* Field was to ſupply its Place. What ſaid I, is your Opinion? Am I ſafe, to buy the Gardens of *Scapula?* Take Care, anſwered he, what you do in that, the Law will certainly paſs, for *Cæſar* is much for it. I was glad to receive this Intelligence, but ſhould be ſorry were the Thing carried into Execution. But what is your Opinion? But why ſhould I aſk that? For you know, that *Capito* does not yield even to *Camillus* himſelf, in hunting after Intelligence of News.

Upon the whole, you will make me certain as to the Tranſaction of the 15th, for it is that which carries me to *Rome*. It is true, I have other Buſineſs, but I could eaſily put that off for a Day or two. Mean Time, I would not have you fatigue yourſelf by the Journey, and I excuſe *Dionyſius* likewiſe. As to what you write concerning *Brutus*, I have left him entirely at Liberty as to what regards me, for I wrote to him Yeſterday, being the 15th of *May*, that I ſhould have no Occaſion for his Attendance.

EPIST.

EPIST. XXXIV.

I Reſted for three Hours at *Lanuvium*, to ſhun the exceſſive Heat, ſo that I did not come to *Aſtura* till the 23d. If it is not too much Trouble to you, I beg you would order it ſo, as that I need not come to *Rome* before the 7th of next Month. You may bring this about by the Means of *Egnatius Maximus*. I beg of you above all Things, that you will finiſh that Affair with *Publilius* (1) before my Arrival, and write me what the World ſays concerning it. So then, People talk of it, it ſeems. By Heavens, I did not think they would, for the Story is now ſtale! Alas! in what I write, I only mean to fill up this Page. Why ſhould I ſay any more? For I am to ſee you in Perſon, unleſs you give me a farther Leave of Abſence. It was with that View that I have written to you concerning the Sale of the Gardens.

EPIST. XXXV.

HOW ſcandalous is it, that your Countryman (2) is upon enlarging the Walls of *Rome*, though he ſaw it for the firſt Time but two Years ago. Does he then think it too little, when it is

(1) He was Brother to his laſt Wife, and this probably related to our Author's Divorce.

(2) *Orig. Gentilis tuus.* He probably was a *Greek*; for our Author often jokes *Atticus* with being a *Greek* from his great Affection to that Country.

large enough to contain even him. I therefore, expect a Letter from you upon that Head. You write me, that you will give my Books to *Varro*, as ſoon as he ſhall arrive. If ſo, they are delivered by this Time, and now you cannot retract. Alas! you know not to what Danger you have expoſed yourſelf. But, perhaps, my Letter on that Head has kept you back; tho', when you wrote your laſt, you had not received it. I therefore, am impatient to know how that Affair will turn out.

EPIST. XXXVI.

WHEN you tell me of the Affection *Brutus* has for me, and of your ſocial Converſe together, you tell me nothing that is new. I have heard the ſame Thing often, but the oftener I hear it, I hear it with the greater Pleaſure, and that too is augmented by the Satisfaction which it gives you; and I am the more ſure not to be miſtaken, ſince I have my Information from yourſelf.

EPIST. XXXVII.

THIS is my ſecond Letter to Day. With Regard to the Debt due to you by *Xeno*, and the three hundred and twenty Pounds which lies for you in *Epirus*, nothing can happen more conveniently and fitly than what you write. The younger *Balbus* mentioned the Thing to me in the very ſame Manner you do. I have no Kind of News but that *Hirtius* is a ſtrenuous Champion for me againſt

againſt our Nephew *Quintus*, who rails againſt me on all Occaſions, and eſpecially at Entertainments. When he is tired of abuſing me, he then falls upon his Father, but he ſays nothing ſo credible (1) as that both of us are irreconcileable to *Cæſar*, who, he ſays, ought not to truſt us, and that he ought to take Care leſt I ſhould do him a Miſchief, (this might have dreadful Conſequences (2) with Regard to me, did I not know that our Maſter thinks I have no Spirit left) and that I am a very Tyrant to my Son.——But let him talk as pleaſes.——

I am glad that I gave to *Lepta* my Panegyric upon *Porcia* (3), before I received your Letter. If you love me, you will take care, if it is ſent at all to *Brutus* and *Domitius*, that it be the very ſame as it goes out of my Hands. I beg you will daily inform me concerning the Gladiators, and of all the other goſſipping Affairs (4) you mention. If you think proper, I wiſh you would talk to *Balbus* and *Offilius*, about advertiſing that Sale. I have myſelf ſpoke to *Balbus*, and he has conſented to it. I ſuppoſe, *Offilius* has a Catalogue of all the Effects, as well as *Balbus*. But *Balbus* was for having the Sale to be within a Day or two, and at *Rome*. If *Cæſar* ſhould not come ſo ſoon, it may be put off for ſome Time. But it is probable, that he will arrive immediately. You will therefore, think of

(1) *Orig.* ἀξιοπίστως. *Probabiliter.*

(2) *Orig.* φοβερὸν ἦν. *Formidabile erat.*

(3) She was the Siſter of *Cato*, and the Mother of *Domitius Ænobarbus*. Thoſe Panegyrics upon old Ladies, which were common in *Rome*, anſwered pretty much to our funeral Sermons. That mentioned here never was pronounced, and is now loſt.

(4) *Orig.* ἀνεμοφόρητα. *Ventis mittenda.*

all this, *Veſtorius* is of the ſame Opinion with me.

EPIST. XXXVIII.

I Scribled I know not what to you before Day-break by the ſame Lamp, and with the ſame Pen with which I was writing againſt the Epicureans (1), and I ſent it off before it was light. Afterwards, falling aſleep again, and waking with the Sun, I received a Letter from your Nephew, which I have ſent to you. The Beginning of it, though perhaps, he did not attend (2) to it, is very affrontive to me. For, he ſays, "I do not approve, that any Thing unhandſome ſhould be ſaid of you," meaning, that though a great many unhandſome Things may be ſaid of me, yet, that he was againſt their being ſaid. Can any Thing be more ſcandalous (3) than that? But I have ſent you the Letter, ſo you may read the whole. You may perceive (4), that he was ſtartled by the daily and hourly Encomiums which *Brutus* made upon me, and of which many People have given me Information, and this made him write to me, as I

(1) He was then compoſing his *Tuſculan* Queſtions.

(2) *Orig.* ἐκ ὑπογραφῆς. *Non advertit.*

(3) Perhaps the Reader may think with me, that our Author is a little too ſore upon this Occaſion; for indeed, I can ſee nothing in the Paſſage here quoted, that ought to give him ſo much Offence.

(4) I read the whole of this Paſſage as follows, *Jam cetera leges, miſi enim ad te; judicabiſque, Bruti noſtri quotidianis aſſiduiſque laudibus, quas ab eo de nobis haberi permulti mihi renuntiaverunt, commotum iſtum aliquando, ſcripſiſſe aliquid ad me: credo & at te.*

ſuppoſe

ſuppoſe he has to you. If he has, you will let me know what it is. I know not what he has wrote to his Father, but you ſhall hear how reſpectfully he writes to his Mother. "I wanted, ſays he, that you ſhould hire me a Houſe, that I might be the oftner with you, and I wrote you ſo much, but you took no Notice of it; we therefore, can have very little of one another's Company; for I cannot bear that Houſe of yours, you know for what Reaſon." Now, my Brother ſays, that the Reaſon he hints at here is, his Hatred to his Mother.

Now my deareſt Friend, aſſiſt me with your Advice; ſhall I tread the ſteep Aſcent to Juſtice (1), that is, ſhall I deſpiſe and diſdain this Fellow, or ſhall I temporize (2)? For, as *Pindar* ſays, "To ſay the Truth of it, I am a little irreſolute (3)." The former is moſt agreeable to my Inclination, but the latter, perhaps, is better ſuited to my Circumſtances. You may depend upon my agreeing with your Advice be it what it will. I am extremely afraid, leſt he ſhould ſurpriſe me at *Tuſculum*. Were I at *Rome*, I could manage better. Then ought not I to go to *Aſtura*? But what if *Cæſar* ſhould arrive ſuddenly. I beg you will aſſiſt me with your Counſel. I will do whatever you ſhall think proper.

(1) *Orig.* πότερον δίκας τεῖχος ὕψιον. *Utrum juſtitiæ murum altum.*

(2) *Orig.* ἢ σπολιᾶς ἀπάτας. *An verſutæ fraudis.*

(3) *Orig.* δίχα μοι νόος ἀτρέκειαν εἰπεῖν. *Ut verum loquar, animus mihi dubius.*

EPIST. XXXIX.

WHAT an arrogant Fellow this Nephew of ours is! He writes to his Father in very dutiful Terms, that he muſt leave his Houſe on Account of his Mother. As to the old Gentleman, he pules, and ſays, that his Son has Reaſon to hate his Mother. But I will follow your Advice. For I ſee you are for temporizing Meaſures (1). I will, as you counſel me, come to *Rome*, but even that will be againſt my Inclination, for I am extremely buſy in writing. You will ſay, that I ſhall ſee *Brutus* at the ſame Time. But that would be no Motive for me, were it not for another Reaſon. I don't like the Quarter from whence he has come (2). He has not been long away, nor has he written to me any Letter. I am, however, impatient to know what Succeſs he has had, upon the whole, in his Journey. I beg that you will ſend me the Books which I wrote for to you before, and eſpecially the Remarks upon *Plato*'s *Phædrus*, and the Lives of the illuſtrious Men of *Greece*. (3).

(1) *Orig.* σκολιὰ. *Obliqua.*

(2) Meaning from *Cæſar*.

(3) *Orig.* Φαίδρῳ περιαιρῶν, καὶ Ἑλλάδος. *De iis quæ redundant in Phædro & de vita Græciæ*, This I have tranſlated upon Conjecture for the Original is very dark.

EPIST.

EPIST. XL.

DOES *Brutus* then ſay, that *Cæſar* brings good News (1) for our Patriots? but where can he find them unleſs he hangs himſelf, and follow them into the other World? for his Power is too well eſtabliſhed in this. Where, where is now your fine Device (2) which I ſaw hanging in your Cabinet (3)? I mean, an *Ahala* and a *Brutus* in one Piece. But what can he do? It happens luckily, that even the Author of all the ſcandalous Things our Nephew has done, has no good Opinion of him. I was afraid, leſt *Brutus* himſelf ſhould have fallen in love with him, for he intimated ſo much in the Letters he wrote in anſwer to mine. I ſhould have been glad to have heard ſomething of their Converſation. But, as you write to me, we will talk of this at meeting. But what will you adviſe me to? Am I to go inſtantly to *Rome*, or am I to ſtay here? I am, indeed, extremely fond of my Studies, and I am unwilling to receive that Fellow here. I hear his Father meets him to-day at the *Acronoman* Stones. You cannot conceive in what a Paſſion he went. To beſure, I chid him for it. I myſelf am in Suſpence (4), I muſt

(1) *Orig.* Εὐαγγέλια. *Bona Nuntiat.*

(2) *Orig.* φιλοτέχνημα. *Opus ſtudioſe elaboratum.*

(3) *Orig. Parthenon.* This probably ſignifies a Maiden Apartment, and perhaps was ſo called by *Atticus*, becauſe only a very few choice Relations or Friends got Admittance into it. The *Servilius Ahala*, here mentioned, was an Anceſtor of *Brutus* by the Mother's Side, and was famous for killing *Spurius Melius*. By the Hint which our Author gives us in this Paſſage, it is plain, that the greateſt Men of *Rome* had thrown their Eyes upon *Brutus*, as the Deliverer of his Country.

(4) *Orig.* Κυμβάλιον. *Volaticus ſio.*

therefore take Time to conſider. Mean while, do you conſult with yourſelf, and let me know your Opinion about my going to *Rome*, and if you can have any Inſight of the other Matters (1) by To-morrow, let me know early next Day.

EPIST. XLI.

I HAVE actually ſent off to my Brother, the Letter addreſſed to your Siſter, upon his complaining of the Variance between his Wife and Son, which he ſaid, would oblige him to leave his own Houſe to the Latter. I have acquainted him, that he has written a civil Letter to his Mother, but none to you. My Brother ſeemed to be ſurprized at the firſt Part of this Intelligence, but with Regard to his omitting to write to you, he took that Blame upon himſelf, becauſe he had often in his Letters to his Son, complained bitterly of your having treated him ill. When he intimated, that his Reſentment was now cooled, (and after reading your Letter (2) adviſing to temporize) I told him, that

(1) *Orig.* Τὰ ὅλα. *Omnia.*

(2) Monſieur *Mongault* has certainly miſunderſtood this Paſſage, by its not being properly pointed in the printed Editions. The Original according to my Pointing is, *Ego, ei, tuis litteris lectis, σχολὰς ἀπάτας, (verſatæ fraudis) ſignificavi me non fore.* And he tranſlates it, *Je lui ai dit que depuis que j'ai reçû la lettre où vous me conſeillez de menager notre neveu, je ne ſerois pas plus en colere que lui.* But this never can be *Cicero*'s Meaning; for it is plain, from the Tenor of all the former Letters between him and *Atticus* upon this Head, and even from the Letter before us, that there was no good Underſtanding between *Quintus* and *Atticus*, and that our Author did not make his Brother his Confident in what paſſed between *Atticus* and himſelf. It is plain, that

that I ſhould ſhow as little Reſentment as he. We then talked of *Cana*, and ſhould that Marriage be adviſeable, it muſt neceſſarily be brought about by lenient Meaſures. But as you adviſe, we muſt ſtill have Regard to our own Characters and Importance, and we ought to act entirely in Concert together; though indeed, his Treatment of me has been more diſreſpectful, and is doubtleſs more notorious. If *Brutus*, however, brings us any new Light, there can be no Manner of Doubt of our following thoſe Meaſures. But we ſhall talk farther at meeting, for the Matter is weighty and delicate. I therefore, unleſs you give me a farther Leave of Abſence, will ſet out To-morrow.

EPIST. XLII.

THE young Man our Nephew, has been with me in great Dejection (1). Why ſo Grave (2), ſaid I? Need you to aſk that, anſwered he, ſince I am now on the Wing to ſet out, and that too for a Campaign (3) as dangerous as it muſt be diſgrace-

that they looked upon *Quintus* to have great Weakneſſes with Regard to his Son, and that he was a worthleſs young Fellow. But at the ſame Time, as he was ſo much in Favour with *Cæſar*, and as they had a great Match in View for him, that it was very proper to manage him.

(1) *Orig.* ἡ μάλα κατηφής. *Admodum triſtis.*

(2) *Orig.* σὺ δὲ δὴ τί σύνες. *Tu vero quid cogitabundus.*

(3) Monſieur *Mongault* for ſome plauſible Reaſons, thinks the Campaign here mentioned to have been that againſt *Pompey*'s Sons in *Spain*, and not, as is commonly thought, the intended War againſt the *Parthians*. He obſerves, that it muſt have been written towards the latter End of *December* in the Year of *Rome* 707, at which Time of the Year *Cæſar* actually ſet out upon the Campaign againſt *Pompey*'s Sons, whereas the *Parthian*

diſgraceful to me. And pray, ſaid I, are you under any Neceſſity to do this? Yes, replied he, I

Parthian Expedition was not to take Place before the Months of *April* or *May* in the Year 709. In the next Place, that *Cicero* ſpeaks here of the Differences between the Mother and the Son, as being a new Matter; whereas, it had made a great Noiſe after the *Spaniſh* War was finiſhed. Laſtly, he obſerves, that if the War mentioned here is that againſt *Pompey*'s Children, the Expreſſion of the younger *Cicero* is entirely conformable to the Sentiments of *Cicero* and all his Family, who thought it diſgraceful to ſerve againſt *Pompey* and the Republicans. For thoſe Reaſons he concludes, that this Letter ought to ſtand before almoſt all the Letters of the twelfth and thirteenth Books. But after all, I cannot eaſily be of this learned Gentleman's Opinion. For in the firſt Place, this Letter might very well be written in the End of *December* 708, becauſe, though *Cæſar* did not himſelf purpoſe to ſet out to the *Parthian* War, till the Beginning of *April* following; yet three Months was a Time ſhort enough for the other Officers to put themſelves in Readineſs for their March from *Rome* to the Place of Rendezvous. This is confirmed by a Paſſage in *Appian*, *lib.* ii. *de Bel. Civ.* who tells us, that *Cæſar* in the Winter of the Year of *Rome* 708, or rather in the Beginning of the Year 709, ſent acroſs the *Adriatic* Sea, ſixteen Legions of Foot, and ten thouſand Horſe for the *Parthian* War. Suppoſing therefore, as we may reaſonably do, that the younger *Cicero* was ordered to this Service, there can be no Abſurdity in his holding the Converſation repeated here with his Uncle in the End of *December* 708, eſpecially as in all Probability he was not within leſs than three or four Weeks of his Departure, ſince we perceive, he purpoſes to celebrate his Marriage before he went Abroad. As to Monſieur *Mongault*'s ſecond Reaſon, I think, the Fact is againſt him; for I can perceive nothing in this Letter that ſuppoſes the Differences between the Son and the Mother to have been of a late Standing, but rather the Contrary; beſides, in Fact, the younger *Cicero* cannot well be ſuppoſed before the Campaign in *Spain*, to have contracted ſo much Debt as he is repreſented to have done here; for he was not, even at this Time, above two and twenty Years of Age at moſt. As to his laſt Conjecture of the Conformity of the younger *Cicero*'s Sentiments with thoſe of his Family, our Author does not give us the leaſt Intimation that the young Gentleman had any Qualms on that Account. Nay, he was ſo far from having any, that he was very forward in embracing *Cæſar*'s Cauſe, and even outſtript his Father in his Zeal. Upon the whole, I have not ventured to alter the Place of this Letter.

am

am in Debt, and I have not wherewithal to carry me to the Camp. This was a Topic (1) in which I borrowed a little of your Eloquence, by ſaying —never a Word. But, continued he, my Uncle gives me the greateſt Pain.—How ſo, ſaid I?—Becauſe, replies the other, he is angry with me. —Then why do you ſuffer him to be ſo? for I choſe to talk to him in that Strain, rather than ſay, "Why do you give him Cauſe?" I will not ſuffer him, anſwered he, for I will take from him all Ground of Reſentment. In that, ſaid I, you will do quite right. But, if it is not diſagreeable to you, I ſhould be glad to know what thoſe Grounds are?—Becauſe, replies he, when I was in ſome Stand concerning my Marriage, I diſobliged my Mother, and, of Courſe, my Uncle. At preſent, every Thing of that Kind, is indifferent to me, and I will do as they would have me. I wiſh you, continued I, all Happineſs in the Match, and I think you are extremely in the Right to comply. But when is it to be?—Why, ſaid he, as I am determined upon the Match, all Times are alike to me. Then, I ſuppoſe, concluded I, you'll finiſh it before you ſet out, and you'll thereby give Content to your Father likewiſe. With all my Heart, replied he. And here our Converſation ended.

But!—I had almoſt forgot—Do you know, that the 3d of *January* is my Birth-day, I therefore, expect your Company. As I am writing this, behold I receive a Meſſage from *Lepidus*, entreating me to come to *Rome*. I ſuppoſe, they have not a ſufficient Number of Augurs for the Conſecration

(1) *Orig. Hoc loco.*

of

of the Temple (1), I will therefore go, though it is againſt the Grain (2), and I ſhall then ſee you.

EPIST. XLIII.

WELL, I will make uſe of my Leave for another Day's Abſence, and you have been very obliging in intimating the ſame to me, at a Time when I did not look for it, for your Letter ſeems to have been written juſt after the Plays were over. It is true, I have ſome neceſſary Buſineſs at *Rome*, but it may be done two Days hence.

EPIST. XLIV.

YOUR Letter gave me Pleaſure, the Pageantry, Pangs; yet they are alleviated by ſome Circumſtances, ſuch as that of *Cotta* (3). As to the

(1) Monſieur *Mongault* looks upon the *Greek* Expreſſion that follows here to be irrecoverable to any Senſe, and in this I agree with him. But he ſeems to ſuppoſe that the Temple, here mentioned, the Dedication of which, required a certain Number of Augurs, at leaſt three, to be preſent, to have been either the Temple of *Mars*, or of *Venus*, both which were built by *Cæſar*. But I muſt obſerve that *Plutarch*, in the Life of *Cæſar* and *Appian*, *de Bel. Civ. lib.* ii. inform us, that there was a Temple built, at this Time, by the Public, dedicated to Clemency, in which the Statues of *Cæſar* and Clemency were erected as joining Hands together. As this Temple was built by a Decree of the Senate, after the *Spaniſh* War was finiſhed, it confirms my Conjecture in the preceding Note.

(2) *Orig.* ἐλίας σχοίνου.

(3) We are in the Dark as to this Circumſtance. Monſieur *Mongault*, upon the Suppoſition that this Letter was written before *Cæſar*'s return from *Spain*, thinks that this Paſſage cannot relate to this *Cotta* (who was one of the Commiſſaries for keeping the *Sibylline* Books) intending to make a Motion in the Senate,

the People, they acted nobly in giving no Applauſe even to Victory herſelf, while ſhe was coupled to ſuch a Companion. *Brutus* has been with me, and he is earneſt that I ſhould addreſs ſomewhat to *Cæſar*. Well, I will humour him, but let him look upon the Pageantry (1).

Mean while, have you ventured to preſent my Work to *Varro*?—I long to know his Sentiments of it.—But he muſt firſt read it—and when will that be? I approve of your Indulgence to *Attica*. The very Exhibition itſelf, as well as the Ideas of Religion and Reverence which it raiſes, gratifies the Imagination; and ſo far it is right. I beg that you will ſend me the *Cotta*. I have the *Libo* here, and I had the *Caſca* before (2). *Brutus* has informed me, from *Titus Ligarius*, that I was miſtaken in making mention of *Lucius Curfidius* in my Oration for *Ligarius*, but this was no more than a Slip of the Memory (3). I knew that *Curfidius* was inti-

Senate, for declaring *Cæſar* King, becauſe the *Sibylline* Oracles had declared the *Parthians* could not be ſubdued but by a King; "for, ſays that Tranſlator, the Report of making *Cæſar* a King did not riſe till long after this Letter was written." Notwithſtanding this Gentleman's Opinion, it is certain that the *Parthian* Expedition was talked of even before *Cæſar* ſet out for the *Spaniſh* War, and his Creatures, for ſome Months before his Death, had been hinting at the Expediency of making him King. But they were always diſcouraged by the People. *Appian, de Bel. Civ. lib.* ii. tells us that immediately upon his Return from *Spain*, "ſome People were for making him King;" nor can I find either by *Plutarch* or *Appian*, or the beſt Authorities, that the extravagant Honours, mentioned in this Letter, were paid to *Cæſar*, till after the Battle of *Cordova*, when the Republican Party was entirely deſtroyed.

(1) Meaning that all the Compliments he could pay, muſt be inſipid after the extravagant Flatteries of the Senate.

(2) Theſe three Gentlemen had compoſed Books which bore their ſeveral Names.

(3) *Orig.* μνημονικὸν ἁμάρτημα. *Memoriæ Lapſus.*

mate

mate with the *Ligarian* Family, but I perceive that he was dead before I ſpoke that Oration. You will therefore take care that the Tranſcribers *Pharnaces*, *Antæus* and *Salvius*, eraſe his Name out of all their Copies.

EPIST. XLV.

LAMIA was with me after your Departure, and ſhewed me a Letter that *Cæſar* had ſent him. It was indeed of an older Date than that which *Cæſar* wrote by *Diochares* (1), but it poſitively intimated that he would be at *Rome* before the Celebration of the *Roman* Plays. Towards the Cloſe of his Letters, he orders him (2) to take care that every Thing be in readineſs for the Exhibition of the Plays, and he charges him to take care that he might not be diſappointed after the Diſpatch he had made to come to *Rome*. In ſhort, from thoſe Letters, there can, I think, be no Manner of Doubt of his being at *Rome* before that Time, and *Lamia* told me that when *Balbus* read that Letter, he was of the ſame Opinion.

I ſee I have got a farther Leave of Abſence for a few Days. Pray let me know for how many? You can know it from *Bæbius*, and from your other Neighbour *Egnatius*. Your adviſing me to employ thoſe Days in my philoſophical Compoſitions, is like pouring Oil upon a Flame (3), but

(1) He was a favourite Freedman belonging to *Cæſar*.

(2) *Lamia* was one of the *Ædiles* to whom the Charge of thoſe Exhibitions were committed. They begun the 4th of *September*, and continued for nine Days, and they were celebrated in Honour of *Jupiter*, *Juno* and *Minerva*.

(3) *Orig. Currentem tu quidem.*

you

you perceive that I muſt ſpend thoſe Days with *Dolabella*. And yet unleſs I had been employed in the Buſineſs of *Torquatus*, thoſe Days would be ſufficient for making an Excurſion to *Puteoli*, and returning to the Time. *Lamia*, it ſeems, was informed by *Balbus*, that there was, in the Houſe (1), a large Sum of Money which muſt be divided forthwith; that there was likewiſe a great Quantity of Plate, beſides Lands, all which muſt be ſold off at Auction by the firſt Opportunity. Let me know your Opinion upon this Matter. For my own Part, were I to look through all Mankind, I think I could not pitch upon a more active, faithful and affectionate Agent than *Veſtorius* is. I have wrote to him in a very exact Manner, and I ſuppoſe you have done the ſame. This I take to be ſufficient, but what is your Opinion? for there is one Thing only that gives me Concern, which is, leſt ſhould I be thought to neglect my own Intereſt. I therefore look for Letters from you.

EPIST. XLVI.

POLLEX, according to his Promiſe to return by the 13th of *Auguſt*, came to me at *Lanuvium* upon the 12th. But this ſame *Pollex* is no Conjurer (2). You may therefore inform yourſelf from

(1) Monſieur *Mongault* takes no Notice of this Paſſage, tho' it is a pretty obſcure one. From comparing it with other Paſſages it appears, that *Brennius* had left his Eſtate to our Author, and others, and that upon taking an Inventory of his Effects, the Particulars here-mentioned were diſcovered.

(2) *Orig. Sed Pollex plane non Index.* He is a Thumb not a Fore-

from him. I have talked with *Balbus*, for *Lepta*, who is extreamly anxious about his Wine Affair (1), carried me to him. He was in that Houſe at *Lanuvium*, which he made over to *Lepidus*. He firſt accoſted me thus. "I have juſt received a Letter in which *Cæſar* is very poſitive, that he will be at *Rome* before the *Roman* Plays begin." The Letter I read. He ſays a great deal in it concerning my *Cato*; particularly, that by frequently reading it, he had enriched his own Style; but that when he read the *Cato* of *Brutus*, he thought himſelf eloquent (2)."

From

Fore-finger. It is impoſſible to preſerve this Pun in *Engliſh*. It is ſufficient to inform the Reader, that the Foreſinger was termed Index from its being made uſe of in demonſtrating mathematical and other Propoſitions.

(1) The Plays and Entertainments, which *Cæſar* exhibited about this Time, are very famous in Hiſtory; and the Affair, mentioned here, probably related to a Commiſſion which he was ſoliciting from *Cæſar* to become one of his Wine Purveyors for the Feaſt he gave to the People.

(2) *Orig. Multa de meo Catone, quo ſæpiſſime legendo ſe dicit copioſiorem factum: Bruti Catone lecto ſe ſibi viſum diſertum.* Monſieur *Mongault*, I am afraid, has not ſufficiently attended to this Paſſage. He tranſlates it, *Il dit qu'en le liſant ſouvent ſon ſtyle en devient plus riche; et que lors qu'il avoit lû le Caton de Brutus, il s'étoit trouvé éloquent.* It is true, this Tranſlation, in the Main, is the ſame with mine. But he does not obſerve the ſarcaſtic Turn of the Paſſage. *Brutus* was, at that Time, a young Man of great Parts and Spirit, and the republican Party had conceived the higheſt Expectations from his Virtues. Being a profeſſed Stoic, he thought it did not become him to diſguiſe his Sentiments either of Men or Things; and we ſee, in the Courſe of theſe Epiſtles, a certain ſecret Malevolence which our Author all along bears him for the Freedom with which he ſpoke and wrote. It is true, they came afterwards to have great Connexions together; but that was becauſe *Cicero* could not longer help perceiving the exalted Character of *Brutus*, and the World would think the worſe of him, if *Brutus* was not his Friend. But even this Conſideration was not ſufficient for him to ſuffer *Brutus* to come in Competition with him, for the Palm

of

From him I firſt underſtood (what a Negligence was it in *Veſtorius* not to inform me!) that the Adminiſtration to the Will of *Cluvius*, might be done by an Attorney in Preſence of Witneſſes, and any Time within the ſixty Days. I am afraid that *Veſtorius* will have Difficulties in adminiſtering (1). I am now to ſend off an Expreſs for him to adminiſter for me, and *Pollex* returns to him for that Purpoſe. *Balbus* ſpoke very much like a Gentleman to me, when I talked to him concerning the Gardens of *Cluvius*, for he ſaid he would inſtantly write to *Cæſar* (2). He told me likewiſe, that *Cluvius* had burthened the Share of *Titus Hordonius*, with a Legacy of 400 *l.* to *Terentia*, a Tomb, and many other Particulars, but that he had not burthened mine with a Farthing; I beg that you will talk roundly to *Veſtorius*. How can he be excuſed? Never to inform me, though my Domeſtics were always going between us, of a Matter which *Balbus* learned

of Eloquence or Compoſition. Both of them had wrote upon the ſame Subject, *viz.* in Praiſe of *Cato*, and *Cæſar*, who was one of the greateſt Judges in the World, had read both. But our Author would not have reported his Opinion to *Atticus*, in the Manner he does, had he not thought that it contained a real Compliment to himſelf, at the Expence of *Brutus*; as if *Cæſar* had ſaid, The Stile of *Cicero* enriches my own; but when I read the Work of *Brutus*, I think myſelf an eloquent Man, *viz.* in Compariſon of *Brutus*.

(1) *Orig Metuebam ne ille arcendus eſſet.* This may either relate to the Time for accepting the Adminiſtration being almoſt expired, or to ſome Scruples which *Veſtorius* might have as to the Value of the Effects, and that Part of the Eſtate which was deviſed to him; or it may be tranſlated, "I am afraid that I muſt preſs *Veſtorius* to accept of the Adminiſtration." If we read with ſome old Manuſcripts *Ne arceſſendus*, it ſignifies, that he muſt ſend to talk with him.

(2) Who was one of the Coheirs in the Succeſſion to *Cluvius*, and *Balbus* was his Agent.

diſtinctly from the Slaves of the Perfumer *Plotius*, a long Time ago. I am ſorry for the Loſs of *Coſſinius*, I loved the Man. I will aſſign the Overplus of my Money to *Quintus*, if there ſhould be any Overplus after my Debts, and Purchaſes are paid. When I have done that, it is my Opinion, that I muſt borrow Money myſelf. I know nothing concerning that Houſe at *Arpinum*.—— But hold.——

Veſtorius is not to blame. For after this Letter was ſealed up, my Expreſs arrived from him in the Night Time with very full Letters from him on that Head, and with a Copy of the Will.

EPIST. XLVII.

AFTER *Agamemnon* (1) hinted to me on your Part, not that I ſhould come to *Rome*, as I would have done, had it not been for the Affair of *Torquatus*, but that I ſhould write to you, I inſtantly dropt all other Buſineſs I was about, that I might execute your Commands. I beg that you will receive from *Pollex*, an Account of the Diſburſements I have made, for it would be ſcandalous to ſuffer my Son, be his Behaviour what it will, to be in want for this firſt Year. Afterwards I will manage more frugally. *Pollex* muſt be diſpatched back to *Puteoli*, that *Veſtorius* may adminiſter for me. For my own Part, it is impoſſible for me to go thither, both for the Reaſons I have

(1) He was a Slave, or a Freedman of *Atticus*.

mentioned

mentioned to you, and becauſe *Cæſar* is in the Neighbourhood.

Dolabella writes me Word, that he will be with me by the 14th. The Maſter of the Horſe, (and a troubleſome Maſter he is to me) laſt Night wrote to me from *Antium* (1), where he is in the Houſe I ſold to him. He is very earneſt that I ſhould aſſiſt in the Senate the firſt of next Month, and he ſays, that both *Cæſar* and he would take it as the greateſt Favour. I ſuppoſe, had there been any Thing to do, *Oppius*, as *Balbus* is indiſpoſed, would have mentioned it to you. But I ſhall chuſe to loſe my Journey rather than be abſent if there ſhould be Occaſion for my Preſence, the Conſequences of which, might be troubleſome to me hereafter. To-day, therefore, I ſet out for *Antium*, ſo as to reach *Rome* To-morrow in the Forenoon. I expect a Viſit from you and *Pilia*, if you are not already

(1) The whole of this Paſſage runs thus in the Original, *Dolabella ſcribit ſe ad me poſtridie idus, O magiſtrum moleſtum! Lepidus ad me hora veſperi litteras miſit Antio.* Monſieur *Mongault* has choſen to refer the Expreſſion, *O magiſtrum moleſtum* to *Dolabella*, becauſe *Cicero* in another Epiſtle ſays, that he taught *Hirtius* and *Dolabella* to ſpeak, and they taught him to eat; but I have choſen rather to refer it to *Lepidus*, who was then Maſter of the Horſe to *Cæſar*. Monſieur *Mongault* might have produced another Paſſage more to his Purpoſe, *viz.* in Epiſt. 7. Lib. 9. *Fam. Epiſt.* where ſpeaking of *Dolabella*, he calls him his *Magiſter*, or Inſtructor, as to the Manner in which he was to behave to *Cæſar*. But as the Word *Magiſter* is thus indifferently applied, I cannot eaſily believe, that in this Place it means *Dolabella*. Beſides, it would have been highly improper for our Author to have applied that Expreſſion to him, without previouſly acquainting, or hinting to, *Atticus* the Reaſon for his calling him ſo, which we do not find he does in any of the preceding Letters. But with Regard to *Lepidus*, the Reaſon is obvious, *viz.* becauſe we find him perpetually teazing *Cicero* to leave his beloved Retirement, and come to *Rome*, not to mention the Patneſs of the Pun in this Place, and on ſuch an Occaſion.

engaged by the laſt of this Month. I hope you have finiſhed the Affair with *Publilius*. For my own Part, after the firſt of next Month, I will run back to *Tuſculum*, for I chuſe that all Buſineſs with thoſe People ſhould be ſettled in my Abſence. I have ſent you my Brother's Letter, which is not a very civil Anſwer to mine, but, I ſuppoſe, he ſays enough for your Purpoſe. You are the beſt Judge.

EPIST. XLVIII.

YEſterday I heard ſomewhat as it were confuſed, and in the Crowd, as if you talked of coming to *Tuſculum*. I wiſh, my Friend, how do I wiſh! that you would, could it be conſiſtent with your Conveniency? *Lepta* begs me to fly to him if he ſhould have Occaſion for my Aſſiſtance, now that *Babullius* is dead, who, if I miſtake not, has left *Cæſar* his Heir for a Twelfth. That, however, is not ſo certain, as that he has left *Lepta* his Heir for a Third. Now, he is afraid, for who can help the groundleſs (1) Fears of ſome People, that he will be interrupted in entring upon the Succeſſion. Should he require me, I will run to aſſiſt him, otherwiſe, I will not ſtir before there is Occaſion. Diſpatch *Pollex* back to me as ſoon as poſſible. I have ſent you a corrected Copy of my Panegyric upon *Portia*, which I have been the more expeditious in finiſhing, that it may be the Copy that ſhall be ſent, if any is ſent, either to her Son *Domitius*, or to *Brutus*. I earneſtly beg, if it is not

(1) *Orig.* ἀλόγως. *Sine cauſa.*

too

too much Trouble, that you will take Care of this Affair, and that you will ſend me the Panegyrics of *Marcus Varro*, and of *Lollius* (1), (but by all Means, that of *Lollius*, for I have read the other) upon the ſame Subject. I ſhould, however, be willing to run over *Varro*'s again, for I read it ſo ſlightly that many Things may have eſcaped me.

EPIST. XLIX.

MY Compliments in the firſt Place to *Attica*, who, I ſuppoſe, is in the Country, and likewiſe my Compliments to *Pilia*. Let me know, if you have heard any Thing lately concerning *Tigellius* (2). For, as *Gallus Fabius* writes to me, he has trumped up a moſt villainous Accuſation (3) againſt me, as if I had betrayed *Phameas* (4), after I had undertaken to plead his Cauſe. It is true, I was far from being fond of undertaking it againſt the Sons of *Cnæus Octavius* (5), and at the ſame Time, I was under Obligations to *Phameas*, for if you remember, when I ſtood for the Conſulſhip, he made me by you, a tender of his Services. It is true, I had no Occaſion for them, but I look upon the Obligation to be the ſame as if I had.

(1) This was the noble *Roman*, to whom *Horace* has addreſſed two of his Epiſtles.

(2) He was the famous Muſician mentioned by *Horace*, and though a worthleſs whimſical Fellow, yet he had ingratiated himſelf ſo with *Cæſar* and his Court, that he was looked upon as a Man of ſome Importance.

(3) *Orig.* μέμψιν ἀναφέρει. *Accuſationem intendit.*

(4) He was Grandfather to *Tigellius*.

(5) He was Conſul in the Year of *Rome* 677, but he was of a different Family from *Octavius* the Father of *Auguſtus Cæſar*.

Now, *Phameas* came to tell me, that by the Judges Order, his Affair came on that very Day, when by the *Pompeian* Law, the Cauſe of our Friend *Seſtius* was peremptorily to be tried, and you know, that the Rules for Days by that Law are not to be altered. My Anſwer was, that he was no Stranger to my Obligations to *Seſtius*, but let him pitch upon any other Day he pleaſed, I would ſerve him; upon which, he went away in a Paſſion, as I believe, I told you when we were together. I cannot ſay, that this gave me any great Pain, nor did I think, that I had the leaſt Reaſon to be concerned at the groundleſs Reſentment of a Man, to whom I was almoſt a Stranger. I acquainted *Gallus*, however, next Time I came to *Rome*, with what I had heard, but without naming the younger *Balbus*. *Gallus*, according to his Letters, executed the Commiſſion I gave him, and he tells me, that *Tigellius* ſaid, I ſuſpected him, becauſe my Conſcience told me, I had betrayed *Phameas*.

Therefore, all that I have now to recommend to you is, if poſſible, to fiſh out of him ſomewhat concerning our Nephew, but without troubling yourſelf about me. It is a Pleaſure to be at Liberty to treat ſuch a Fellow with Contempt, and not to be an univerſal Cringer. And yet, by Heavens, as you well obſerve, thoſe Fellows make more court to me, if Reſpect is any Mark of that, than I make to them.

EPIST.

EPIST. L.

YOU having adviſed me in ſeveral of your Letters, to write in a fuller Manner to *Cæſar*, and *Balbus* having lately acquainted me at *Lanuvium* of a Letter ſent by him and *Oppius* to *Cæſar*, informing him, that I had read his Book againſt *Cato*, and I greatly admired it; I have written to *Cæſar* a Letter upon the ſame Subject, which I ſent to *Dolabella* under Cover to *Oppius* and *Balbus*, with a Copy of the ſame, deſiring them not to ſend the Original to *Dolabella*, unleſs they approved of the Copy. Their Anſwer to this was, that they never read any Thing that pleaſed them better, and that they had forwarded the Original to *Dolabella*.

Veſtorius has written to me, that I ſhould ſend him by his Slave, a Power of Attorney for my Part of the Succeſſion, to authorize him to ſell one of the Farms of *Brinnius* to one *Heterius*, ſo that he may tranſact the Affair while he is at *Puteoli*. As that Slave comes hither by the Way of *Rome*, and as *Veſtorius*, I ſuppoſe, has written by him to you, I beg that you would diſpatch him to me. The Accounts given me by *Balbus* and *Oppius* concerning *Cæſar*'s Journey agree with yours. I am ſurprized that I have heard nothing of what has paſſed between you and *Tigellius*.—Were it no more than how he received my Apology.—Well, it does not ſignify a Ruſh to me.—And yet, I ſhould be glad to know. You aſk me where I intend to meet *Cæſar*. Don't you think it ſufficient, if I

meet him at *Alſium* (1). For this Purpoſe, I have written to *Murena* concerning a Lodging, but he, I ſuppoſe, is gone with *Matius*. I therefore, muſt try what can be done with *Salluſtius*. Juſt as I am writing this *Eros* tells me, that *Murena* has ſent him back with a more obliging Anſwer to my Requeſt. I therefore, will lodge with him, for the Houſe of *Silius* is without Bedding, and that of *Dida* will be ſo full, that I ſuppoſe, he will be obliged to turn out of it himſelf.

EPIST. LI.

IT ſlipped my Memory to ſend you a Copy of my Letter to *Cæſar*, nor did that Omiſſion proceed from the Cauſe you ſuſpect, as if I was aſhamed to ſhow you the aukward Figure I make, when I play the Courtier and the Cringer (2), for, by Heavens, I wrote to him in the very Strain of one Equal writing to another (3). Nay,—you know, I told you when we were together, that I really had a good Opinion of his *Anti-Cato*. I therefore, wrote to him in a Strain of Freedom (4) indeed, but ſuch, I believe, as he will read with the higheſt Satisfaction. My Heart is at laſt at Eaſe, with Regard to *Attica*. I therefore, ſend her and you my Compliments upon her Recovery. Give me the whole of your Converſation with *Ti-*

(1) This was a Town of *Tuſcany*, about twenty Miles from *Rome*, ſituated near the Sea upon the River *Arno*.

(2) The Original here is very obſcure, but I have tranſlated it as *Cicero* probably meant it.

(3) *Orig.* πρὸς ἴσον, ὅμοιον. *Æqualem, ſimilem.*

(4) *Orig.* ἀκολακεύτως. *Sine adulatione.*

gellius,

gellius, and that too as ſoon as poſſible, for I cannot be eaſy till I have it. You muſt know, that To-morrow our Nephew comes to *Rome*, but whether he is to lodge with you or with me, I know not. He wrote me Word, that he would be at *Rome* by the 23d, but I ſent him an Invitation to my Houſe, and I am now going to *Rome* leſt he ſhould get thither before me.

EPIST. LII.

WELL, this formidable Viſit at laſt is over, without my having Reaſon to repent of (1) my Gueſt, who ſeemed to enjoy every Thing he met with. You muſt know then, that on the Evening before, being the 18th, when he came to the Houſe of *Philippus*, it was ſo crowded with Soldiers, to the Number of two Thouſand, that there was ſcarcely a Room empty for *Cæſar* himſelf to ſup in. This I own to you, gave me Apprehenſions as to my own Caſe next Day, but I was delivered from them by *Barba Caſſius* (2), who appointed me a Guard. Thus the Soldiers encamped in the Fields, and my Houſe was kept clear. He paſſed the 19th at *Philippus*'s Houſe till Noon, without ſuffering any Perſon to be admitted to him, being buſied, I ſuppoſe, in ſettling Accounts with *Balbus*. From thence, he walked to my Houſe by the Shore (3); after two, he went into the Bath. He

(1) *Orig.* ἀμεταμέλητον. *Non pœnitendum.*

(2) He probably was a Tribune in *Cæſar*'s Army.

(3) It appears, there was ſcarcely the Diſtance of a Mile between the Houſe of *Cicero* and that of *Philippus*.

then

then heard the Verſes upon *Mamurra* (1), without changing his Countenance. After this he was anointed, and ſat down to Supper, when he eat heartily, and drank freely (2), for you muſt know, he had taken (3) a Vomit (4), and indeed, every Thing was well dreſſed, and the beſt of the Kind.

But of our Pleaſures, that was but the laſt,
For Wit and Humour ſeaſon'd our Repaſt (5).

Beſides, *Cæſar*'s Table, his Retinue was (6) plentifully ſerved in three other Dining-Rooms; and nothing was wanting in the Entertainment of his Freedmen of the ſecond Rank, and his Slaves; for his Freedmen of the better Sort, were elegantly treated. In ſhort, I came off like myſelf, though, let me tell you, he is a Gueſt to whom one would not ſay, "Pray do me the Honour to call here as you return." No, no, one Viſit is enough. We talked nothing of Buſineſs (7), but a great Deal about Learning (8). To conclude, he was free, eaſy, and happy. He told

(1) They were written by *Catullus*, and are ſtill extant. This *Mamurra* was a *Roman* Knight, and General of the Artillery to *Cæſar*, but noted for Extravagancy and Luxury in Living. The Verſes in Queſtion laſhed *Cæſar* as well as *Mamurra*.

(2) *Orig.* ἀδεῶς. *Fidenter.*

(3) ἰμετιὸν. *Curationem per vomitum.*

(4) It appears from many Paſſages, that the Ancients thought vomitting to be a great Preſervative of Health, and a great Preventor of Surfeits in eating or drinking. Monſieur *Mongault*, is of Opinion, that *Cæſar* took this Vomit before he came Abroad in the Morning; but I think, from the Words of our Author, there is no Neceſſity to ſuppoſe that.

(5) This is a Verſe from *Lucilius*, and is mentioned elſewhere by our Author.

(6) *Orig.* οἱ περὶ αὐτὸν. *Qui in ejus comitatu erant.*

(7) *Orig.* σπουδαῖον οὐδέν. *Serium nihil.*

(8) *Orig.* Φιλολόγια. *Erudita.*

me,

me, that he would paſs one Day at *Puteoli*, and another at *Baiæ*. Thus I have given you an Account of my Entertainment, or rather of the Manner of my Entertainment (1) of this great Man, which put me to ſome Inconveniency, but to no Trouble. I will ſtay here a little, and then remove to *Tuſculanum*. When *Cæſar* paſſed by *Dolabella*'s Houſe, all his Troops marched cloſe to his Horſe upon the Right and Left, which they did no where elſe (2). This I learned from *Nicia*.

(1) *Orig.* ἐπισαθμίαν. *Hoſpitii procurationem.*

(2) Monſieur *Mongault* is of Opinion, that this muſt have been done by Way of Honour to *Dolabella*. But the learned Gentleman ought to have reflected, that *Cæſar*'s not paying *Dolabella* a Viſit, conſidering the great Poſts that *Dolabella* held under him, and that he paſſed by his Houſe, was no great Mark of Confidence; but though there ſhould be nothing in this Remark; yet it is certain, that there was at this Time a Variance between *Dolabella* and *Antony*, who had *Cæſar*'s Ear, and had accuſed *Dolabella* to *Cæſar*, which proceeded to open War in the Senate. This therefore was the true Reaſon of *Cæſar*'s Caution.

CICERO's

CICERO's EPISTLES TO ATTICUS.

BOOK XIV.

EPIST. I.

I HAVE called upon the Perſon (1) we talked of in the Morning.——According to him, all is deſperate, and irreconcileable. For, if a Genius like that of *Cæſar* failed in Expedients for Unanimity, who can hope now to ſucceed? In ſhort, he ſaid, (though I am not ſure it is ſo) that all was undone; but he aſſured me, at the ſame Time, with great Joy, that the

(1) All the Letters of this and the following Books, were written after *Cæſar* was killed in the Senate, which happened on the 15th of *March*, in the Year of *Rome* 709. The Perſon here ſpoken of was *Matius*,

Gauls

Gauls would invade our Empire (1) in leſs than twenty Days.—That he has had no Converſation with

(1) *Orig. Gallicum tumultum.* There was a Difference between the *Gallicum bellum*, and the *Gallicus tumultus*. The former ſerved to expreſs the War when it was confined beyond the *Alps*, to *Gaul* itſelf. The Latter was very dreadful to the *Romans*, ever ſince the Invaſion under *Brennus*, when *Rome* itſelf was burnt; and when ſuch an Invaſion was threatened, the Apprehenſions of the *Romans* were ſo great, that very extraordinary Precautions were taken to defend *Italy*, for at that Time, as in the Time of a Civil War, the Cenſors exempted no Perſon from carrying Arms.

The Reader may readily aſk, why *Matius* ſhould be in ſuch Raptures, upon telling *Cicero* this diſagreeable Piece of News? To which I anſwer (though I think it has been taken Notice of by no Commentator or Tranſlator) as follows. *Cæſar*, notwithſtanding his prodigious Succeſſes, and the extraordinary Means he had made uſe of to endear himſelf to his Countrymen, found that their Minds were ſtill irreconcileable to Slavery; and as the moſt glorious of his Victories had been obtained over the beſt and the greateſt of the *Romans* themſelves, he was ſenſible, that ſomething of Horror and Grief mingled in all their Acclamations. According to all Accounts, he had a ſecret Paſſion to be created King; but the viſible Joy of the People, upon his faintly rejecting that Title, took from him all Hopes of ſucceeding, until he had done ſomething that might raiſe his Power as well as his Glory beyond all Poſſibility of an Attack. It was upon this Principle, that he projected the Scheme of the *Parthian* War, and all thoſe mighty Deſigns which could have been formed only by his Genius, and executed by his Power. In ſhort, if we compare his Conduct with what happened afterwards, it is plain, that he did not think Peace was as yet compatible with his Safety. An unconſtitutional Power, ſuch as his was, was not to be upheld by the Practice of the moſt amiable Virtues, or the Exerciſes of the moſt commanding Genius. All the mighty Things he had done to reconcile the Heads of the Republican Party to his Intereſt, the amazing Proofs he had given of Clemency, Moderation, and Magnanimity, were ineffectual for removing in the Minds of the People the Defects of his Title to be the Maſter of *Rome*. Every Day gave him new Proofs, that Empire acquired by Arms, muſt be ſupported by Arms. His *Veteran* Army, it is true, (by their long Abſence in the *Gallic*, and other, Wars, and by their being ſo long accuſtomed only to the military Modes of Life,) he was ſure would ſerve him faithfully; becauſe, they had almoſt for-

got

with any of that Party excepting with *Lepidus*, ever ſince the 15th of *March*; and upon the whole, that Things would take another Turn (1). How wiſely

got they had a Country, and they knew no other Authority but his. But his frequent Wars, and length of Time, had greatly reduced the Number of thoſe Veterans he could depend on, and his other Troops were commanded by Generals who were jealous of one another, and many of them ſecretly diſliked his Service. But he knew, that all of them would unite againſt a common Enemy in a foreign War, and that a ſhort Time, if he commanded them in Perſon, would eaſily reconcile them to his Views and Principles, while the keeping them employed in the remote Parts of the Empire, ſecured his Government at Home from all Attempts. But he was cut off in the Midſt of thoſe mighty Deſigns, without leaving a Succeſſor capable of carrying them into Execution. His Friends and Followers, however, were no Strangers both to the Maxims, and the Neceſſities of his Government; they knew that they poſſeſſed the Sword; but they knew they muſt always hold it drawn, otherwiſe it muſt be wreſted from their Hands, and that too in a very ſhort Time, or elſe they muſt live upon free Quarters, there being no Perſon now powerful enough to bring the Senate and People to conſent to their Proceedings. An Invaſion from the *Gauls* therefore, the moſt dreadful Terror that could be ſpread through *Rome*, was the only Expedient that could reconcile their Country to their Service; and though this News was falſe, yet we find, that *Matius* one of *Cæſar*'s ſtrongeſt Partizans could not help mentioning it with Raptures.

(1) *Orig. Ad ſummam non poſſe iſtæc ſic abire.* Upon the Death of *Cæſar*, on the Ides of *March*, in the Conſulſhip of *Marcus Antonius*, and *Cornelius Dolabella*, to whom *Cæſar* had reſigned the Conſulſhip upon his Undertaking his *Parthian* Expedition, the Conſpirators proclaimed Peace and Liberty to the People; but finding them in too great a Conſternation and Ferment to bear to be ſpoken to immediately, they retired to the Capitol; and *Brutus* in a Speech to the People whom he had ſummoned thither, juſtified the Act of *Cæſar*'s Death, and pathetically exhorted them to protect that Liberty which he and his Friends had purchaſed for them. His Speech was ſeconded by our Author, while *Antony* throwing off his Conſular Habits, ſhut himſelf up at Home, and by a very maſterly Conduct, he bade fair to ſucceed to all the Power of *Cæſar*. For *Lepidus*, who was a vain irreſolute Man, being at the Head of a fine Army, with which he was to have marched to the Government

wiſely does *Oppius* act, who, though he bewails the Death of *Cæſar*, yet drops nothing that can give any Offence to the Patriot-party? But enough upon this Subject.

I beg you will not think it too much to write me all the News, for I expect a great deal—Let me know, whether the Accounts concerning *Sextus Pompeius* (1) are confirmed; but, above all Things, inform me as to our Friend *Brutus*. The Perſon I have been with, told me, that *Cæſar* uſed to ſay of *Brutus*, "It is of great Importance what he is earneſt for, for when he is in earneſt, he is in great Earneſt," and that *Cæſar* made that Obſervation upon him when he ſpoke at *Nicea* (2), in Favour of King *Dejotarus*, for whom, he ſaid, he ſpoke with amazing Force and Freedom. The ſame Perſon, told me farther, (for I love to write to you whatever comes uppermoſt) that laſt Time I was with him at the Deſire of *Seſtius*, and ſate down, waiting till I ſhould be called in, that *Cæſar* ſaid, "Can I now doubt my being greatly hated, when *Marcus Cicero* waits without, and cannot,

vernment of *Spain*, which had been conferred on him by *Cæſar*, had ſome Thoughts of ſeizing the Government, and of deſtroying the Conſpirators, which he might eaſily have done, had he not been artfully diverted from the Thoughts of both by *Antony*, who thereby gained ſome Credit with the Conſpirators. Mean while, both Parties ſeemed diſpoſed by our Author's Advice, to paſs an Act of Amneſty, by which, both Parties were mutually to forgive, and forget all Injuries, and *Antony* and *Lepidus* interchanged Viſits with *Brutus* and *Caſſius*. It was eaſy for *Matius* to foreſee, that Things could not continue long in this Situation.

(1) He was a Son of *Pompey* the Great, and was then at the Head of an Army in *Spain*.

(2) This was not the Capital of *Bithynia* as the Jeſuits *Catrou* and *Rouille* imagine in their *Roman* Hiſtory, but the preſent City of *Nice* lying upon the *Ligurian* Coaſt in *Italy*.

when

when he pleaſes, have Acceſs to me, though, if any Man is eaſy upon that Head, he is the Man; and yet, I am ſure, he hates me?" A great deal of ſuch Converſation paſt between us.—But, as I was ſaying; write me Things of ſmall, as well as of great, Importance. For my Part, I ſhall be punctual.

EPIST. II.

YEſterday I received two Letters from you. The firſt informed me of the theatrical News, and the Archneſs of the Actor *Publius* (1), all of them good Symptoms of the People's being pleaſed with what has been done. As to the Applauſe *Caſſius* met with, I think, there is ſomewhat in it that is humorous. In your other Letter, you mention *Matius*, you rightly imagine, that we ſhall find no (2) Rock of Safety (3) in his Baldpate. I but juſt touched at it, and left it; the Stay I made was occaſioned by his talking upon indifferent Matters. What I wrote to you about them was, perhaps, ſomewhat dark, but it was in Effect, thus; he told me, that when I went to ſee

(1) We have already ſeen in the preceding Epiſtles, ſome Specimens of the Liberties which the *Roman* Actors took with their great Men; and as their Theatre contained Audiences infinitely more numerous than any of ours can, the Applauſe which thoſe Strokes of Satire or Panegyrick met with, was looked upon to be the Senſe of the People.

(2) *Orig.* φαλάκρωμα. *Calvitium ſeu promontorium.*

(3) There is a Pun here ariſing from the *Greek* Word, which ſignifies the bald Prominence of a Rock, and the Baldneſs of *Matius*'s Head, which I have endeavoured to preſerve in the Tranſlation, but it is of very little Conſequence to explain it, becauſe, if there is any Wit in it, the Reader will eaſily perceive it.

Cæſar

Cæſar at the Entreaty of *Seſtius*, and was waiting till I ſhould have Acceſs to him, *Cæſar* ſaid to him, "I am not ſo ſimple as to believe, that this Man, condeſcending as he is, is my Friend, ſince he waits ſo long, till I pleaſe to ſee him." Depend upon it, that a Storm lowers about this ſame bald Rock, which will break out againſt the public Tranquility, that is, againſt *Brutus*. To-day, I go to *Tuſculum*; To morrow to *Lanuvium*, from whence I deſigned to go *Aſtura*. My Houſe is prepared to receive *Pilia*; I wiſh your Daughter was to come along with her, but I forgive your Fondneſs, and ſend my Compliments to both.

EPIST. III.

ACcording to your Letter, all Things are quiet; long may they continue ſo! for *Matius* is poſitive that they cannot. Mean while, my Workmen, who had gone to *Rome* for Corn, returned back empty, and told us, there was a ſtrong Report there, that *Antony* had carried all the Corn to his own Houſe. Surely, had there (1) been any Foundation for ſuch a Report, you would have let me know. I have heard as yet nothing of *Cornufius* that Freedman of *Balbus*, and yet, I am no Stranger to his Name, for they ſay, he is an able Architect. There may be Reaſons, why ſome People ſhould be fond of calling upon you to witneſs their Teſtaments (2) in my Favour; they would

(1) *Orig.* κενικὸν *Inanis terror.*

(2) Becauſe our Author was now likely to become of great Importance, on Account of his Credit with both Parties, and it was uſual for the *Romans* to court the Friendſhip of a great Man, by giving him to underſtand, that they had put him into their Teſtament.

have me too, to believe them in earneſt, and I know no Reaſon why they are not. But what is that to me? I would have you however ſmell out what *Antony*'s (1) Intentions are. For my Part I believe him to be ſo great a Friend to good Living, that he is incapable of any dangerous Deſigns. If you have any Thing of Conſequence, pray let me know it. If not, write to me what the (2) Diſpoſitions of the People appear to be, and the Jokes of the Theatre. My Compliments to your Wife and Daughter.

EPIST. IV.

YOU ſurely don't ſuppoſe that I can write you any News from *Lanuvium*. But that is not your Caſe at *Rome*, from whence I every Day look for ſome Revolution (3); Matters are now ripening to a Criſis. If the Diſpoſitions of *Matius* are as I acquainted you, what muſt thoſe of others be? I ſpeak it with Grief, never was it known before, that a People recovered their Conſtitution and not their Liberty. The Talk, the Menaces, of the Party are dreadful. I am in Pain about an Invaſion from *Gaul*, and what is become of *Sextus Pompeius*. But come what will, I will take Comfort from the Remembrance of the Ides of *March*. As to our Heroes (4), all that they could perform, they per-

(1) *Orig* διάθεσιν. *Senſum.*
(2) *Orig* ἐπισημασίαν. *Animi ſignificationem.*
(3) I point this Paſſage as follows, very different from the other Editions I have ſeen. *Nunc quid putas me Lanuvii? At ego te. Iſtic quotidie aliquid novi ſuſpicor.*
(4) *Orig.* Ἥρωες. *Heroes.*

formed

formed greatly and gloriouſly. Their remaining Meaſures require Troops and Money, in which we are entirely unprovided. I write this to engage you to write me an immediate Account of whatever ſhall happen, for I look every Day for ſome News; and, ſhould there be none, yet ſtill let us keep up our uninterrupted Correſpondence by Writing; which ſhall not fail on my Part.

EPIST. V.

I Hope you are now recovered, becauſe I know that (1) Abſtinence (2) uſes to cure you of thoſe ſlight Diſorders; I ſhould, however be glad to know how you are. It carries a good Appearance with it, that *Matius* is uneaſy at his being ſuſpected by *Brutus*; but it will carry a bad Appearance if thoſe Legions ſhould, with a warlike Appearance (3), march out of *Gaul* (4) for *Rome*. Don't you think the Legions that were in *Spain* will inſiſt upon the ſame Terms? As will thoſe which are

(1) *Orig.* Ἠσίτησας. *Cibo abſtinuiſti.*

(2) This puts me in mind that the Author of the Life of *Atticus* tells us, that, towards his latter End, he took a Reſolution of neither eating nor drinking, which had a very good Effect upon his Diſeaſe, which was a Fever; but he perſiſted ſo obſtinately in this Abſtinence, that he could never be perſuaded to eat nor drink, and he accordingly ſtarved himſelf to death.

(3) The Reader, no doubt, will be offended at the Jingle that is here, but as a faithful Tranſlator, I do not think myſelf at Liberty to omit following my Author, even in his Play of Words, when it can be done with tolerable Propriety in our Language. The Original runs, *ſigna bella, quod Calvena moleſte fert, ſe ſuſpectum eſſe Bruto. Illa ſigna non bona, ſi cum ſignis legiones veniunt è Gallia.*

(4) It was talked, that they intended to demand the Rewards which had been promiſed them by *Cæſar*.

marched under the Command of *Annius* (1), Pardon me—I mean *Canninius* (2). The Gameſter (3) raiſes a (4) dreadful Diſturbance; for were the Deſigns of *Antony* juſtifiable, the Tumult, made by *Cæſar*'s Freedman (5), might have been eaſily quaſhed.

What a baſhful Fool was I, who refuſed a Legation (6) before the Senate broke up, leaſt I ſhould ſeem to abandon my Country, now that her Affairs are drawing to a Criſis. Could I aſſiſt her, it would be my Duty to attend.—But you ſee what kind of Magiſtrates, if they can deſerve that Name, we have got. You ſee the Body Guards of the Tyrant are poſſeſt of provincial Governments; you ſee an Army of his Veterans at our Doors, and that all is upon the Brink (7) of Confuſion. Mean while the Men, whoſe Safety, nay whoſe Glory, merits the Attendance of a grateful World, are ſo far from being rewarded with the Praiſes and Affections of Mankind, that they are forced to fly behind Walls for Shelter (8). But come what will they muſt

(1) *Orig.* Μνημονικὸν ἁμαρτάμεν. *Lapſus memoriæ.*

(2) There is an Obſcurity here in the Original, but I believe I have hit upon our Author's Meaning, which was to ridicule the Irreſolution of *Antony* and that Party, by frequently changing the Officers under them.

(3) Meaning *Antony*.

(4) *Orig.* φυρμὸς πολὺς. *Conturbatio multa.*

(5) *Viz.* When his Funerals were celebrated.

(6) We have already ſeen that thoſe Legations exempted the Perſons on whom they were conferred from being preſent in the Senate. Vide Vol. 1, p. 85. Note 3.

(7) *Orig.* εὐρίπιςα. *Mobilia.*

(8) This happened through the artful Speech which *Antony* made when he produced *Cæſar*'s dead Body before the People, and which is ſo inimitably well imagined by *Shakeſpear*. That Speech

muſt be happy, it is our Country that is miſerable. I ſhould be glad to know whether the Arrival of *Octavius* (1) has made any Alteration; whether there is a great Reſort to him? And whether he will be able to give a (2) new Turn to Affairs? I don't think that he will, but I would gladly know the Truth. I write this on the 11th of *April*, as I am leaving *Aſtura*.

EPIST. VI.

UPON the 12th I received your Letter at *Fundi*, while I was at Supper. In the firſt Place, I am glad that you enjoy better Health, and that you tell me better News; for that of the March of the Legions for *Rome* was very diſagreeable. As to *Octavius*, I give myſelf no Trouble about him. I long to hear what *Marius* (3) is a doing, I thought *Cæſar* had ſent him out of the World. The Interview, between our Heroes and *Antony*, proved very ſerviceable, as it happened; though hitherto nothing but the Ides of *March* has given me Pleaſure.

For now that I am at *Fundi* with our Friend *Ligus*, I am tormented at ſeeing that Wretch *Curti-*

Speech made ſuch an Impreſſion upon the People, that *Brutus*, and his Friends, thought proper to retire from *Rome*.

(1) This extraordinary young Man was, at this Time, but about nineteen Years of Age, and was at *Apollonia*, in order to attend his Uncle *Cæſar* in his *Parthian* Expedition, when he heard of his Death, and that he had appointed him to be his Heir.

(2) *Orig.* Νεωτερισμῶ. *Rerum novarum.*

(3) We have already taken Notice of this Impoſtor, who pretended to be deſcended of the Great *Marius*.

lius in Poſſeſſion of the Eſtate of *Sextilius*. What I ſay of him is to be underſtood of all the reſt. For what can be more deplorable than for us to give a Sanction to thoſe very Meaſures (1), for which we hated *Cæſar*. Have we not confirmed the Nomination of his Conſuls and Tribunes for two Years? I can, by no Means, ſee how I can (2) take any Concern in public Matters; for a (3) greater Abſurdity cannot be imagined than to extol to Heaven the (4) Slayers of the Tyrant, and yet confirm that ſame Tyrant's Acts. But look upon our Conſuls; look upon our Magiſtrates, if they can be called Magiſtrates; look upon the Deſpondency of our Patriots. As to our Corporations, they exult through Joy. Their Tranſports are inexpreſſible; how they flock about me! how eager they are to hear my Account of that Action; and yet, all this while, no Decree paſſes the Senate; for our public (5) Conduct has been ſuch, that we are afraid of thoſe we have vanquiſhed. Thus far I had dictated when the ſecond Courſe was ſerved in; I will write more fully, and (6) more to the Purpoſe hereafter. Let me know what you are doing, and what is paſſing abroad.

(1) At the Conferences already mentioned between both Parties, when the Amneſty was agreed upon, it was reſolved to take from the Army all Pretexts of Fear that *Cæſar*'s Death ſhould make any Alteration in the Diſtribution of the Lands, and the other Favours he had conferred upon the Reſt of his Veterans. An Act therefore paſſed confirming all he had done, and particularly his arbitrary Nomination of the Conſuls and Tribunes, which was looked upon as one of the moſt unjuſtifiable Stretches of his Power.

(2) *Orig.* πολιτεύεσθαι. *In republica verſari.*

(3) *Orig.* σόλοικον. *Abſurdum.*

(4) *Orig.* Τυραννοκτόνους. *Tyrannicidas.*

(5) *Orig.* πεπολιτευμεσθα. *Publicè nos geſſimus.*

(6) *Orig.* πολιτικώτερα. *Quæ ad Reipublicam magis pertineant.*

EPIST.

EPIST. VII.

UPON the 14th, I ſaw *Paulus* at *Gaeta*, and he gave me an Account of *Marius*, and ſome other very bad News of public Matters. All this; while not a Scrap from you; for none of my Domeſtics are come from *Rome*. But I hear that our Friend *Brutus* has been ſeen near to *Lanuvium*. Where will he fix at laſt? This is one of the many Things which I earneſtly deſire to be informed of: I write this on the 16th in ſetting out from *Formia*, ſo as to be next Day at *Puteoli*.

I have received, from my Son, a Letter in an elegant Style (1), and of a reaſonable Length. I am not ſo certain as to the other Particulars I hear of him, but, by the Manner of his Writing, I am ſure (2) he has improved in Learning. I therefore now earneſtly repeat what I mentioned to you lately, that you will take Care he wants for nothing, for I cannot otherwiſe do Juſtice to my Duty, my Character, and my Dignity, and, if I am not miſtaken, you are of the ſame Opinion. Therefore if our Funds anſwer, I think of going to *Greece* next *July*, where I will put every Thing upon a better Footing. But as the Juncture is ſuch, that I can arrive at no Certainty as to what is moſt becoming my Character, what is within my Power, or what is moſt conducive to my Intereſt; I beg you will take Care that my Son be provided for in the moſt genteel, liberal, Manner. You will pay your uſual

(1) *Orig.* πεπωμένα. *Eleganter Scriptæ.*
(2) *Orig.* πίνος. *Nitor.*

Attention to this, and all my other Concerns, and though you ſhould have nothing material to write to me, I beg you will write whatever comes uppermoſt.

EPIST. VIII.

WHEN you wrote your laſt, you imagined that I was ſomewhere here upon the Sea-coaſt, but I was in my baiting Place at *Sinueſca* (1) on the 16th, when I received your Letter. I am glad of what has happened to *Marius*, but I am ſorry if he was the Grandſon of *Lucius Craſſus*. Nor could I have heard better News, than that our Friend *Brutus* approves of *Antony*'s Conduct (2). You write me, that *Junia* (3) had brought him a Letter couched in Terms of Moderation and Friendſhip, but *Paulus* put into my Hands a Letter from his Brother *Lepidus*, the Cloſe of which intimated, that a Plot had been laid againſt his Life, and that he had diſcovered it by undeniable Evidences. This Information was diſagreeable to me, but much more ſo to *Paulus*. I am not a Bit ſorry for the Flight of the *Egyptian* Queen (4). But

(1) This was a kind of a Stage where *Cicero* baited at, when he went between his Country Houſe at *Tuſculum*, and that at *Formiæ*.

(2) *Brutus*, and his moſt intimate Friends, were the more readily deceived by *Antony*, becauſe he had put this fictitious *Marius* to death, and becauſe they knew that he had entered into ſome Deſigns againſt *Cæſar*, before he was killed in the Senate.

(3) She was the Siſter of *Brutus*, and the Wife of *Lepidus*.

(4) She was the famous *Cleopatra*, who had been for ſome Time

But I beg you will write to me in what Manner *Clodia* has proceeded. I beg you will take Care of the *Byzantines*, and my other Concerns; and ſend for *Pelops* (1). I will obey you in informing you of every Thing that paſſes at *Baiæ*, and of that Aſſembly which you are ſo curious to know of, as ſoon as I have ſeen it, ſo that you ſhall be ignorant of nothing.

I am extreamly impatient for News from *Gaul*, from *Spain*, and from *Sextus Pompeius*. Let me know of all with your uſual Exactneſs. I am glad that you had indulged yourſelf on Account of your Diſorder in your Stomach, in a little Reſpite from Buſineſs, of which I was ſenſible when I read over your Letter. Fail not to write to me every Thing concerning *Brutus*, where he is, and what he intends to do. I am in hopes that, at this very Time, he may walk ſecurely all over *Rome* without Guards. But we ſhall ſee farther.

EPIST. IX.

YOUR Letters, of which I received ſeveral at one Time from the Freedman of *Veſtorius*, gave me great Lights as to public Matters. As to what you deſire to know, I will anſwer you in a few Words. In the firſt Place, I am overjoyed at the Eſtate left me by *Cluvius*. You aſk me why I ſent for *Chryſippus*? The Reaſon was, that two

Time at *Rome*, and was in great Favour with *Cæſar*, but left *Rome* abruptly upon his Death.

(1) He was a *Byzantine*, and appears to have been a Man of ſome Conſideration in Learning.

Tene-

Tenements of mine are fallen to the Ground, and I have others in ſuch a ſhattered Condition, that not only the Inhabitants, but the very Rats (1) have left them. This would give many People Pain, but it does not give me ſo much as a Thought. O *Socrates* (2), and ye Followers of *Socrates*, never can I expreſs what I owe you. Immortal Gods, with what unconcern do I regard thoſe Matters! Mean while I have, by the Advice, and upon the Plan, of *Veſtorius*, ſet about Re-building them in ſuch a Manner, as to make my Loſs profitable.

We have a great deal of Company here, and, by what I underſtand, we ſhall have more. Amongſt the others are our two pretended Conſuls elect. Immortal Gods! Tyranny is alive, while the Tyrant is dead. We rejoice at his Death, while we adopt his Meaſures. How cutting, and yet how juſt is the Impeachment which *Marcus Curtius* brings againſt us! Well may we be aſhamed to live. For would not a thouſand Deaths be preferable to what we ſuffer, and to what we muſt ſuffer, Heaven knows how long? *Balbus* is here, and we ſpend a great deal of Time together. *Vetus* has ſent him a Letter the laſt of *December*, informing him, that when he had ſurrounded and cooped up *Cæcilius* (3); *Pacorus*, the *Parthian*, came with a great Army and reſcued him, and that *Vetus* had loſt a great many Men, the Blame of which he lays upon *Volcatius*. Thus I think War is unavoid-

(1) We ſee here the vulgar Notion prevailed even in *Cicero*'s Time, that the Rats always left a falling Houſe.

(2) If the Rant in this Paſſage is not ironical, as I am apt to think it is, it ſhows our Author in a very ridiculous Light.

(3) He was ſurnamed *Baſſus*, and eſcaping from the Battle of *Pharſalia*, he made head againſt *Cæſar*'s Party in *Syria*.

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ble on that Quarter, but that is the Concern of *Dolabella* and *Nicias* (1). *Balbus* has other Letters from *Gaul*, written one and twenty Days ago, with better News than we had Reaſon to look for; that the *Germans*, and the other Nations there, having heard of *Cæſar*'s Death, had ſent Deputies to *Aurelius*, who is Lieutenant to *Hirtius* in thoſe Parts, with Aſſurances of entire Submiſſion on their Parts. In ſhort every Thing is calm there, which is very different from the Accounts I had from our bald-pated Friend.

EPIST. X.

IS it then ſo? Has all that has been done by my, and your *Brutus*, come to this, that he ſhould live at *Lanuvium*, and that *Trebonius* (2) ſhould ſculk by unfrequented Roads to his Government! That all the Actions, Writings, Words, Promiſes and Purpoſes of *Cæſar*, ſhould carry with them more Force than they would have done had he been alive (3)? You may remember what loud Remonſtrances

(1) He was a great Friend to *Dolabella*.

(2) He was the only Conſular who was engaged in the Conſpiracy againſt *Cæſar*, who gave him the Government of the leſſer *Aſia*.

(3) The Caſe was this. *Antony* having obtained, through the plauſible Pretext of keeping the Veterans quiet, that *Cæſar*'s Acts ſhould be confirmed, made a very bad uſe of this Decree of the Senate; for *Cæſar* kept a Regiſter, in which he entered all his Grants, Promiſes, and other public Deeds, and which *Antony* brought the Senate, or at leaſt the Majority of them, to look upon as a Kind of Record, which was to ſerve them as a Direction for making thoſe Acts good. Mean while he made himſelf Maſter of this Regiſter, and, at the ſame Time gained over *Faberius*, *Cæſar*'s Secretary, by whoſe Hand all his Acts were

ſtrances I made the very firſt Day we met in the Capitol, that the Senate ſhould be ſummoned thither by the Prætors (1). Immortal Gods! What might we not have then carried amidſt the univerſal Joy of our Patriots, and even our half Patriots, and the general Rout of thoſe Robbers. You diſapprove of what was done on the 18th of *March*, but what could be done? We were undone before that Day. Don't you remember you called out that our Cauſe was ruined, if *Cæſar* had a public Funeral (2)? But a Funeral he had, and that too in the *Forum*, and graced with pathetic Encomiums, which drove Slaves and Beggars, with flaming Torches in their Hands, to burn our Houſes. What followed? Were they not inſolent enough to ſay, "*Cæſar* gave the Nod and you muſt obey." I cannot bear with theſe and many other Things, I therefore think of retiring from the World (3).

Mean while, is the Diſorder in your Stomach (4), over? For I have ſome Reaſon to believe, by your Manner of Writing, that it is. But I return to

were entered; ſo that it was eaſy to forge whatever he had a Mind. By thoſe Practices, and by ſeizing the Treaſure, laid up by *Cæſar*, he amaſſed upwards of ſix Millions Sterling, and had his Application to Buſineſs been equal to his Parts and Abilities, he might eaſily have ſucceeded to all *Cæſar*'s Power.

(1) Who were *Brutus* and *Caſſius*. This was truly a very patriot Advice of *Cicero*, and, had it been taken, muſt have certainly had great Conſequences in Favour of public Liberty; becauſe it was, in effect, diſowning the Power of the Conſuls, that had been nominated by *Cæſar*, and whoſe Buſineſs it was to ſummon together the Senate; but, upon a Failure of the Conſuls, it belonged to the Prætors to iſſue the Summons.

(2) *Atticus* was in the Right to oppoſe this Funeral, for it was the firſt Thing that diſconcerted the Meaſures of the Conſpirators for the Cauſes here mentioned.

(3) *Orig.* γῆν πρὸ γῆς. *Longe lateque terrarum.*

(4) *Orig.* ὑπνώμιος. *Inanis.*

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the *Thebaſſi*, the *Scævæ*, and the *Frangones* (1). Do you imagine that they will think themſelves ſecure in their Poſſeſſions while we ſtand our Ground, and Experience has taught them, that we have not in us the Courage which they imagined. Are we to look upon thoſe to be the Friends of Peace, who have been the Fomenters of Rebellion? What I wrote to you, concerning *Curtilius*, and the Eſtates of *Seſtulius*, I apply to *Cenſorinus*, *Meſſala*, *Plancus*, *Poſthumius*, and the whole Gang. It had been better to have ſtood to all Extremities, even though they had been fatal, after *Cæſar*'s Death, than to have lived to ſee ſuch doings (2). *Octavius* came to *Naples* about the 16th, where *Balbus* waited upon him next Morning, and from thence he came to me at *Cumæ* the ſame Day, where he acquainted me, that he would accept of the Succeſſion to his Uncle's Eſtate. But this, as you obſerve, may be the Source of great Conteſts (3) between him and *Antony*.

I ſhall beſtow all due Attention and Pains upon your Affair of *Buthrotum*. You aſk me whether the Legacy, left me by *Cluvius*, will amount to five hundred Pounds a Year. It will amount pretty near it, but this firſt Year I have laid out four hundred upon

(1) Theſe were all Subalterns and Creatures of *Cæſar*, as were the others mentioned in this Paragraph.

(2) I think, in the common Reading, there is here ſome Deficiency, or rather Contradiction, in the Senſe. Monſieur *Mongault* reads this Paſſage, *Melius fuit periiſſe illo interfecto, quod numquam accidiſſet, quàm hæc videre*, and he tranſlates it accordingly. But I like the Reading of *Gronovius* better, *Quod utinam accidiſſet*. I am not however poſitive on either Side, and have tranſlated it in a Manner, that does no Harm to either Reading.

(3) *Orig.* ἐρις. *Juris concertationem.*

Repairs

Repairs. My Brother complains greatly of his Son, who, he ſays, is now exceſſively Complaiſant to his Mother, though he hated her, at a Time, when ſhe deſerved his Reſpects. He has ſent me flaming Letters againſt him. If you have not yet left *Rome*, and, if you know what he is a doing, I beg you will inform me, by a Letter, as I ſwear you muſt do of every Thing elſe, for your Letters give me the greateſt Pleaſure.

EPIST. XI.

THE Day before Yeſterday I ſent you a long Letter, and I now ſit down to anſwer your laſt. I wiſh, by Heavens, that *Brutus* would come to *Aſtura*. You complain of the Inſolence (1) of *Cæſar*'s Partizans, but can that be any Surprize to you? For my Part I wonder they are not more inſolent than they are. I ought indeed to laugh at ſuch Things, and yet I loſe all Patience in reading that Harangue (2), where he is ſtiled *ſo great a Man and ſo eminent a Citizen*. But mark what I ſay; the Cuſtom of thoſe ruinous Harangues prevails at the Expence of our Friends, who ought rather to be deemed Gods than Heroes, and whoſe Glory, though it muſt be eternal, muſt ſtill be accompanied with Envy, nay with Danger. But they have a noble Comfort, the Conſciouſneſs of having per-

(1) *Orig.* ἀνομίαν. *Intemperantiam.*

(2) The Harangue, here mentioned, was either that of *Octavius* or *Antony*, or ſome of their Followers, who now took all Opportunities of diſplaying the Virtues and amiable Qualities of *Cæſar*; and the Harangues produced the Effects here-mentioned.

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formed a great and a glorious Action. But what have we to comfort us, ſince the Tyrant is dead, without our recovering our Liberty? But let Fortune anſwer for all, ſince Reaſon has no Authority.

What you write me concerning my Son, gives me great Satisfaction; I hope it will continue. As to your Care in ſupplying him plentifully with the Means of ſubſiſting and appearing genteely, I am extremely obliged to you for it, and I beg you will continue it. You are in the Right, as to your Meaſures about the Affair of *Buthrotum*, to which I ſhall give a particular Attention. I ſhall even undertake for the Succeſs, as I perceive it to be daily more and more practicable. As to the Eſtate I have got by *Cluvius*, (becauſe I ſee you are more ſolicitous about my Affairs than I am myſelf,) you muſt know, it amounts to above five hundred Pounds a Year. The Dilapidations have not hurt the Eſtate, I know not whether they will not make it better. I have here with me *Balbus Hirtius*, and *Panſa*. *Octavius*, who ſeems to put himſelf entirely under my Direction, is juſt arrived at the Houſe of my Neighbour *Philippus*. *Lentulus Spinther* paſſes this Day with me, and leaves us To-morrow Morning.

EPIST. XII.

ALAS! my Friend, my Friend, I am afraid all we have reaped from the Ides of *March*, is but the ſhort lived Joy in killing the Object of our Hatred, and the Author of our Sufferings. What

What News do I hear from *Rome!* what Management do I ſee here! It was indeed, a glorious Action, but it was left imperfect (1). You know how much I love the *Sicilians*, and how much I thought myſelf honoured in being their Patron. *Cæſar* (and I was glad of it) did them many Favours, though granting them the Privileges of *Latium* was more than could be well borne. However, I ſaid nothing even to that. But here comes *Antony*, who for a large Sum of Money, produces a Law paſt by the Dictator in an Aſſembly of the People, by which all *Sicilians* are made Denizens of *Rome*, an Act never once heard of in the Dictators Life-time. Is not the Caſe of our Friend *Dejotarus* almoſt the ſame? There is no Throne which he does not deſerve, but not through the Intereſt of *Fulvia* (2). I could give you a thouſand ſuch Inſtances. Thus far, however, your Purpoſe may be ſerved. Your Affair of *Buthrotum* is ſo clear, ſo well atteſted, and ſo juſt, that it is impoſſible for you to fail in obtaining part of you Claim, and the rather, as *Antony* has carried through many Things of the ſame Kind.

Octavius lives here with me, upon a very honourable and friendly Footing. His own Domeſtics call him by the Name of *Cæſar*, but his Step-Father *Philippus* does not, neither do I, for that Reaſon. I deny that he can be a good Citizen, he is ſurrounded with ſo many that breathe Deſtruction to our Friends, and who ſwear Vengeance

(1) *Orig.* ὦ πράξεως καλῆς μὲν, ἀτελοῦς δέ. *O factum præclarum quidem, ſed imperfectum.*

(2) She was the Wife of *Antony*, and Daughter to *Clodius*, *Cicero*'s capital Enemy.

againſt

againſt what they have done. What is your Opinion will be the Conſequences, when the Boy ſhall go to *Rome*, where our Deliverers cannot live in Safety? It is true, they muſt be glorious, and even happy, through the Conſciouſneſs of what they have done. But we, who are delivered, if I miſtake not, muſt ſtill remain in a State of deſpicable Servitude. I therefore, long to be gone where the News of ſuch Doings can never reach my Ears. I hate even thoſe appointed Conſuls, who have forced me to play the Declaimer ſo, that even *Baiæ* (1) was no Retreat for me. But this was owing to my too great Condeſcention. It is true, there was a Time 2) when I was obliged to ſubmit to ſuch Things, but now it is otherways, be the Event of public Meaſures what it will.

It is long ſince I had any Thing to write to you, and yet I am ſtill writing, not that my Letters give me Pleaſure, but that I may provoke you to anſwer them. I write this on the 21ſt of *April*, being at Dinner at the Houſe of *Veſtorius* who is no good Logician, but I aſſure you, he is a ſpecial good Accomptant (3).

(1) To which the *Romans* retired in the ſame Manner as the *Engliſh* do to the *Bath* for Health, and Amuſement only. It ſeems, *Dolabella*, and many of the Nobility, had in a Manner obliged *Cicero* when he was at the *Baiæ*, to give them Leſſons upon the Art of Declamation.

(2) *Viz.* In the Life-time of *Cæſar*.

(3) He was a Banker.

EPIST. XIII.

I Received your Letter on the 18th, not till the ſeventh after its Date, in which you aſk me a Queſtion, which you think I ſhall be puzzled to reſolve you in, whether I am moſt in love with riſing Grounds and fine Proſpects, or the ſmooth level Lawns (1) for walking? I ſwear, it is as you obſerve; for both are ſo pleaſant, that I am at a Loſs which to prefer. But I am at preſent in the Situation of the *Greeks*, who waited upon *Achilles*,

A greater Care ſits heavy on my Soul,
Not eas'd by Banquets, or the flowing Bowl.
What Scenes of Slaughter in yon Fields appear!
The Dead we mourn, and for the Living fear (2).

It is true what you write me, concerning the Arrival of *Decimus Brutus* (3) at his Army, is great and welcome News, and I expect great Conſequences from it. But, ſhould a civil War break out, which I know muſt be the Conſequence, if *Sextus Pompeius* continues in arms, as I am ſure he will continue, I am at a Loſs to know how we ſhall behave, for then we ſhall not be at Liberty, as we were during *Cæſar*'s War, to join either Party. For

(1) *Orig.* ἀλιτενῆ. *Plana & humili.*

(2) *Orig.* ——ἀλλ' ἐδαίτος ἐπηράτῳ ἔργα μέμηλεν.
Ἀλλὰ λίην μέγα πῆμα, διοτρεφὲς, εἰσορόωντες.
Δείδιμεν. ἐν δοιῇ δὲ σαωσέμεν, ἢ ἀπολέσθαι.

Sed non eſt nobis curæ convivium; verum magnam cladem a Jove immiſſam intuentes, extimeſcimus; incertumque eſt Jalvine futuri, an interituri ſimus. The Lines are Part of the ninth Book of *Homer*'s Iliad. The Tranſlation is Mr. *Pope*'s.

(3) He was Governor of the *Ciſalpine Gaul*, and the Conſpirators had great Dependance upon him, on Account of the Nearneſs of his Province to *Italy*.

there

there is not a Man whom this abandoned Crew ſhall ſuppoſe to have rejoiced at *Cæſar*'s Death, as all of us ſurely did in the moſt public Manner, whom they will not mark out as their Enemy, and this very Circumſtance points towards an univerſal Maſſacre. We then have nothing to do but to join the Army, either under *Sextus* or *Brutus*: This is a diſagreeable Thing at our Time of Life, not to mention the doubtful Events of War, for, I think, you and I may in ſome Senſe ſay to one another,

'Tis not my Friend for thee to follow War,
Be thine the placid Trophies of the Bar (1):

But we muſt leave theſe Contingencies to Fortune, which ſways more than Reaſon does in ſuch Affairs. All I can anſwer is, for what ought to be within every Man's Power, that happen what it will, I ſhall bear it reſolutely; and evenly remembering that I am a Man, that I may ſtill find ſome Relief from reading, and a great deal in reflecting upon the Ides of *March*.

I will now lay before you the Difficulties that perplex me; ſo many Reaſons occuring for either Part of the Queſtion. I am now, as I propoſed, to ſet out upon my Legation for *Greece*. It is true, I may thereby have a Chance of eſcaping the Danger of the threatened Maſſacre, but at the ſame Time, I muſt incur the Reproach of abandoning my Country in the Day of her Diſtreſs. Now, ſup-

(1) *Orig.* Τέκνον ἐμὸν, ὅτοι δέδοται πολεμήια ἔργα,
Ἀλλὰ σὺν ἱμερόεντα μετέρχεο ἔργα λόγοιο.
Fili mi, non tibi data ſunt opera bellica, verum tu placida perſequere munera eloquentiæ.

poſing that I ſtay in *Italy*; I ſhall indeed expoſe myſelf to Danger, but I may happen to do Service to the State. On the other Hand, I have private Reaſons for going Abroad. I think, I could be of great Service in compleating my Son's Education at *Athens*, ſhould I go thither, and indeed, this was the only Motive that determined me to ſolicit a Legation from *Cæſar*. You will therefore, conſider this whole Matter in Queſtion, in the ſame friendly Manner as you do of every Thing that you think concerns me.

I now return to your Letter. You tell me, ſome Reports are gone Abroad, that I am about to ſell my Eſtate near the Lake *Lucrinus*; and that I am to make over at an extravagant Price, my little Country-ſeat, to my Brother *Quintus* (1), that, as his Son tells you, he may carry thither his Bride *Aquillia*. For my Part, I have no Thoughts of any ſuch Sale, unleſs I find ſomewhat that pleaſes me better. As to my Brother, he does not trouble himſelf about any Purchaſe at this Time; for he meets with ſufficient Difficulty in refunding *Attica*'s Fortune, in which he owns himſelf to be under great Obligations to *Egnatius*. As to any Thoughts of marrying, he is ſo far from it, that he declares, he thinks no Pleaſure equal to that of lying ſingle in a Bed——But enough of this likewiſe.

I am now to return to the Subject of our wretched, or rather annihilated, Government. *Antony* has written to me concerning the recalling *Sextius Clodius* (2) from Baniſhment. I ſend you a Copy of

(1) He had been by this Time divorced from the Siſter of *Atticus*.

(2) He was the Freedman, and Inſtrument of *Publius Clodius* in all his Outrages againſt our Author.

his

his Letter, in which you may ſee with what Reſpect he treats me, but at the ſame Time, you muſt readily conclude his Requeſt to be ſo abandoned, ſo ſcandalous, and ſo pernicious, that we are tempted to wiſh *Cæſar* were again alive. For what *Cæſar* never would have done, never would have ſuffered to be even propoſed, he is now propoſing from *Cæſar*'s forged Journals. For my Part, I moſt chearfully yielded to *Antony*'s Requeſt, which he would have carried through, even though I had oppoſed it, ſince he has now perſuaded himſelf, that he may do what he pleaſes, for which Reaſon I ſend you a Copy of my Anſwer.

Antony *Conſul to* Marcus Cicero, *wiſheth Proſperity.*

IT was owing to my Hurry of Buſineſs, and your ſudden Departure, that I did not addreſs you in Perſon upon the Subject of this Letter; and I am therefore apprehenſive, that you will treat my Requeſt with the leſs Regard in my Abſence. It will, however, give me Pleaſure, if your Goodneſs ſhall anſwer the high Opinion I have always entertained of you. I aſk'd, and obtained from *Cæſar* the Reſtitution of *Sextus Clodius*, I was even at that Time determined to make Uſe of this Indulgence no farther than it was agreeable to you, and I now wiſh more than ever, that you would give me your Conſent to carry it into Execution. But ſhould you appear inſenſible of his wretched undone Situation, never ſhall I put myſelf in Competition with you. And yet, methinks it is my Duty to

ſupport the Regiſter of *Cæſar*. But, by Heaven, if you would do a humane, a wiſe, and an amiable Thing for me, you will ſuffer yourſelf to be ſoftened, and have a Pleaſure in making that excellent and hopeful Youth *Publius Clodius* ſenſible, that when it was in your Power, you did not gratify your Reſentment againſt the Friends of his Father.

Let me beg of you, to make it evident to the World, that you differed with the Father only upon a Patriot-Principle. Continue no longer the Foe of his Family. For, we can with more Dignity, and more Eaſe, lay aſide Reſentments contracted on Account of our Country, than thoſe ariſing from perſonal Motives. Let me, in ſhort, prevail with you to ſuffer me to form the Boy to this Principle, and to implant it in his Mind now ſuſceptible of the Impreſſion, that Enmities ought not to be handed down to Poſterity. It is true, Sir, I am entirely ſenſible, that no Danger can come near your Fortune; yet do I believe, that you would chooſe your old Age ſhould be accompanied with Dignity and Eaſe, rather than with Toil and Trouble. Let me add, that I have of myſelf a Kind of a Title to ſolicit you for this Favour; ſince I have left nothing unattempted to ſerve you. If I cannot obtain this Favour of you, I ſhall not extend it to *Clodius*, that you may be ſenſible how powerful your Authority is with me, and for that Conſideration ſuffer yourſelf to be ſoftened.

Cicero

Cicero *to* Antony *Conſul, wiſheth Proſperity.*

THERE is one Reaſon why I wiſh you had treated with me in Perſon, rather than by Letter, for then you might have diſcerned the Affection I bear you, not only by the Expreſſion of my Lips, but of my Eyes, my Face, and my Features, for I have ever loved you. You endeared yourſelf to me firſt by your Attachment, and next by your Services to my Perſon; and your public Behaviour, at this Juncture, has been ſuch as ſets you equal with any Man alive in my Eſteem. Your Letter, which is ſo full of Reſpect and Love for me, has affected me in ſuch a Manner, that I ſeem not to beſtow but to receive a Favour, ſince your Requeſt is attended with an Aſſurance, that, unleſs I will give you leave, you will not ſave even your old Friend, becauſe he is my Enemy, when, at the ſame Time, you venture nothing in doing it.

As to myſelf, my *Antony*, I ſacrifice my Reſentment to you, acknowledging at the ſame Time the Obligations you have laid me under by your moſt polite and reſpectful Letter. Had the Matter been of far greater Importance, I ſhould have thought myſelf bound to reſign myſelf entirely to your Requeſt, but, in this Caſe, I likewiſe gratify my own Diſpoſition and natural Temper. I never harboured, within my Breaſt, any Spirit of Revenge, nor did I ever extend Reſentment or Severity, farther than the Good of my Country abſolutely required. Let me add, that I never diſtinguiſhed myſelf by any particular Spite againſt *Sextus Clodius*, for it has

ever been a Maxim with me, that we ought not to perſecute the Friends of our Enemies, eſpecially thoſe of an inferior Sort, for Fear of taking ſuch Supports from ourſelves.

As to young *Clodius*, it is, I think, your Duty to ſeaſon his Mind, which, as you obſerve, is now ſuſceptible of Impreſſions, with ſuch Principles as may give him no Room to think, that there is now any Variance between our Families. In my Conteſt with his Father, I acted for my Country, and he for himſelf. It is long ſince the Public has decided upon our Controverſies, and, were he now alive, I ſhould conſider him no longer as my Enemy. Therefore, as you declare that you will not, without my leave, carry this Meaſure into Execution, tho' what you requeſt is in your own Power; I beg, if you think proper, that you will make my Compliance a Compliment to the young *Clodius* likewiſe. I am too old, and he is too young, for me to ſuſpect Danger from him, nor can I be apprehenſive of any Competition in Dignity; but it is in order that you and I may be more intimate than we have hitherto been. For while thoſe Enmities interpoſed, your Heart was more open than your Doors.—But of this enough.—I conclude with aſſuring you, that I ſhall always, with the greateſt Readineſs and Zeal, execute whatever I think can give you Pleaſure, or can do you Service, and of this I beg you will be thoroughly convinced (1).

(1) I am ſorry that the Obſervations, which I am obliged to make upon theſe two Letters, are, by no Means, in our Author's Favour. That of *Antony* is polite, open, and rational; that of *Cicero* is fawning, diſſembling, and falſe; and his greateſt Advocates ought to bluſh when they attempt to reconcile it to the Character of a brave and a virtuous Patriot.

EPIST.

EPIST. XIV.

THAT Sound again (1)! Our Nephew garlanded at the *Parilia*!--What! garlanded at the Shews celebrated in Honour of *Cæſar*!—How ſay you, was he ſingle?--Hold, you mention *Lamia* too, and that ſurpriſes me! But I long to know who were garlanded beſides; though I know there could be none but Reprobates. You will therefore give me a particular Detail of the whole. You muſt know that it happened after I had diſpatched a pretty long Letter to you, on the 25th, that not quite three Hours after I received one from you, and one too of great Conſequence. You need not doubt that your Jokes, which are ſo full of Wit and Humour upon the *Veſtorian* Hereſy, and about the Sharks (2) that Swarm on the Shore of *Puteoli*, made me laugh abundantly, but now to public Matters (3).

So—you take up the Defence of the *Bruti* and of *Caſſius*, as if I had impeached them, while, at the ſame Time, I want Words to expreſs my Regard

(1) I have taken, I hope, a juſtifiable Liberty in tranſlating this Paſſage, which our Author has taken from *Pacuvius*. For I have tranſlated by an Hemiſtich of our *Engliſh Pacuvius Shakeſpear*, of the very ſame Import. The Original is, *Iterandum eadem iſta mihi*.

(2) There is a great deal of Trifling in the Conjectures of Commentators about the Original of this Paſſage, the true Reading of which is now irretrievable, and, if it were not, it would be perhaps next to impoſſible to come at the Wit. It is ſufficient to obſerve, that *Veſtorius* being a Banker, profit was probably all his Religion, for which Reaſon our Author calls him a Heretic, and there appears to be ſome Kind of a Jingle intended between the Puteal, which was a Kind of Exchange for Bankers and Merchants at *Rome*, and *Puteoli* the Place where *Veſtorius* then reſided.

(3) *Orig.* πολιτικώτερα. *Quæ ad rempublicam magis pertineant.*

for

for them. What I ſent you was a detail of Facts, and not an Impeachment of Perſons. I tell you again, that the Tyrant is removed, and yet the Tyranny remains. His Succeſſors in Power, as in the Caſe of *Clodius*, are doing what he would not have attempted. Yes, I can anſwer for it, that, ſo far from doing it himſelf, he would not have ſuffered it to have been done by others. We ſhall next hear of the Recall of *Rufio*, the Antagoniſt of *Veſtorius*, and of *Victor* who never was mentioned in *Cæſar*'s Regiſter, and of as many as *Antony* ſhall pleaſe. For who can we ſay will not? I ſay this is paying Obedience to the Writings of that Man, to whoſe Perſon we diſdain Subjection.

Let me now aſk you, how could one have avoided aſſiſting in the Senate, on the 18th of *May?* But ſuppoſing it had been optional for us to be preſent or abſent (1), after we were there, could we have delivered our Sentiments with Freedom? Muſt we not have fallen upon every Meaſure to have gratified the Veterans, who ſurrounded the Senate-Houſe in Arms, while we were defenceleſs? You know that I was againſt our Party's Retreat into the Capitol, and what followed. But was that the Fault of our Friends the *Bruti?* No, it was the Fault of others, who, though they are very Brutes, look up-

(1) Monſieur *Mongault* ſeems not to have comprehended the Meaning of *Cicero* in this Expreſſion. The Original is, *Nam Liberalibus quis potuit in Senatum non venire? Fac id potuiſſe aliquo modo: num, etiam cum veniſſemus, libere potuimus ſententiam dicere?* He tranſlates it, *Quant à l'aſſemblée du dix-huit de Mars, qui pouvoit ſe diſpenſer d'aller au ſénat? Mais je ſuppoſe que nous l'euſſions pû, quand une fois nous y avons été, avons-nous pû opiner librement?* But it requires little Reflection to obſerve, that this Tranſlation implies ſome Contradiction.

on

on themſelves to be Men of Circumſpection and Wiſdom. All of them thought it enough to rejoice, ſome congratulated, but none ſtaid to ſupport the Action. But enough of what is paſt. Let all our Care and Intereſt be employed to defend our Deliverers. Let us take your Advice in reflecting with Pleaſure on the Ides of *March*, which has opened to our Friends, thoſe Gods upon Earth, the Gates of Heaven, but not of Liberty to the *Roman* People. Remember your own Admonition. Remember how loudly you called out, that all was ruined, if the Body of *Cæſar* ſhould be publickly buried. This, as the Conſequences have ſhewn, was the Remonſtrance of a wiſe Man.

You write to me that *Antony* will, on the 1ſt of *June*, make a Motion concerning the Provinces, and that he himſelf may have the two *Gauls*, and his Government of both prorogued beyond the legal Term (1). Let me aſk you, can I ſpeak my Mind freely upon this Queſtion? If I can, I ſhall rejoice at the Recovery of public Liberty. If I cannot, what Benefit have I reaped from this Change of Maſters, but the Pleaſure of ſeeing a Tyrant meet with the Death he deſerved? You tell me, that the Temple of (2) *Ops* has been plundered. That is no more than I had foreſeen. Well

(1) One of the beſt of *Cæſar*'s Acts was his limiting the Term of a Prætorian Government to one Year, and that of a Conſular to two at moſt. *Antony*, who knew the Conſequence of *Decimus Brutus* being Governor of the *Ciſalpine Gaul*, wanted to have that Government to himſelf, and to ſet aſide *Cæſar*'s Act.

(2) Where *Antony* found near ſix Millions Sterling ready Money, which had been laid up there by *Cæſar* for the *Parthian* War.

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it muſt be owned, that glorious were the Hands which broke our Fetters, and yet we are not free. Thus, they have the Glory and we the Blame: fine Encouragement this for me, to undertake the Hiſtory which you adviſe me to attempt! What muſt it be but a Collection of the Villainies of thoſe who even now hold us at Bay? But may I not beſtow a good Word upon thoſe whoſe Teſtaments you have witneſſed in my Favour? There is ſomething in that, though it is not Intereſt which governs me. But it is a diſagreeable Taſk to throw out any Abuſe upon Men, be what they will, who ſtrive to oblige us.

But, as you write to me, I ſhall be able to determine more certainly upon the whole Plan of my Conduct by the 1ſt of *June*. On that Day I will aſſiſt in the Senate, and employ all my Intereſt and all my Abilities, (I mean aſſiſted by your Advice, your Influence, and the great Equity of the Thing itſelf) to obtain a Decree of the Senate concerning the Affairs of *Buthrotum*, according to the Terms you propoſe in your Letter. You deſire me to think once more upon a certain Meaſure (1). Well, I will think of it, though, in my laſt Letter, I recommended it as the Subject of your Conſideration. Mean while, you are as liberal in reinſtating your Neighbours, the *Maſſilians* (2), in all their Privileges, as if our Country had already recovered her Liberty. But, let me tell you, that it is not our Authority, but our Sword that muſt do this, and how ſharp that Sword is I know not.

(1) Meaning his going to *Greece*.

(2) Probably their Ambaſſadors lodged near *Atticus* at *Rome*, and they had been ſeverely treated by *Cæſar* for their Oppoſition to him.

EPIST.

EPIST. XV.

YOUR laſt ſhort Letter gave me ſenſible Pleaſure from what *Brutus* wrote to *Antony*, and now Things begin to wear a much better Aſpect than heretofore. But, it is now Time for me to conſider where I am, or whither I intend to go. That charming *Dolabella* of mine, for now I can call him mine, heretofore I did it only by Halves, what a glorious Action (1) it was!——Some thrown from the Rock——others nailed to the Croſs——the Pillar demoliſhed—the Area ordered to be paved (2). All, all was great, all was heroic. To me he ſeems to have put an End even to every Pretext of Mourning (3) for *Cæſar*, which till then, daily gained Ground, and muſt at laſt have ſettled, I apprehend, into ſomewhat that might have proved fatal to our Tyrannicides. Now, I agree to what you write in your Letter;

(1) *Orig.* ἀναθεώρησις. *Animadverſionem.*

(2) As ſoon as *Antony* had left *Rome*, to make ſure of the Veterans of the Army who lay diſperſed in the Country of *Italy*, the lower Kind of People erected an Altar and a Pillar to *Cæſar*'s Memory, and were guilty of ſuch Outrages as were very threatning to the Friends of Liberty. But *Dolabella* demoliſhed both the Altar and Pillar, and threw thoſe Votaries who were Citizens of *Rome*, from the *Tarpeian* Rock.

(3) *Orig. Simulationem deſiderii.* Monſieur *Mongault* tranſlates this, *Ce regret que le peuple paroiſſoit avoir de la mort de Céſar.* And Dr. *Middleton* in his Life of *Cicero*, having Occaſion to tranſlate Part of this Epiſtle, tranſlates this Paſſage by the Words, "All Appearance of Regret for *Cæſar*." But neither of thoſe Gentlemen has expreſſed our Author's Meaning. The Fact was, that the moſt needy and abandoned Part of *Rome* pretended a mighty Veneration for the Memory of *Cæſar*, and under that Pretence, met together at this Place of Devotion; where, in Reality, they conſulted together how they might rob and murder the Men of Property, which they very often did, as we perceive from our Author and other Writers.

I now

I now hope for better Days, and yet, I cannot bear with thoſe, who under the Maſk of an Accommodation are enforcing thoſe criminal Acts. But every Thing is not to be had at once. Matters are much more mended than I imagined, nor will I leave this Place, till you adviſe me, that I may do it with Honour.

You may depend upon my being wanting in no Reſpect to our Friend *Brutus*. Had I no manner of Connection with him, I would ſerve him for his matchleſs, his amazing, Virtue. Being to ſet out for *Pompeii* on the firſt of *May*, I leave our dear Friend *Pilia*, the Miſtreſs of my Houſe, and all that therein is. How earneſtly do I wiſh that you could perſuade *Brutus* to come to *Aſtura*?

EPIST. XVI.

I WRITE this Letter, juſt as I am going on board an open Boat from the Gardens of *Clavius*, after delivering over to *Pilia*, the Charge of my Houſe near the Lake, my Workmen, and Purveyors. As for myſelf, I this very Day threatned our Friend *Pætus* to take a Part of his Cheeſe and pickled Cabbage (1). A few Days hence, I deſign to go to *Pompeii*, from whence I will ſail back to the delightful Regions of *Puteoli* and *Cumæ*. What pleaſurable Spots theſe are in other Reſpects? were it not that Crowds of Company break in and almoſt drive me from them.

But to come to Buſineſs. How great is the Action (2) my *Dolabella* has performed! What a

(1) *Orig. Tyrotarichum.* See Vol. 1. p. 202.
(2) *Orig.* ἀρετὴν, *Rem geſtam.*

lovely

lovely Proſpect (1) has it opened! Well, never can I ſufficiently praiſe and encourage him to proceed. It gives me Pleaſure, that in all your Letters, you intimate your Sentiments of the Action and the Perſon, who performed it. Truſt me my Friend, *Brutus* might carry through the *Forum*, even a Crown of Gold upon his Head, for who durſt offer Violence to him while the fear of the Rock and the Croſs is before their Eyes, eſpecially as the Puniſhment was inflicted amidſt ſuch Applauſes, and ſuch Rejoicings of even the lower Ranks of People? Now, my Friend, you muſt take Care to fit me out for *Greece*, a Journey I am extreamly deſirous to perform, as ſoon as I have fully compleated my Engagements to our Friend *Brutus*. It is of great Conſequence to my Son, or rather to me, indeed, to both of us, that I ſhould overlook his Studies in Perſon. For, give me Leave to aſk you, what is there in that Letter of *Leonidas* which you ſent to me, that ought to give me ſuch mighty Joy? The Reſerve he makes Uſe of in praiſing my Son, in my Opinion, renders his Commendation very imperfect. "At preſent," ſays he, this is not the Language of Aſſurance, but of Apprehenſion for what may happen hereafter. Now, though I gave it in Charge to *Herodes* that he ſhould write me minutely (2) of every Thing, yet I have not as yet had one Scrap from him; which, I am afraid, is owing to his having nothing to write, which he thinks would give me Pleaſure. I am extreamly obliged to you for writing to *Zeno*. Both my Duty and my Character require, that my Son ſhould want for nothing.

(1) *Orig.* ἀναθεώρησις. *Animadverſio.*

(2) *Orig.* κατὰ μικρον. *Per ſilum ſingillatim.*

I under-

I underſtand, that *Flamma Flaminius* is at *Rome*; I have written to him, that I have ſent to deſire you to talk with him upon the Affair of *Montanus*. I beg you will take Care, that my Letter be delivered to him, and that you will talk with him at your Conveniency. I think, if the Man has any Shame in him at all, he will take Care, that other People do not in any Shape ſuffer for him. I am extreamly obliged to you for not telling me, that your Daughter was indiſpoſed before you acquainted me of her being recovered.

EPIST. XVII.

I CAME to *Pompeii* the 3d of *May*, the Day after I delivered up to *Pilia* the Charge of my Houſe at *Cumæ*, as I wrote you before. While I was at Supper there, I received a Letter which you ſent by *Demetrius* the Freedman, the 30th of the laſt Month. In that Letter, you make many wiſe Reflections. But as you rightly obſerve, they may go for nothing, ſince Caprice and Fortune has now ſo much Influence upon all Meaſures. We will, therefore, take a farther Opportunity when we meet together, to conſult of thoſe Matters. It would be of great Service to your *Buthrotian* Affair, if I could by any Means talk with *Antony*. But I am afraid, he will not turn out of his Road for *Capua*, and that his Journey thither, may prove to be the Deſtruction of his Country (1). *Lucius Cæſar*, whom Yeſterday I ſaw

(1) *Antony* went to *Capua*, in order to bring the Veterans, whom *Cæſar* had ſettled thereabouts into his Meaſures.

very

very much indiſpoſed at *Naples*, was of the ſame Sentiments. Therefore, we muſt delay to treat or conclude any Thing on your Affair, till the 1ſt of *June*. But ſo much for that.

The younger *Quintus* has wrote in moſt opprobious Terms to his Father, who received his Letter juſt as I arrived at *Pompeii*. He begins with telling him, that he ſhall never be able to endure his Step-mother *Aquillia*. In this, perhaps, he may not be ſo much in the Wrong, but what will you ſay to what follows? He tells them, that he had every Thing from *Cæſar*, nothing from his Father; that he depends upon *Antony* for the reſt of his Fortune. What a Reprobate the Fellow is? But let him ſee to it (1). I have written to our Friend *Brutus*, to *Caſſius*, and to *Dolabella*. Incloſed you have Copies of the ſeveral Letters I ſent to them, not that I am in any Doubt in the World, whether they are proper to be delivered to them, for I am quite ſatisfied as to that, but becauſe I believe I write the very Thing you think.

Suffer me my dear Friend, to give you the Trouble of ſupplying my Son with what Money you think proper, and I am extreamly obliged to you for all your paſt Favours of that Kind. I have not yet finiſhed to my Mind my Book of Anecdotes (2). As to the Additions which you want ſhould be made to them, they will require a ſeparate Volume. For my Part, and I believe,

(1) *Orig.* μελήσει. *Curæ erit.*

(2) *Orig.* ἀνέκδοτον. *Non edendum.* *Dion* ſays, that *Cicero* left this Book ſealed up in the Hands of his Son, with a Charge that it ſhould not be opened before his Death; but Monſieur *Mongault* thinks, that this is improbable from what our Author ſays in this Place.

you may depend on what I ſay, I am of Opinion, there was leſs Danger in talking of thoſe deteſtable Meaſures while the Tyrant was alive, than there is now that he is dead. For though I know not how it happened, he bore with wonderful Patience, all I ſaid to him (1). At preſent, we cannot ſtir without being called to order not only with what *Cæſar* did, but what he deſigned to do. As *Flamma* is at *Rome*, you will take Care of this Affair of *Montanus*. I think the Affair at preſent is in a better Situation.

Cicero *to his dear* Dolabella *Conſul, wiſheth Health.*

IT is true, my *Dolabella*, that I was contented with the Glory you had acquired, and it gave me a ſufficient Degree of Joy and Pleaſure; yet I cannot help acknowledging, that my Tranſport exceeded all Meaſure, when I underſtood that the public Voice pointed me out as the Partner of your Merits. I meet with no-body (for you muſt know, I ſee a great deal of Company here, becauſe a great many excellent Perſons reſort to this Neighbourhood on Account of their Health, not to mention the great Number of my Friends from our Corporations) who, after extolling you to Heaven, in the moſt honourable Terms, do not immediately after return me their moſt hearty Thanks. They tell me, they are convinced, that directed by my Precepts and Counſels, you are become, as you are, an

(1) We have many Inſtances of the great Liberties which *Cæſar* indulged our Author in, particularly in breaking upon him ſeveral cutting Jeſts; but *Cæſar* was ſecure in the Superiority of his own Genius, which was not the Caſe with his Succeſſors.

excellent

excellent Patriot, and an incomparable Conſul. Now, though I could with great Juſtice tell them, that what you do is the Reſult of your own Judgment, and your own Inclination, without ſtanding in need of Counſel from any Man; yet I neither heartily join with them, for fear of detracting from your Merit, if all you do ſhould appear to be the Effect of my Counſels, nor am I very forward in contradicting them. For you muſt know, that my weak Side is a Paſſion for Glory. And yet, let me tell you, your Dignity receives no Diminution in that which was held to be an Honour to *Agamemnon* himſelf, the King of Kings, to have a *Neſtor* to direct him in his Counſels. With regard to myſelf, I eſteem it a Glory, that young as you are, you make ſo exalted a Figure as a Conſul, and that you are deemed to be the Pupil of my Cares.

When I paid a Viſit to *Lucius Cæſar*, whom I found ſick at *Naples*, though he was racked with Pains all over his Body, yet before our firſt Compliments were over, "O my *Cicero*, ſaid he, I congratulate you upon having ſo much Influence over *Dolabella*. Had I as much over my Nephew (1), all might yet be well with us, and our Country. As to your *Dolabella*, I congratulate him, and I thank him. He is the only Man ſince the Days of your Conſulate, whom I really can call a Conſul." He then talked a great deal of what you had done, and the Meaſures you had executed. That never was there any Thing done more mag-

(1) Meaning *Antony* who was Son to *Julia*, Siſter to *Lucius Cæſar*.

nanimouſly, more glorioufly, or more for the Service of our Country, and all the World agrees in the ſame Sentiments. Give me Leave therefore, to beg of you, that you will allow me to avail myſelf of this falſe Title to a Glory, which belongs to you, and that you will ſuffer me in ſome Degree, to become the Partner of your Praiſes.

Yet, after all, jeſting apart, my dear *Dolabella*, if I have acquired any Glory, I would more willingly tranſfer the whole of it to you, than rob you of the ſmalleſt Share of yours. You are ſenſible how much I have ever loved you, but now the Flames of my Love burn as fierce as Paſſion ever did. For, believe me, my Friend, Virtue is the faireſt, it is the brighteſt, it is the loveliеſt Object of human Paſſion. You know, how dearly I have always loved *Marcus Brutus*, on Account of his elevated Genius, his amiable Manners, his matchleſs Probity and Reſolution, yet the Love I bore him, received ſuch an Addition from the Ides of *March*, that I wondered how that Meaſure, which to me ſeemed long before almoſt to overflow, could admit of Encreaſe. Who could have thought, that my Affection for you could have been enlarged? Yet ſo much is it enlarged, that what I feel for you now is Paſſion, and all before ſeems only to have been Eſteem. Why then, ſhould I exhort you to perſevere in the Paths of Dignity and Glory? Why ſhould I, like thoſe who deal in Exhortations, place before your Eyes the Examples of illuſtrious Heroes, ſince I know none more illuſtrious than yourſelf? You have now

none

none but yourſelf to imitate, none but yourſelf to outdo. After the glorious Actions you have performed, you are not, Sir, at Liberty to be unlike yourſelf. To exhort you therefore, is unneceſſary. Give me leave, rather to congratulate you, upon a Contingency, which, I believe, is unprecedented, that the extreme Severity of the Puniſhment was ſo far from being odious, that it was even popular, and gave Pleaſure to all Degrees from the worthieſt and the wealthieſt, even to the pooreſt and the meaneſt of *Romans*. Had this been owing to Fortune, I ſhould have complimented you upon your Felicity, but it was owing to the Greatneſs of your Soul, your Genius, and your Wiſdom; for you muſt know, that I have read your Harrangue to the People. Nothing ſurely was ever better conducted. So gradually do you open the Motives of your Action, ſo artfully do you cloſe it, that all muſt allow the Offence to be ripe for the Puniſhment you inflicted.

You therefore, have freed the City from Danger, and her Government from Dread, by an Action not only meritorious at this Time, but exemplary to after Ages; an Action which ought to make you ſenſible that the Government now reſts upon you, and that you are not only to protect, but to diſtinguiſh, thoſe Heroes who gave Riſe to our recovered Liberty. But in a Day or two, I hope to ſee you in Perſon, and to talk with you more fully upon theſe Matters. As you have ſaved us and your Country, I beg my deareſt *Dolabella*, that you would take the moſt tender Care of yourſelf.

EPIST. XVIII.

YOU now frequently teaze me for the over-weaning, exaggerated, Praiſes I have beſtowed upon *Dolabella*'s Action. Now you muſt know, that though I think it really had great Merit, yet the Manner, in which you wrote to me of it once, and again, induced me to extol it in the Manner I did. But you have taken an entire Diſguſt at *Dolabella*, for the very ſame Reaſon for which I do likewiſe hate him heartily. What a ſhameleſs Fellow he is! My Money was due the 1ſt of *January*, and he has not paid it yet, though he could free himſelf from an immenſe Load of Debt by the Hand of *Faberius*, who was his Help in Time of Need (1). —You ſee I muſt have my Joke, leſt you ſhould think I lay Matters too much to Heart. On the 8th I wrote to him early in the Morning; and, that very Evening, I received at *Pompeii* your Letter ſo ſoon as the third Day after its date; but, as I wrote to you that ſame Day, I ſent a pretty ſharp Letter to *Dolabella*, which, I believe, if it has no other Effect, will have that of making him not dare to look me in the Face. I ſuppoſe you have finiſhed that Affair with *Albius*. You have highly obliged me in enabling me to diſcharge that Debt of *Patulcius*. It is like all your other Acts of Friendſhip to me. But I thought it was ſufficient

(1) There is ſomething here that looks very like what we call a Conundrum in *Engliſh*. The Original is, *Opem ab eo petierit*. That is, He ſought Aſſiſtance from him. But the Wit lies in the Similarity of *Opem* to the Accuſative of *Ops* the Goddeſs, in whoſe Temple *Cæſar*'s Money was depoſited, of which *Dolabella* received a large Share.

if I left *Eros* at *Rome*, becauſe he ſeemed to be cut out for ſuch Sort of Buſineſs, and yet through his unpardonable Overſight, my Debtors have failed. But I will have Patience till I ſee him. I beg you will take upon you the Care of that whole Affair of *Montanus*, as I have often deſired you to do by my Letters.

I am not a bit ſurpriſed that *Servus*, when he was leaving *Rome*, talked to you as if public Affairs were deſperate, for he cannot have a worſe Opinion of them than I have. If our worthy Friend *Brutus* ſhall not aſſiſt in the Senate on the 1ſt of *June*, I know not to what Purpoſe he ſhould appear in public at all. But he is the beſt Judge of his own Conduct. From the Meaſures which I ſee going on, I cannot think that the Ides of *March* have greatly mended our Situation. Therefore my Inclination to go over to *Greece* daily encreaſes. For I cannot ſee how I can ſerve my dear *Brutus*, who, as you write to me, thinks of going into voluntary Baniſhment.

I am not quite ſatisfied with a Letter I have received from *Leonidas*. I agree with you as to *Herodes*. I wiſh I had ſeen the Letter of *Saufeius*. I think of ſetting out from *Pompeii* the 10th of *May*.

EPIST. XIX.

ON the 7th of *May*, when I was at *Pompeii*, I received two Letters from you, the one on the 6th, the other on the 4th Day after its Date. I begin with the Former. I am greatly pleaſed that

Barnæus has delivered my Letters ſo ſeaſonably. You have dealt like yourſelf with *Caſſius*. It happened luckily, that four Days before, I received your Letter, I wrote to him in the very Terms you point out to me, and I have ſent you a Copy of my Letter. But at the very Time when I was driven to the greateſt Diſpair by the Inſolvency (1) ((2) as you call it) of *Dolabella*, behold, I receive a Letter from *Brutus*, and another from you. *Brutus* thinks of going into voluntary Baniſhment (3). For my Part I ſhall look out for another Harbour (4), that is better ſuited to my Time of Life. Before I enter it, I could wiſh to ſee our Friend *Brutus* happy, and our Conſtitution eſtabliſhed. But at preſent, as you obſerve, we have no Choice left us. For you are of my Opinion, that nothing is more unſuitable than War, eſpecially a civil War, is to my Time of Life.

Antony has only anſwered me as to *Clodius*. He thanks me for my Gentleneſs and Clemency, and he tells me I ſhall find great Satisfaction in both. But *Panſa* (5) appears quite outrageous as to *Clodius*, and likewiſe as to *Dejotarus*, and, if we are to believe him, he talks in a very high Strain. I do not however think it looks well in him to con-

(1) Monſieur *Mongault* thinks that *Cicero* is in Jeſt here, which I much doubt of, becauſe, in the preceding Letter, he is very much in earneſt upon this Head.

(2) *Orig.* ἀπιστία. *Solutionis defectu.*

(3) We muſt not underſtand this Queſtion literally. Our Author's Meaning is, that if *Brutus* ſhould leave *Italy*, as *Pompey* had done, he muſt never expect to ſee it again.

(4) Meaning Death.

(5) *Cicero* was miſtaken in his Opinion of this great Man, who was afterwards killed in the Battle of *Mutina* againſt *Antony*.

dem-

demn ſo violently, as he does, the Action of *Dolabella*. When our Nephew was reproached by his Father, for being garlanded, he wrote him back in Anſwer, that he wore a Garland, to teſtify his Reſpect for *Cæſar*, and that he laid it aſide to teſtify his Grief. In ſhort, that he looked upon it as an Honour to be reproached for loving *Cæſar* even after Death. I have, becauſe you adviſed it, wrote very particularly to *Dolabella*, and likewiſe to *Sicca*. That is a Taſk I do not impoſe upon you, becauſe I want that you ſhould be well with *Dolabella*. I have reflected upon the Words of *Servius*, and I perceive in them more Fear than Wiſdom, and yet I agree with him, becauſe we are all of us frightened out of our Senſes. *Publilius* has trifled with you. For *Cærellia* (1) came to me as a Kind of an Envoy from them, and I eaſily perſwaded her, that what ſhe requeſted was not only againſt my Inclination, but not within my Power. If I ſhould ſee *Antony*, I will deal with him, the beſt I can, about your Affair of *Buthrotum*.

I now come to your laſt Letter, though I have already anſwered every Thing concerning *Servius*, and that I think the Action (2) of *Dolabella* to be greatly meritorious. By Heavens, I think a greater could not have been performed on ſuch an Occa-

(1) We have already obſerved that our Author has been accuſed of certain Levities with this Lady, who was conſiderably older than himſelf. But I think the Paſſage before us carries with it a ſtrong Preſumption of his Innocency. For had there been any Thing criminal between them, ſhe was a very improper Agent to have been employed in the Affair mentioned here, which was a Negotiation ſet on foot by the Brother and Friends of *Cicero*'s laſt Wife for his taking her back to his Family.

(2) *Orig.* πρᾶξιν. *Factum.*

ſion,

ſion, and at ſuch a Juncture. Mean while, whatever Praiſes I gave him, was owing to your Manner of Writing, though I muſt own myſelf to be ſo far of your Opinion, that this Action (1) would be much more glorious if he would pay me what he owes me. I wiſh that *Brutus* may come to *Aſtura*. You think I am in the right not to determine any Thing concerning my Voyage, before I ſee how public Matters will turn out. I am now of another Opinion. I ſhall however determine upon nothing before I ſee you. I am glad that my dear *Attica* returns me Thanks on Account of her Mother, whom I have left Miſtreſs of all my Houſe and Proviſions, and I am thinking of ſeeing her by the 11th of this Month. Do you make my Compliments to your Daughter, and I will take care of your Wife.

EPIST. XX.

I Went by Water from *Pompeii*, and reached the Houſe of our Friend *Lucullus* on the 10th, about nine in the Evening. I was but juſt landed when I received your Letter of the 7th, which, I was told, was brought to *Cumæ* by your Expreſs. Next Day, about the ſame Hour on which I landed, I received from *Lucullus*, yours dated from *Lanuvium* on the 9th; therefore I ſit down to anſwer them all.

In the firſt Place, I am obliged to you for your Management in my Concerns, for the Care you

(1) *Orig.* πρᾶξιν. *Factum.*

have

have taken of that Payment, and for the Affair of *Albianus*. Now, with Regard to your Affair of *Buthrotum*, you muſt know that when I was at *Pompeii*, *Antony* came to *Miſenum*, but left it before I heard of his being there, and went to *Samnium*. Thus you ſee that I muſt meet with him in *Rome* upon that Matter. The Harangue of *Lucius Antonius* (1) was horrible, that of *Dolabella* noble. He may, for ought I care, keep my Money in his own Hands, provided he pays me the Intereſt punctually. I am ſorry that *Tertulla* (2) has miſcarried, for there is now as much Occaſion for the Propagation of the *Caſſii*, as of the *Bruti*. I wiſh to know farther about the Queen of *Ægypt*, and about her Son *Cæſario* (3). Thus much for your firſt Letter, now to your ſecond.

When I come to *Rome*, I will, as you adviſe me, talk to my Brother and Nephew, and ſollicit the Affair of *Buthrotum*. You have obliged me in ſupplying my Son with Money. You think I am in the Wrong to reſt the whole Intereſt of our Country upon *Brutus* alone. But the Thing certainly is ſo. Our Country muſt either be nothing, or ſhe muſt be ſaved by him and his Friends. You adviſe me to draw up an Harangue and ſend him. Give me leave, my deareſt Friend, to give you what I

(1) He was Brother to *Mark Antony*; and the Harangue, mentioned here, was a Speech he made to the People for the Diſtribution of certain Lands to ſtrengthen his Brother's Intereſt amongſt the Soldiers.

(2) She was Siſter to *Brutus*, and married to *Caſſius*. Her Name was *Junia*; but ſhe was called *Tertulla*, from her being the third Daughter in the Family.

(3) Whom ſhe pretended ſhe had by *Cæſar*; and he was afterwards put to death by command of *Auguſtus*.

think

think a general Rule (1), as to thoſe Matters in which I had a pretty large Experience. Never was there Poet or Orator, who thought another Man excelled him in his own Art (2). If this is the Caſe (as in fact it is) with indifferent Poets, what muſt you ſuppoſe of *Brutus*, who is really a Man of Genius and Learning? I had lately had ſome Proof of him upon the Occaſion of an Edict which I wrote for him at your Requeſt. I preferred my own, and he his. Nay, when he prevailed upon me, almoſt upon his Knees to addreſs to him a Piece upon the beſt Manner of ſpeaking, he wrote not only to myſelf, but likewiſe to you, that he, by no Means, approved of my Taſte. "Every Man to his Mind, ſay I, and write for himſelf. Every Man kiſs his Wife in his own Faſhion (3)." This is no very elegant Phraſe, for it is taken from *Attilius*, who is a very hide-bound Poet. I wiſh, however, that *Brutus* were at Liberty to harangue the People. All would be our own if he could remain at *Rome* with Safety. For the Leader to a new civil War, will either have no Followers, or ſuch as may be eaſily vanquiſhed.

I now come to your third Letter, I am greatly pleaſed that my Letters were ſo agreeable to *Brutus* and *Caſſius*. I have therefore anſwered theirs. They inſiſt upon my making *Hirtius* a better Patriot; which indeed I endeavour to do, and he

(1) *Orig.* καθολικὸν διώρημα. *Generalem regulam.*

(2) Nothing can be more true than this Obſervation of our Author, notwithſtanding the affected Humility of many great Writers.

(3) There is here in the Original two Lines in Iambic Verſe, which *Cicero* makes uſe of as a Proverb, and which anſwered ſo well in our Language, that I have tranſlated them accordingly.

gives

gives me fair Aſſurances. But he lives and dwells with *Balbus*, who likewiſe is a fair Speaker. We ought to look before we truſt either. I perceive you are greatly pleaſed with *Dolabella*. For my Part, I am charmed with him. I have paſſed ſome Time at *Pompeii* with *Panſa*, who gives me the ſtrongeſt Proofs of his having honeſt and pacific Sentiments. I approve of the Edict of *Brutus* and *Caſſius*. You deſire that I would beſtow ſome Thought in what Manner they ought to proceed. But, let me tell you, that depends upon Circumſtances and Junctures, which you ſee vary every Hour. The firſt Action of *Dolabella*, and this laſt Harangue he made againſt *Antony*, have, in my Opinion, done a great deal of Service. Matters are now in a fair Way. For now there is an Appearance of our having a Leader (1), which is the Thing that all our Corporations and Patriots moſt earneſtly wiſh for.

Shall you then pretend to quote *Epicurus*? Have you the Preſumption to ſay, "I will not meddle with ſtate Matters (2)?" I think the very Look of *Brutus* ought to frighten you out of ſuch Expreſſions (3). You tell me that the younger *Quintus* is the right Hand (4) of *Antony*. We may therefore, through

(1) Meaning *Dolabella*. From the whole Strain of this Letter, it appears to have been written before the preceding, which hints at *Dolabella*'s being bribed by *Antony*.

(2) *Orig.* μὴ πολιτεύεσθαι. *Accedendum non eſſe ad Rempublicam.*

(3) This is a fine Compliment to *Brutus*, who, by the bye, is repreſented on the Coins and Statues with a very noble open Countenance.

(4) *Orig. Dextella.* I have ſome Doubt as to this Paſſage. The Manuſcripts read *Quintus F.* If *Cicero* is ſerious here the *F.* ſtands for *Frater*. If he ſpeaks ironically it ſtands for *Filius*, and

through him, eaſily obtain all we want and all we wiſh. If (as you are of Opinion, he would) *Lucius Antonius* has produced *Octavius* before the People, I long to know what Kind of a Harangue he made. I am ſo preſſed by the Expreſs of *Caſſius*, that I write this in a Hurry. I now go to pay my Compliments to *Pilia*, and then I ſet out in a Barge to an Entertainment made by *Veſtorius*. My Compliments to your Daughter.

EPIST. XXI.

ON the 11th of this Month, ſoon after I had charged the Meſſenger of *Caſſius* with a Letter to you, my own Expreſs arrived, and, which was prodigious, without any Letter from you. But I ſoon conjectured that you muſt have been at *Lanuvium*. Now you muſt know *Eros* has diſpatched him in a Hurry, that I might the ſooner receive *Dolabella*'s Letter (which did not indeed concern my own Affair, for mine had not yet come to his Hand) but was an Anſwer, and a very ſatisfactory Anſwer it is, to that Letter of which I ſent you a Copy. I had but juſt ſent off *Caſſius*'s Expreſs, when in comes *Balbus*. Good Heavens! how eaſy it is to perceive how much he is afraid of public Tranquillity? And yet you know he always is upon the Reſerve. But he made no Secret of *Antony*'s Pro-

and I have tranſlated it in that Senſe. I have tranſlated *Dextella*, right Hand, which is certainly our Author's Meaning; but the Commentators, who never chuſe to deviate from the Severity of Language, and never make Allowance for the Familiarities of Expreſſion, have given this up as a deſperate Word.

ceedings.

ceedings. He told me, that he had been going round to all the Veterans, to bring them to approve of *Cæſar*'s Acts, and to bind them by an Oath, to ſupport and maintain them, and that two Magiſtrates ſhould look into them every Month. He likewiſe complained of the Prepoſſeſſions againſt himſelf, but all his Converſation had a Caſt of Affection towards *Antony*. He is not, in ſhort, to be depended on.

In my Opinion, there can be no Manner of Doubt that a War is inevitable. The Action of our Friends was manly, but their Meaſures are childiſh. Who is ſo blind as not to ſee, that *Cæſar* has left an Heir to his Power (1). Now, what can be more abſurd than to be afraid of one, and not of the other, though indeed, we live in an Age of politieal Soleciſms (2). For Inſtance, that the Mother of the chief Tyrannicide ſhould ſtill poſſeſs the *Neapolitan* Eſtate of *Pontius* (3). I muſt read over and over again the *Cato major* which I ſent to you. For, I perceive myſelf ſowered through Age (4). Every Thing diſcompoſes me. Living is now over with me (5). Let young Men enjoy Life who can.

Do you continue to take Care of my Intereſt. I have written, or rather dictated this at the Houſe

(1) Meaning *Antony*, Some of the Conſpirators were for killing him at the ſame Time with *Cæſar*; but this was generouſly oppoſed by *Brutus*.

(2) *Orig.* ὑποσόλοικα. *Sub abſurda.*

(3) We have already taken Notice of *Servilia*, the Mother of *Brutus*, being the Miſtreſs of *Cæſar*, who had made her a preſent of this Eſtate, which had been confiſcated for the Author's Adherence to the Cauſe of his Country.

(4) He was about 63.

(5) *Orig.* βεβίωται. *Ætas acta eſt.*

of

of *Veſtorius*, when the ſecond Courſe was ſet upon the Table. To-morrow I intend to ſee *Hirtius*, the laſt of the five (1) Commiſſioners for *Cæſar*'s Funeral. Theſe are the Means I make Uſe of to reclaim this great Man to our republican Party. Yet, I know it to be a Labour in vain (2). There is not a Man amongſt them who is not afraid of Peace. Let me therefore be gone—any where rather than to a Camp. I beg you will make a thouſand Compliments on my Part to *Attica*. I am impatient for the Harangue of *Octavius*. Write me every Thing that occurs, eſpecially, if there is any Caſh from *Dolabella* (3), or whether to get rid of my Debt, he will not paſs a Bill in Favour of all inſolvent Debtors (4).

EPIST. XXII.

BEING informed by *Pilia*, that an Expreſs was going off for you upon the 15th, I immediately ſnatched up my Pen, that I might write to you ſomewhat or other. In the firſt Place, therefore, be it known to you, that I ſet out from hence to *Arpinum* on the 17th of *May*, you will therefore, ſend thither any Letters you write to me, though I ſhall very ſoon ſee you in paſſing. For I am deſirous before I come to *Rome*, to have a ſurer Scent of what will be the Event of public Matters. And yet, I am afraid, that my own Ap-

(1) *Orig. Et quidem πεντέλοιπον. De quinque reliquum.*
(2) *Orig.* λῆρος πολὺς. *Nugæ multæ.*
(3) *Orig. Ecquid Dolabella tinniat.* That is, whether *Dolabella* chinks.
(4) This was the Meaſure that had been long ſuſpected.

prehenſions

prehenſions are but too well grounded. The Deſigns of the Party are but too plain. As to my Pupil (1), who is to ſup with me this Evening, dearly does he love the Man whom our *Brutus* wounded; and if I muſt ſpeak it (for I ſpeak it from what I ſee and know) they, in general, hate Tranquillity. The Reaſons they adopt (2) and profeſs are, that a moſt illuſtrious Perſon has been murdered; that his Death has convulſed the whole Syſtem of our Government; that, as ſoon as our Fears are over, all his Acts will be cancelled; that his Clemency was his chief Misfortune, and, had it not been for that, he might ſtill have been alive.

Now I am of Opinion, that if *Sextus Pompeius* ſhould come to *Italy*, as he probably will (3) at the Head of a ſufficient Army, a War muſt be inevitable. The Appearances and Apprehenſions of this give me infinite Diſquiet, for we ſhall not now have the ſame Liberty as we had in the late War. We have avowed our Party by our Rejoicing publicly for *Cæſar*'s Death. And his Friends are perpetually accuſing us of Ingratitude. We ſhall then have nothing of that Liberty which we (4), and a great many others, had at that Time. I muſt therefore

(1) Meaning *Hirtius*. It ſeems our Author's Country Seat and his lay very near one another For, though he went to ſee *Hirtius*, we find him entertaining him in his own Houſe.

(2) *Orig.* ὑπόθεσιν. *Cauſam quam prætexunt.*

(3) *Orig.* εἰκὸς. *Probabile.*

(4) Monſieur *Mongault* here tranſlates the plural Number by the Singular. But I think it is more natural to underſtand what is ſaid here of *Atticus*, as well as of *Cicero*; becauſe the Former openly oppoſed the giving *Cæſar*'s Body a public Funeral.

throw off the Maſk (1) and take the Field, which will be more diſagreeable than a thouſand Deaths at my Age. The Ides of *March*, therefore, give me no ſuch Joy as they did ſome Time ago, for they contained a mighty Omiſſion (2). And yet our young Conſpirators have Merit ſufficient to cancel all Reproach of their Conduct (3).

If you, however, have any Grounds for hoping better Things, as you have more Opportunities of Converſation, and of being preſent at Conſultations, I beg you will let me know by a Letter, and beſtow ſome Thoughts how I am to proceed in the Affair of my votive Legation. The Truth is, a great many People here put me upon my Guard againſt being preſent in the Senate on the 1ſt of *June*. They tell me, that Soldiers have private Orders to be in Readineſs that Day to diſpatch our Friends; and it appears to me, that they will be in more Safety any where than in the Senate.

(1) *Orig.* φανεροπροσωπητέον. *Aperta facie procedendum.*

(2) Meaning that *Antony* was not killed along with *Cæſar*. The *Greek* Line which follows here, and of which I have given the Senſe, is taken from an ancient Poet, whoſe Name we know not. From this Paſſage and many others, it appears, that our Author was not at all in the Secret of the Conſpirators. The Truth is, he had given ſo many Proofs of Weakneſs and Irreſolution, that they did not chuſe to truſt him. There was another Reaſon, beſides that of Magnanimity, why *Brutus* oppoſed the putting *Antony* to death along with *Cæſar*, and that was, that he had been engaged with *Trebonius* to kill *Cæſar* upon his laſt Return from *Spain*. *Antony* afterwards was reconciled to *Cæſar*, but he never diſcovered his Engagements with *Trebonius*, and the Conſpirators, for that Reaſon, agreed that *Trebonius* ſhould under ſome Pretext keep *Antony* from going into the Senate-houſe when *Cæſar* was killed, for fear they ſhould have been obliged to have killed him likewiſe, if he had endeavoured to have ſaved *Cæſar*.

(3) *Orig.* Ἄλλοις ἐν ἰσθλοῖς τόνδ' ἀπωθοῦνται ψόγον. *Aliis in bonis hoc dedecus hoc detrudunt a ſe.*

CICERO's

CICERO's EPISTLES TO ATTICUS.

BOOK XV.

EPIST. I.

WHAT woeful News to me is the Death of *Alexio*! It is incredible into what Affliction it has thrown me, and I ſwear from other Motives than moſt of the People about me ſuppoſe. Where, ſay they, will you find another Phyſician? What Occaſion have I now (1) for a Phyſician? If I had, they, ſurely, are not ſo ſcarce. But I regret him for the Affection he

(1) Meaning that Life was not worth his Care, when his Country was in ſo deplorable a Situation.

bore me, for the Elegancy of his Manners, and the Sweetneſs of his Temper; let me add likewiſe, that it is an alarming Conſideration for ourſelves, that ſuch a Man, notwithſtanding his great Temperance and Skill in his Profeſſion, ſhould be hurried ſo ſuddenly out of the World by the Force of a Diſtemper. But there is one general conſolatory Maxim for all Events of that Kind, that the Tenor of our coming into the World is to ſubmit to every Lot of Humanity.

I acquainted you, by a former Letter, that I had not ſeen *Antony*. For, while I was at *Pompeii*, he came to *Micenum*, which Place he left before I knew of his being there. But it happened, while I was peruſing your Letter, that *Hirtius* was at my Houſe at *Puteoli*. I therefore read your Letter, and preſſed your Affair home, to him. He told me, in the firſt Place, that whatever Service he did in the Affair ſhould be done for your own Sake only, and he concluded by telling me, that he would be directed by me, not only in this Affair, but through the whole Courſe of his Conſulſhip. With Regard to *Antony*, I will deal with him in ſuch a Manner as to convince him, that, if he obliges me in this Particular, he will make me wholly his. I am in Hopes *Dolabella* will pay me what he owes me (1).

Now to return to our Friends, of whom you intimate your good Hopes on Account of their moderate Edicts. You muſt know when *Hirtius* parted from me at *Puteoli* on the 16th, to meet *Panſa* at *Naples*, I ſatisfied myſelf as to his Sentiments; for I

(1) *Orig. Dolabellam ſpero domi eſſe.* It is, if I miſtake not, an Act of Bankruptcy for a Trader to deny himſelf, if he is at Home, to his Creditor.

took

took him aſide, and exhorted him to pacific Meaſures. You may be ſure he told me that his Inclination lay that Way, but that he was as much afraid of Violence from our Friends, as from *Antony*; that in the mean while, though both Parties had Reaſon not to appear abroad without their Guards, yet he was equally apprehenſive of both Sides drawing the Sword. In ſhort he is not to be depended upon (1).

I agree with you as to the younger *Quintus*, whoſe Father received wonderful Satisfaction and Delight from your Letter. As to *Cærellia*, I eaſily brought her over, nor indeed did I think her much in earneſt, and if ſhe was indifferent, ſurely I have much more Reaſon to be ſo. As to that other Perſon (2), who, you ſay, teazes you ſo much, I am ſurprized you give her a Hearing at all. It is true, I have ſpoken well of her before her Friends, and in the Hearing of her three Sons and Daughter. But that is now all over (3). Why ſo, ſay you? Why ſo?—again. Why ſhould I walk in a Maſk? Has not old Age diſfigured me ſufficiently already?

You tell me that *Brutus* deſires to ſee me before the 1ſt of the next Month, and he has ſent me a Letter to the ſame Purpoſe. It is very poſſible I may ſee him, but indeed I know not how I can ſerve him. For how can I give him Counſel when I am ſo much at a Loſs for it myſelf, and as his

(1) *Orig.* οὐδὲν ὑγιές. *Nihil ſincerum.*

(2) This is a Piece of private Hiſtory. The Perſon, here mentioned, very probably was Mother to *Publilia*, *Cæſar*'s laſt Wife, or perhaps it was a new Miſtreſs propoſed to *Cicero*.

(3) *Orig.* οὐ τ' αὐτὸ ἐκ τοῦ αὐτοῦ. *Non idem ex eodem.*

Action has rendered his own Name immortal, but has left our Tranquillity precarious. The Report about *Cleopatra* is come to nothing. I beg that you would deal with *Flamma* all you can.

I wrote to you Yeſterday, as I was leaving *Puteoli* to go to *Cumæ* where I found *Pilia* almoſt entirely recovered; I likewiſe ſaw her at *Bauli*. She was come thither (1) from *Cumæ* to attend a Funeral, at which I likewiſe aſſiſted; for our Friend *Cnæus Lucullus* was then burying his Mother. I therefore paſſed Yeſterday at *Sinueſſa*, and have this Morning written this Letter to you, before I ſet out for *Arpinum*. Now there is nothing new that I can either tell you, or you me, unleſs you think there is any Thing in the following Circumſtance. Our Friend *Brutus* has ſent me the Speech, which he made in the Aſſembly at the Capitol, and he begged that I would uſe what Freedom I pleaſed in correcting it before he publiſhed it. Now you muſt know, that nothing can exceed it in the Elegancies of Style and Sentiments. But, had I been to ſpeak on ſuch a Subject, my Arguments (2) ſhould have blazed with more glowing Spirit (3). You know the Character he aſſumed,

(1) *Bauli* lay between *Baiæ* and *Cumæ*.

(2) *Orig* ἐνθύμια *Argumenta*.

(3) Our Author is certainly in the Right in his Obſervations of the Difference between himſelf and *Brutus*; and there are, to this very Day, two Parties of the ſame Kind in the Republic of Letters. *Brutus* had received a regular Education; he had applied himſelf to all the Elegancies of Stile and Language; his Sentiments were juſt and beautiful, and nothing could be more irreprehenſible than all his Compoſitions. Such I ſay was *Brutus*, and ſuch the Generality of the Noblemen and Gentlemen, who made great Figures at that Time at *Rome*, and ſuch at this Day is the Character of the moſt diſtinguiſhed Moderns for

ſumed, and therefore I could correct nothing in the Speech. For, according to the Manner which our Friend *Brutus* thinks the beſt, and the Judgment which he forms of a compleat Speaker, he has ſucceeded ſo well in that Speech, that in Elegance it is not to be out-done. But my Taſte is quite different. Whether I am right or wrong I know not. I would have you, however, read that Speech, if you have not read it already, and let me know your Opinion of it. And yet I am afraid that you will be biaſſed, by your own Appellation (1), into a Super-Attic (2) Judgment. But if you reflect upon the Thunder of *Demoſthenes* (3), you will there ſee that Force may be reconciled to Elegance (4). But

for Learning who have gone through a regular Courſe of Education, and apply themſelves to Study. But, though theſe are Qualities that form fine Writers and good Speakers, there goes more to the Compoſition of a great Genius. Our Author thought, that this either was wanting in *Brutus*, or that it had been too much poliſhed away. He felt it within himſelf, he had ſeen its Effects, but was himſelf too great a Genius to deſcend to the Drudgery of proving and defending it upon the Principles of Art, becauſe, in fact, it is ſomewhat that is beyond the Bounds of Art, though it conſtitutes its chief Beauties. With Regard to Eloquence, we have had fewer Inſtancies of Genius in it than in Painting, Poetry, or any of the fine Arts, while the Compoſitions of learned Speakers are, in general, leſs faulty and more juſt than Compoſitions upon any other Art. There was ſcarcely a great Man at *Rome*, who was not a fine Speaker and a fine Writer, who did not pique himſelf in publiſhing his Compoſitions, and who did not hope for Immortality from them. But they were without the Characteriſtic I have mentioned, which ſo eminently diſtinguiſhes our Author, and therefore their Compoſitions are long loſt.

(1) *Viz.* That of *Atticus*. We find our Author, in ſeveral Places, blaming his Friend for his too great Delicacy in Criticiſm, which, he thought, damped that noble Spirit, which marks the Works of a great Genius.

(2) *Orig.* ὑπερατ τικὸς. *Nimis Atticus.*

(3) *Orig.* Δημοσθένης. *Demoſthenis.*

(4) *Orig.* ἀττικώτατα. *Maxime Attica.*

of this we will talk when we meet. At preſent I was unwilling that *Methrodorus* ſhould go to you either with no Letter, or with one, only for forms-ſake.

EPIST. II.

ON the 18th, as I was leaving *Sinueſſa* to go to *Cumæ*, after Writing a Letter to you, I received yours from the Expreſs. You ought not to have ſaid ſo much to me in it as you do, concerning the Affair of *Buthrotum*, which lies, and ſhall lie, as near to my Heart as it does, or can, lie, to yours. It becomes each of us to take care of the others Concerns, and I have taken up this Affair upon the Footing of its being of the higheſt Conſequence to me. I heard by your, and other, Letters, of that wretched Harangue made by *Lucius Antony*, but I know nothing of the Particulars, for you do not give me ſo much as a Hint of them. I am glad of what is happened to *Menedemus*. Our Nephew certainly vapours in the Manner you write. I am glad that you think me in the Right in not compoſing what you requeſted of me, and you would think me much more ſo, were you to read the Harangue which I mentioned in my former Letter of this Day. Your News of the Legions (1) proves true. But I think you have not ſufficiently conſidered that the Authority of the

(1) *Antony* had called ſome Legions from *Macedon*, the Province that had been alotted him by *Cæſar*, with an Intention to employ them in *Gaul*, which was the Province he had his Eye upon at this Time, and *Atticus* thought that this was a favourable Circumſtance for the Affair he was ſolliciting at *Buthrotum*, which lay in the Neighbourhood of *Macedonia*.

Senate

Senate alone will not be able to carry through our *Buthrotian* Affair. So far as I can ſee (though all is but Conjecture) our own Safety will be but precarious. But if I am miſtaken in this, you muſt ſucceed in your *Buthrotian* Affair.

I am of your Opinion, as to the Harangue of *Octavius*, but I don't love the Preparations for his Plays (1), and that *Matius* and *Poſthumius* ſhould be his Managers. *Saſerna* (2) makes a very proper third Hand. Now, you are ſenſible, that all thoſe Fellows hate Peace as much as we do War. I ſhould be glad to contribute all I can in abating the public Prejudice againſt *Balbus*. But he himſelf thinks that impoſſible, and therefore, he is at work upon other Schemes. I am overjoyed, that what I have ſaid in my firſt *Tuſculan* Diſputation has ſtrengthened you againſt the Fear of Death, which is the beſt and the readieſt Refuge from Calamity. I am glad that *Flamma* promiſes ſo fairly. I am ignorant, as to the Parti-

(1) *Octavius*, as Heir to *Cæſar*, intended to celebrate certain Plays in Honour of the *Julian* Family, which that great Man deſigned to exhibit before he was killed. *Cicero* did not like this Proceeding. As yet, he looked upon *Octavius* in no other Light than that of a Boy, who from the Nearneſs of this Relation to *Cæſar*, might be made Uſe of to ballance the Power of *Antony*. But he did not like, that the Remembrance of *Cæſar*'s Perſon ſhould be awakened in the Minds of the People by ſuch Exhibitions, and he certainly was in the Right of it. The Truth is, public Affairs were then very much perplexed at *Rome*. If the Conſpirators were in the Right to kill *Cæſar*, nothing could be more abſurd, as our Author often obſerves, than to inforce his Meaſures, and in a Manner, even to deify his Perſon. If they were in the Wrong, it was equally abſurd in the Body of the People, to beſtow ſuch Applauſes as they did upon every Meaſure taken by the Conſpirators for the perpetual Abolition of Tyranny.

(2) Theſe three were known, and violent Partizans of *Cæſar*.

culars

culars of the Caſe of the *Tyndaritans* (1), about which you are ſo earneſt. Mean while, I will endeavour to ſerve them. I find, that *Hirtius* (2) is alarmed at the preſent Proceedings, and eſpecially at *Antony*'s Profuſion of Money. I am ſorry for the Loſs of *Alexio*, but I think it a Happineſs for him, that he is dead, as his Diſeaſe was ſo violent. Mean while, I ſhould be glad to know who are his ſecond Heirs, and the Date of his Teſtament.

EPIST. III.

ON the 22d I received at *Atina*, two Letters from you, in Anſwer to two of mine, the one dated the 18th, the other the 21ſt. Now, in Anſwer to the Firſt. You'll make Haſte to *Tuſculum* as you write, and I think of being there myſelf on the 25th. You write, "that we muſt obey our Conquerors." I will anſwer, at leaſt, for myſelf, that I will not. I know many Meaſures preferable to that. You put me in Mind of the Decree (3) that was made in the Temple of *Apollo*, under the Conſulate of *Lentulus* and *Marcellus*. But give me Leave to ſay, that the Party is not the ſame, nor are the Junctures ſimilar, eſpecially as you write to me, that *Marcellus* and others, are going off. I muſt therefore, try before hand, and

(1) They were the Inhabitants of a City in *Sicily*.

(2) *Orig.* πεντέλοιπον *Reliquum e quinque.*

(3) This was when, upon *Cæſar*'s marching to *Rome*, the Senate, as in the Caſe of a Rebellion, or Conſpiracy, or any other momentous Concern to the Public, gave it in Charge to the Conſuls, "to take Care that the Common-wealth ſhould receive no Detriment."

come

come to ſome Reſolution, whether I can be ſafe at *Rome* or not. I am very jealous of the Poſſeſſors of our new Plantations. Thus, ſcarcely can I move, without Danger (1). Yet, I make Slight of this Situation, I even deſpiſe the greateſt Dangers. I am acquainted with the Contents of *Calva*'s Teſtament, who was a ſcandalous mean Fellow. I am obliged to you for the Care you have ſhown in the Sale of *Demonicus*. It is ſome time ſince I wrote very fully to *Dolabella* concerning *Marius* (2). I hope my Letters came to Hand, for I pay all due Attention to his Intereſt.

I now come to your ſecond Letter. I know all I wanted to know, concerning *Alexio*. *Hirtius* is entirely yours. I wiſh it were worſe with *Antony* than it is (3). What you write to me concerning my Nephew, gives me a World of Pain. I will ſpeak with his Father when I ſee him. I am greatly deſirous to ſerve *Brutus* as far as I am able, and I perceive, you are of my Opinion, with Regard to his ſhort Harangue. But I cannot comprehend how you can imagine, that I ſhould compoſe a Speech, and put it off as that which was

(1) Meaning, that if he goes to *Rome*, he was there in Danger from *Cæſar*'s Party, and, ſhould he ſtay in the Country, from the Veterans which *Antony* had gained over by a late Diſtribution of public Lands amongſt them.

(2) He was a Friend and Relation to *Cicero*; and ſome of his Letters are ſtill extant.

(3) *Orig. Antonio, quam eſt, volo pejus eſſe.* Monſieur *Mongault* thinks, that this Expreſſion regards *Lucius Antony*, who had oppoſed his Sollicitations, in the Affair of *Buthrotum*. But I ſee no Reaſon, why we may not underſtand it of *Mark Antony*, whom our Author begun to be more than ever jealous of, eſpecially, as he had made ſeveral fruitleſs Attempts to talk with *Mark Antony* about that Affair, the Succeſs of which depended more upon him than it did upon *Lucius Antony*.

pro-

pronounced by *Brutus*, now that he has publiſhed his. How would this look, or would you have me to go upon the Topic, that it was lawful to kill the Tyrant. I ſhall ſpeak and write a great deal on that Head, but it muſt not be after that Faſhion, or at this Juncture. The Tribunes have behaved nobly in the Affair of *Cæſar*'s Throne (1), and I likewiſe approve of what our Knights have done. I am glad that *Brutus* has been at my Houſe, provided he has enjoyed himſelf there, and without being hurried away.

EPIST. IV.

ABOUT two in the Afternoon, on the 23d, I received a Diſpatch from *Quintus Fufius* (2), containing a Kind of a Note written in his ſtale, ſtupid, Manner, begging me to reſtore him to my good Graces. Mean while, it may poſſibly happen, that when one does not love a Perſon, he looks upon every Thing to be ſtupid which that Perſon does, or writes. My Anſwer was ſuch, as, I believe, you would approve of. The ſame Expreſs brought me two Letters from you, the one of the 22d, the other of the 23d. Now, as to the Firſt—

(1) This was a golden Chair which the Senate had decreed for *Cæſar*, in all public Places, a Compliment paid only to the Gods. When *Octavius* attempted to bring this Chair upon the Theatre, he was oppoſed in it by the Tribunes, who were probably ſeconded by the Knights, who were diſpoſed in fourteen Rows of the Theatre.

(2) His ſurname was *Calenus*. He had been the Friend of *Clodius*, and was afterwards attached to *Antony*.

What,

What, a whole Legion left *Antony* (1)!—Excellent News indeed! *Carfulenus* too turned honeſt! I ſhould have as well thought, that Rivers would flow back to their Source (2). What you tell me of *Antony*'s Meaſures, is very threatning; I wiſh that he would apply to the People, as I believe he will, rather than to the Senate (3). But the whole Plan of his Conduct, ſeems to point towards War, if it is true, that he intends to deprive *Decimus Brutus* of his Government. According to the Opinion I have of his Spirit, I don't think *Antony* will gain his Point without Blows. But, as he has become reſponſible for your Solicitation in Favour of the *Buthrotians*, I wiſh he may meet with no Oppoſition (4). You will perhaps, aſk me, why I am ſo merry upon this Subject. But give me Leave to tell you, that I am ſo far from being merry, that I am ſorry the mighty Favour you obtained, has not been obtained by my Aſſiduity and Intereſt.

You tell me, you are quite at a Loſs to conceive how our Friends the Conſpirators ought to proceed. I have been at the ſame Loſs (5) for a long Time. It is therefore, ſtupid in us, to think now of comforting ourſelves from the Ides of *March*. We acted like Men, but we conſulted like Boys; indeed we did. The Tree was felled,

(1) *Orig. Et Legio?* This Legion was called *Martia*, and was commanded by the *Carfulenus* here mentioned, who went over to *Octavius*, and was afterwards killed at the Battle of *Modena*, where his Legion was cut in Pieces.

(2) *Orig.* ἄνω ποταμῶν. *Surſum fluminum.*

(3) Our Author was afraid of any Thing coming from the Authority of the Senate, that looked like condemning the Action of the Conſpirators.

(4) This is ſpoken ironically.

(5) *Orig.* ἀπορία. *Dubitatio.*

but

but its Roots were not plucked up, and therefore, you ſee how it ſhoots forth its Shrubs.——Let us, therefore, have Recourſe to our *Tuſculan* Diſputations (1), becauſe you are ſo fond of them. If you pleaſe, we will conceal this laſt Circumſtance from *Saufeius*, who never ſhall know it through me. You tell me, *Brutus* deſires to know from you, on what Day I am to be at *Tuſculum*. Let him know, about the 27th, as I wrote you before, and I ſhould glad to ſee you as ſoon as poſſible. For, I am of Opinion, that I muſt go to *Lanuvium*, which I know, will be greatly talked of (2). But I muſt conſider of it (3).

I now return to your firſt Letter, without minding what you ſay in the Beginning of it concerning the *Buthrotians*, whoſe Intereſt I have very deep at Heart, provided, as you intimate, I ſhall be at Liberty to appear in their Favour. You ſtill inſiſt, and that too as peremptorily as you did before, on my writing a Speech for *Brutus*. What ſhall I treat of? the Subject that has been handled by him? and treat of it too without his deſiring me! the moſt affrontive of all Intruſions (4)! Do it, ſay you, in the Manner of *Heraclides* (5). Well, I am not againſt that, but I muſt form my Plan, and I muſt have Time to execute it maturely. You may entertain what Opinion you pleaſe of me,

(1) *Viz.* Againſt the Fear of Death, and againſt the Epicureans, of which Sect *Saufeius* was.

(2) Becauſe *Brutus* and *Caſſius* were there.

(3) *Orig.* μελήσει. *Curæ erit.*

(4) *Orig.* παρεγχείρησις. *Molitio in alieno opere.*

(5) *Orig.* Ἡρακλειδιον. *Heraclideum.* This Author is mentioned already in the 19th Letter of the 13th Book.

and

and I hope you always will entertain a very good one, but believe me (and I mean no Offence) that if public Matters continue as they are at preſent, I ſhall have no Pleaſure in reflecting upon the Ides of *March*. Had we ſtruck at the Root, we ſhould not have had a ſecond *Cæſar*, nor ſhould we have been terrified into a Confirmation of all his Acts. At leaſt, for my own Part (that I may ſpeak in the Stile of *Saufeius*, and not in that of my *Tuſculan* Diſputations, which you exhort even *Veſtorius* to read) I was ſo much in Favour with *Cæſar*, of ever curſed Memory, that ſince I have not recovered my Freedom by the Death of that Tyrant, he would have been at this Time of my Life, by no Means, an undeſireable Maſter. I bluſh, believe me I do, at what I write, but as I have written it, it ſhall even ſtand (1).

I wiſh, that the News concerning *Menedemus*, may be true, and likewiſe, that concerning the Queen of *Ægypt*. I will talk with you when we meet of all the other Matters, eſpecially how our Friends are to proceed, and what I am to do myſelf, ſhould *Antony* beſet the Senate-houſe with his

(1) Our Author here, gives us a very true Picture of himſelf. Whatever his Profeſſions are, it is plain, from the conſtant Tenor of his Letters, that when he did not meet with the Conſideration he thought he deſerved, nothing went well in the Government. We find him by Turns courting the Conſpirators, *Antony*, *Octavius*, *Dolabella* and *Hirtius*, and all to recover his own Importance. The Apology offered for him by Dr. *Middleton* and his other Admirers, as if he had done this in Order to keep the Parties ballanced, ſo, that his Country might recover her Liberty, is the moſt deſpicable that can be imagined. For he could not well, at this Time, be ignorant of the Views of *Octavius*, who had the Addreſs to ſooth his Vanity, and Weakneſs, and to make Uſe of him in all his moſt pernicious Deſigns upon the public Liberty.

Sol-

Soldiers. I have not truſted his Meſſenger with this Letter, for fear he ſhould break it open, and, as I was at any Rate to anſwer yours, I have ſent it off by Expreſs.

I wiſh, with all my Heart, that you could have anſwered the Requeſt of *Brutus* (1). As you cannot, I have let him know ſo much by Letter. I have ſent *Tyro* with a Meſſage, and a Letter to *Dolabella*. You may ſend for him, and write by him whatever you have to ſay to me. When I write this, *Lucius Cæſar* comes acroſs me, begging that I would ſee him at his Houſe in the Wood, or that I would write to him where he can wait upon me, for that *Brutus* wants very much, that we ſhould meet together. What a vexatious endleſs Buſineſs this is! Well! ſo far as I can foreſee at preſent, I will give him the Meeting, and then go to *Rome*. I write to you as yet only in general, for I have heard yet nothing from *Balbus*. I therefore, am impatient for one from you, with an Account of your own Conjectures, as well as the preſent Contingencies.

EPIST. V.

THE Expreſs is returned from *Brutus*, with Letters from him and *Caſſius*, who are extremely deſirous of being adviſed by me. Nay, *Brutus* aſks me, which of the two Things (2).—— You underſtand me; wretched Situation! It will

(1) Monſieur *Mongault* for very good Reaſons, is of Opinion, that this Paragraph begins a new Letter.

(2) *Viz.* Whether he ſhall go to *Rome*, or leave *Italy*.

not

not bear writing upon, I therefore, think of anſwering him by Silence, unleſs ſomewhat ſhould occur to you, If there does, I beg you would inform me by a Letter. As to *Caſſius*, he is extremely earneſt and importunate with me, that I would convert *Hirtius* into a Patriot. Would not you think the Man's Brain a little touched, thus to bid me waſh a Blackamore white (1)! I have ſent you his Letter. Both *Balbus* and *Hirtius* write to me in the ſame Manner as you do concerning the Senate's coming to a Reſolution upon the Provinces of *Brutus* and *Caſſius*. *Hirtius* tells me, that he has actually left *Rome*, and is returned to *Tuſculum*, and he is violently againſt my going to *Rome*, and that too on Account of the Danger I muſt be expoſed to, of which he himſelf had had a Share. For my Part, though there were no Danger, I ought to be ſo cautious of incurring *Antony*'s Jealouſy, through my not ſeeming to be pleaſed with his Proſperity and Power, that I have all the Reaſon in the World not to go to *Rome*, for fear I ſhould ſee him.

You muſt know likewiſe, that our Friend *Varro* has ſent me a Letter, ſent to him by I know not whom, for he has eras'd the Writer's Name, informing him, that thoſe Veterans (2) who were excluded from the Diviſion of the Lands (for ſome of them were excluded) talked very deſperately, and that all who ſeem not to favour their Intereſts, muſt be expoſed to great Hazards, ſhould they go to *Rome*. How then muſt I go, return, look, and walk about, amidſt ſuch Ruffians. If, as

(1) *Orig.* ὁ γραφεὺς ἀίθραπάς. *Fulullo carbonarius.*
(2) They afterwards went over to *Octavius*.

you write, *Lucius Antonius* is ordered to command againſt *Decimus*, and other Generals are appointed to act againſt our Friends the Conſpirators, what ſhall I do, and how ſhall I behave? My preſent Reſolution is to abſent myſelf from a City where, in Proſperity, I flouriſhed with the higheſt Dignity; and with a little, even in Servitude. But my Reſolution is not ſo fixt to leave *Italy*, upon which I will conſult with you, as it is not to go to *Rome*.

EPIST. VI.

OUR Friend *Brutus* and *Caſſius* having written to me to employ all my Intereſt with *Hirtius*, whom they think is a good Patriot, to confirm him in his preſent Diſpoſitions, from which they apprehend he may ſwerve. I have written and recommended to him a due Regard for *Brutus* and *Caſſius*. Mean while, though he is at preſent at ſome Quarrel with *Antony*'s Perſon, yet, I know him to be a Friend to the Party. I was willing you ſhould ſee his Anſwer, which I have ſent you, and to know whether you are of my Opinion, that that Party is apprehenſive that our Friends have more Courage than they really have.

Hirtius *to his Friend* Cicero, *wiſheth Health.*

"YOU aſk me, whether I am now returned to the Country, and whether I am unactive amidſt this univerſal Combuſtion. You muſt know, then, that I have left *Rome*, becauſe, I thought it my beſt Courſe. I write this in my Journey to *Tuſculanum*,

Tuſculanum, for you are not to think me ſo much of a Hero, as to return to *Rome* by the 5th. For, I can ſee nothing now that can require my Attendance there, ſince the Governments are beſtowed for ſuch a Term of Years. I wiſh, that you could as eaſily diſſuade *Brutus* and *Caſſius* from running into any violent Meaſure as you can truly perſuade them of my being directed by you. I obſerve you ſay, that they were leaving *Italy* when they wrote to you. Whither, or why, are they going? Diſſuade them, I conjure you, my *Cicero*, from this Intention, and ſuffer not the whole Syſtem of our Government to be ruined, which is every Day, by Heaven, receiving fundamental Shocks from the Rapines, Burnings, and Slaughters that are committed. All they have to do, is to be upon their Guard, if they apprehend any Danger, but let them not ſtir an Inch farther. Believe me, they cannot by the moſt violent Meaſures, come nearer to their Purpoſe than they can do by the moſt inactive, provided they are circumſpect. As to what is paſſing now, it cannot be durable, but ſhould a civil War break out, it muſt be immediately pernicious and fatal. Let me know your Sentiments of them when I arrive at *Tuſculum*.

Such is the Letter of *Hirtius*, and my Anſwer was, that to my certain Knowledge, my Friends had nothing violent in View. I was willing you ſhould know how this Matter has paſſed. This Letter was ſealed when *Balbus* wrote me, that *Servilia* was returned, and aſſures him, that *Brutus* and *Caſſius* will not leave *Italy*. I now expect a Letter from you.

EPIST. VII.

THE Letters you forwarded to me, gave me great Pleaſure, eſpecially that of our Friend *Sextus*. That, ſay you, is, becauſe it is ſo much in your own Praiſe. There may, by Heavens, be ſomething in that, and yet, before I came to this Place, I was charmed both with his Sentiments upon public Matters, and his Aſſiduity in writing to me. As to our pacific Friend *Servius* (1) with his little Secretary, he ſeems to have undertaken the Negotiation, and to be guarding againſt all Quirks in the Deeds of Agreement. But he ought to have reflected, that it is not the Law but the Sword (2) that will decide the Queſtion. I expect to have a Letter from you likewiſe.

EPIST. VIII.

SINCE you left me, I received two Letters from *Balbus* without any News, and one from *Hirtius*, intimating his terrible Diſguſt with the Veterans. I am extremely impatient to know, what will be done the firſt of next Month (3). For that Purpoſe, I have diſpatched *Tyro*, and along with him, ſeveral of my Domeſtics, any of whom you may charge with a Letter when any Thing happens

(1) *Servius Sulpicius* was remarkable for affecting in the former War, to negotiate between *Cæſar* and the Senate; and he was eſteemed the greateſt Lawyer of his Time.

(2) This is taken from a Verſe of *Ennius*.

(3) The original has *Kal. Martiis*. But this muſt be a Miſtake, ſince our Author evidently Means the Firſt of *June*, when the Senate was to meet.

worth

worth your Writing. I have even written to *Antony* concerning a Legation, for fear he ſhould have taken it amiſs, had I written to *Dolabella* ſingly.

As *Antony*, however, is ſaid to be pretty difficult of Acceſs, I have written to deſire *Eutrapelus* (1) to put my Letter into his Hand, and have acquainted him how ſerviceable that Legation would be to me. A votive Legation would be more honourable (2), but I may make Uſe of either.

I beg you would diligently examine your own Situation. I wiſh that we could confer together upon it, but if that ſhould be impracticable, we may do the ſame Thing by Letters. *Græceius* (3) has written to me, that he has received a Letter from *Caius Caſſius*, informing him, that a Number of armed Men have got together, and are ordered to march to my Houſe at *Tuſculum*. This News does not ſeem very probable to me. Mean while, I muſt be upon my Guard, and muſt have an Eye upon my ſeveral Country-houſes. But to-morrow, I ſhall better know what to determine.

EPIST. IX.

ON the Third, in the Evening, I received a Letter from *Balbus*, informing me, that the Senate would meet on the 5th, that *Brutus* was to be diſpatched to *Aſia*, and *Caſſius* to *Sicily*, to buy up Corn, which they were to ſend to *Rome*. How deſperate is our Situation! Firſt, that they ſhould

(1) He was an Officer of the Artillery under *Antony*.
(2) *Viz.* Than a Lieutenancy under *Dolabella*.
(3) He was very intimate with *Brutus* and *Caſſius*.

receive any Commiſſion from ſuch a Faction, and next, if they received any, that they ſhould receive one in which they can act only in the Capacity of Deputies (1). Perhaps, it had been as well to have ſent them to divert themſelves on the Bank of *Eurotas*. But all muſt be as Fortune directs. *Balbus* tells me likewiſe, that the Senate at the ſame Time will come to a Reſolution for aſſigning Provinces to them and other *Prætorians*. This, indeed, is better than their walking under the *Perſican* Portico. For you muſt know, that our Friend has a *Lacedæmon* at *Lanuvium* (2). You aſk me, why I ſhould laugh in talking of ſuch Matters? What ſhall I do, I am tired with crying?

Immortal Gods! into what an Agony was I thrown, by reading the firſt Page of your Letter? What! armed Men breaking into your Houſe! But I was glad that this Cloud ſoon blew over. I am extremely impatient to know how you ſucceeded in your melancholy as well as difficult Negotiation, of bringing our Friends into one common Con-

(1) Becauſe the Year of their Prætorſhip not being expired, they could only have the Title of *Legati*, and not of *Proprætores*.

(2) A good many private Circumſtances are touched at in this, and the preceding Sentence. Monſieur *Mongault* after *Grævius*, thinks it probable, that *Brutus* had built at *Lanuvium*, a Kind of an Epitome of the famous *Perſican* Portico which was at *Lacedæmon*, in Commemoration of the Victories of the *Lacedæmonians* over the *Perſians*, and that the River *Eurotas*, where the *Lacedæmonians* uſed to indulge themſelves in Time of Peace, was repreſented there, either in Painting, or by ſome real Rivulet in the Neighbourhood, to which *Brutus* gave that Name. Mean while, from the Manner of our Author's Expreſſion, I am apt think, that beſides thoſe Alluſions, he has a ſecret Glance at *Brutus*'s laconic Way of Writing, which he ſo much diſapproved of.

cert

cert (1). This ſeems to be impracticable, ſo cloſely are we beſet on all Hands with Troops. As to myſelf, that Letter from *Brutus*, which you ſay you read, ſtruck me ſo, that though I was before uncertain what to adviſe, I am now rendered ſtill more undetermined through Grief. But I will write you farther when I am farther informed. At preſent, I had very little to write to you, and the leſs, becauſe I am in ſome Doubt whether this Letter will come to your Hand, it being uncertain whether this Expreſs will ſee you or not. I am extremely impatient for a Letter from you.

EPIST. X.

HOW affectionate is the Letter from *Brutus*, and how wayward is your Situation, that you cannot go to him! Now, what Advice can I ſend them in writing? To accept of the Kindneſſes of that Party? What can be more ſcandalous? Shall I counſel them to attempt ſomewhat? That is what they dare not, and at this Time, what they cannot do. Suppoſing I adviſe them to be unactive. But who will anſwer for their being ſafe? But ſhould the Party proceed to Extremities againſt *Decimus*, how then could our Friends endure to live, even ſuppoſing, that none ſhould attack them? Can any Thing be more mortifying than that.

(1) *Orig. Ad conſiliandum legatione.* I agree in general with Monſieur *Mongault*'s Senſe of this Paſſage. Only, I think, that the Expreſſion does not imply a ſimple Conſultation, but a Conſultation for acting with Unanimity. This Office ſuited very well with the Character of *Atticus*, and the next Letter juſtifies the Senſe I have given to this Paſſage.

Brutus dares not preſide at his own Plays? To beſtow upon him the Commiſſion for buying up Corn, is no other than a plauſible Pretext for removing him out of the Way (1), not to mention that it is one of the meaneſt Employments in all our Government. In ſhort, it is ſo delicate an Affair to give Counſel in ſuch a Situation, that the Counſellors themſelves are not in Safety. But I ſhould deſpiſe Danger, could I be of Service. For of what Service can I be by thruſting myſelf between *Brutus* and his Mother (2), who ſways him either by her Counſels, or her Intreaties. I will, however, beſtow ſome thought upon the Matter. I ſhall write to him, for anſwer him I muſt; I ſhall, therefore, ſend my Letter directly either to *Antium* or *Circæi*.

EPIST. XI.

ON the 26th I arrived at *Antium*, where I met with a hearty Welcome from *Brutus*. Then, in the Hearing of a great many People, particularly of *Servilia*, *Tertulla*, *Porcia* (3), and likewiſe of *Favonius*, he aſked my Opinion as to the Part he ought to act. I had been thinking of this very Thing on the Road, and I accordingly adviſed him to accept of the Commiſſion for buying up Corn in *Aſia*, for that now we had nothing

(1) *Orig. Quæ eſt alia Dionis legatio.* Becauſe the Tyrants *Dionyſius* the Elder and the Younger, uſed to employ their Kinſman, *Dion*, in Embaſſies to keep him from Practices againſt their Government.

(2) She had been beloved by *Cæſar*, and ſtill lived in great Friendſhip with his Friends

(3) Theſe were the Mother, Siſter, and Wife of *Brutus*.

to

to think upon, but how they ſhould live in Safety, which was the only Expedient by which we could ſave our Country. I had but juſt begun to deliver this Opinion when *Caſſius* came in (1), and I then repeated what I had ſaid. Upon this *Caſſius*, whoſe Eyes ſparkled forth Fire and Fury, with the very Spirit of a *Mars*, told us flatly, he would not go to *Sicily*. What, ſaid he, am I to receive an Affront as a Favour? What then, ſaid I, will you do? He then told me, he would retire to *Achaia*. And what will you do *Brutus* reſumed I. If you think proper, replies he, I will go to *Rome*. I think it by no Means proper, anſwered I, for you cannot be there with Safety.—But, ſuppoſing I could, would you then adviſe me to go?—I could, by all Means, wiſh, replied I, could you be in Safety, that you ſhould live at *Rome*, and that you ſhould not leave *Italy* either now, or when your Prætorſhip is expired, even for a Government. But ſtill, as Matters are circumſtanced, my Opinion is againſt your going to *Rome*. I then ſtrengthened what I had ſaid with ſuch Reaſons as muſt readily occur to yourſelf why he could not live at *Rome* with Safety.

There paſſed then a great many Complaints, and eſpecially from *Caſſius*, who inveighed bitterly againſt *Decimus Brutus* (2), for the Opportunities that

(1) Doctor *Middleton*, *Vol.* iii, *p.* 61. of his Life of *Cicero*, tranſlates the Original here, which is *Caſſius intervenit*, *Caſſius* interrupted him. But it is plain he was miſtaken.

(2) I cannot be of Monſieur *Mongault*'s Opinion, that this was, becauſe *Decimus Brutus* oppoſed the killing of *Antony*. Becauſe, had *Caſſius* inveighed againſt him for that, there could have been no Manner of doubt of the Thing, though it was a Queſtion at that Time, and is not clear to this Day whether it was *Marcus* or *Decimus*, *Brutus*, who diſſuaded the Conſpirators from killing *Antony*. I rather think that, by this Paſſage, he alludes to ſome other Neglect of *Decimus Brutus* in not oppoſing *Antony*

that had been loſt. I did not contradict him, but told him it was impoſſible to recall what was paſt. I then began to talk of the Meaſures they ought to purſue, though without ſaying any thing particular that is not publickly and daily talked of. I did not even mention that we ought to have rid ourſelves of any other Perſon than *Cæſar*. I only ſaid, that the Senate ought inſtantly to have been ſummoned together, that we ought to have avail'd ourſelves of the People's Ardour, and that they ought to have been worked up by ſome animated Speeches, to take into their Hands the whole Syſtem of the Government. Upon this, the Lady you are ſo well acquainted with call'd out, "Well, never did I hear any Body talk at this rate before." But I ſoon ſhut her Mouth. *Caſſius* however, in all Probability will be gone, becauſe *Servilia* has undertaken, that the Reſolution of the Senate, about his Corn-Commiſſion, ſhall be repealed, and our Friend ſoon alter'd the idle Strain in which he talked before; for he ſaid he would comply. It was therefore agreed upon, that, though he was abſent, the Plays ſhould be celebrated in his Name. Now in my Opinion, he intends to ſet out from *Antium* for *Aſia*.

Not to detain you, this Viſit gave me no other Comfort than the Conſciouſneſs of having done my Duty, for it would have been highly improper for me not to have ſeen him before he left *Italy*. Having thus diſcharged what I owe to the Love and Kindneſs I bear him, I may ſay with myſelf, what

Antony, though he was then at the Head of three Legions in the *Ciſalpine Gaul*. This is confirmed by *Appian de Bel. Civ. lib.* iii. who ſays that *Brutus* and *Caſſius* truſted chiefly to *Decimus Brutus*, for repreſſing the Power of *Antony*, in which however they were diſappointed.

have

have I gained by thus rambling after the Oracle (1)? I abſolutely find the whole Veſſel of the Conſpiracy not only leaky, but fallen into Pieces. They have among them neither Concert, Reaſon, nor Regularity. Therefore, had I not been determined before, this muſt have fixed me in the Reſolution of flying to a Land where the Report of ſuch Doings would never reach my Ears.

Mean while, in caſe you do not know it already, I was informed laſt Night that *Dolabella* has given me a Deputation under himſelf, dated the 2d of *April* (2), for I think you was againſt my accepting a votive Legation. It was indeed abſurd for me, after my Country was ruined, to pretend to perform the Vows which I made for her Preſervation. Beſides, if I miſtake not, thoſe Kind of Legations are limitted to a certain Time by the *Julian* Law; nor is it an eaſy Matter for the Perſon, who enjoys them, to be at Liberty to enter and leave *Rome* when he pleaſes, which I can do in my preſent Situation. It is a fine Thing to enjoy this Liberty for five Years. But what do I talk of five Years, I probably ſhall be free from the Cares of Life long ere then. Let us however ſtill bode the beſt (3).

(1) *Orig.* Ἡ διῦς ὁδός σοι τί δύναται τῦ διαπράξαι. *Iter huc ſuſceptum quid tibi prodeſt, qui oraculum conſulis?*

(2) There muſt either be a Miſtake in this Date, or the Commiſſion muſt have been anti-dated.

(3) *Orig.* βλάσφημα. *Quæ ſunt mali ominis.*

EPIST.

EPIST. XII.

I Am pleaſed with what you tell me of your *Buthrotian* Affair, Mean while I have ſent *Tyro* to *Dolabella* with a Letter, becauſe you requeſted it. That can do no Harm. As to our Friends at *Antium*, I ſuppoſe you are convinced from what I already wrote to you, that they are determined to lie bye, and to accept of *Antony*'s affrontive Kindneſs. *Caſſius* ſpurned at the Corn Commiſſion, and *Servilia* told him, that ſhe would get it cancelled by a Reſolution of the Senate. As to our Friend *Brutus*, he is reſolved, as if he were going in ſtate (1), to go to *Aſia*, after being of my Opininon that he could not live ſafely at *Rome* (2), for he chuſes that his

(1) *Orig.* καὶ μάλα σεμνὸς. *Et valde gravis.*

(2) The *Greek* Expreſſion, in the Original, here makes Monſieur *Mongault* think it to be a Compliment to the Steadineſs and Unconcern of *Brutus*, eſpecially, ſays he, as *Brutus* was of *Cicero*'s Opinion as to the Danger of his living at *Rome*. But I cannot agree with that Gentleman. The Expreſſion καὶ μάλα σεμνὸς (*Et valde gravis*) was certainly made uſe of to denote a Perſon marching along in great State and Gravity with a Conſciouſneſs of his own Merit and Importance. *Plutarch*, in his Life of *Cicero*, makes uſe of the ſame Expreſſion when he deſcribes him, attended by almoſt all the People of *Rome*, returning to his own Houſe from puniſhing the Accomplices in *Catiline*'s Conſpiracy. Beſides, notwithſtanding all the Compliments which our Author is in a Manner forced to pay to *Brutus*, I never can be brought to believe that he either ſincerely loved or eſteemed him, nor did he ever miſs an Opportunity of Sneering at him when he could. As to their agreeing together in their Opinion on this Head; if the Reader attends to our Author's Senſe of the Conſpirators Conduct, he may eaſily perceive that the Advice, he gives them here, was no other than the Reſult of his hearty Contempt of their Management. He more than once tells *Atticus*, that all their Meaſures were childiſh, nor does he thinks he can put *Brutus* in a more ridiculous Light, than by making him reſolve to accept of this affrontive Commiſſion, and to ſet out upon it, as if in reality it had been doing him

his Plays ſhould be celebrated in his Abſcence. He is getting together Ships to carry him over. Mean while they are not to leave theſe Parts. *Brutus* at leaſt told me, he was going to *Aſtura*. *Lucius Antonius* has written a very handſome Letter to me, deſiring me to be afraid of nothing. This is one Favour he does me, and perhaps he will do me another if he does not come to *Tuſculanum*. Theſe Things are not to be born with, and yet bear with them we muſt. Which of the *Bruti* are we to blame? So far as I can perceive, *Octavianus* has abundance of Spirit, and his Diſpoſitions towards our Heroes, appear to be ſuch as we could wiſh them to be. But it requires great Deliberation before we truſt one of his Years, his Name, his Family, and his Education. His Step-Father, at leaſt, whom I ſaw at *Aſtura*, thinks that he ought not to be truſted at all. We muſt however cheriſh him, were it only to ſeparate him from *Antony*. I will ſay, that *Marcellus* has done nobly, if he has prepoſſeſſed him in favour of our Friends, and I can aſſure you he ſeemed to be entirely influenced

him an Honour; but, in fact, our Author was not in the Secret of *Brutus*, as appeared by the Sequel of his Conduct. He had great Reſentments againſt *Antony*, who had rendered it unſafe for him to remain at *Rome*; and he was very ſenſible that the leave which he and *Caſſius* had obtained, from the Senate, to be abſent from thence, and which *Antony* agreed to, was artfully obtained by *Antony* himſelf, that he might remain Maſter of *Rome*. In fact therefore, it was very wiſe in *Brutus* to diſſemble his Reſentments, and even to accept of this Corn Commiſſion, which gave him an Opportunity of getting together ſome Ships. *Antony*, according to *Appian de Bel. Civ. lib.* iii. ſeemed to be ſenſible of this; for, in the Speech he there makes to the military Tribunes, we find him complaining againſt the Senate, for beſtowing this Commiſſion upon *Brutus* and *Caſſius*, as being no other than a Pretext for their getting together their Friends and Soldiers.

by

by him, and not over much by *Panſa* and *Hirtius*. He has good Diſpoſitions if they continue.

EPIST. XIII.

ON the 24th I received two Letters from you, and ſhall begin with that of the oldeſt Date. I agree with you that I ought neither to lead the Van, nor bring up the Rear. Let me, however, aſſiſt in the March. I have ſent to you my Speech (1), and I leave you at Liberty either to keep it back or publiſh it. But when do you think it will be proper to do the latter? I think the Truce, which you mention, to be impracticable. My beſt Way will be to be ſilent, I therefore think of making no Reply (2). You write me that two Legions (3) are arrived at *Brunduſium*. You always hear the News before we do, therefore write whatever you hear. I expect to ſee *Varro*'s Dialogue (4). I am now fond of the Manner of *Heraclides* (5), eſpecially as you are ſo much pleaſed with it. But I ſhould be glad to know how you think I ought to manage the Subject. I am the more inclined to it from what I wrote you formerly, eſpecially as you

(1) I entirely agree with Monſieur *Mongault*, that this was a Speech our Author had compoſed by way of Invective againſt *Antony* and his Party, but which was not to be publiſhed before a favourable Turn ſhould happen to the republican Intereſt.

(2) *Orig.* ἀνυπομονησία. *Taciturnitas in reſpondendo.*

(3) They were brought over from *Macedon* by *Antony*'s Order to aſſiſt them in diſpoſſeſſing *Decimus Brutus* of the *Ciſalpine Gaul*, *Vide Appian de Bel. Civ. lib.* iii. and to oppoſe the elect Conſuls, *Hirtius* and *Panſa*, who ſeemed, by no Means, well diſpoſed to his Intereſt.

(4) *Orig.* διάλογον. *Dialogum.*

(5) *Orig.* Ἡρακλείδιον. *Heraclideum.*

have

have ſtrengthened your Opinion, to which I was no Stranger, with that of *Peduceus*, which always ſhall have a deciſive Weight with me. I ſhall therefore take care to beſtow upon it my whole Application and Diligence.

I make much of *Veſtenus* and *Faberius* as you adviſe me. I believe *Clælius* had no bad Intentions, but one cannot be too much upon their Guard. But let me know how he has proceeded. I entirely agree with you in your Sentiments about preſerving our Liberty, which certainly is the deareſt of all human Enjoyments.—And has *Gallus Caninius* (1) been treated in that Manner?—What a profligate Villain the other Fellow is, for what other Appellation can I give him? *Marcellus* (2) has ſheltered himſelf finely. I do my beſt likewiſe, but I am not ſo much upon my Guard.

I have now anſwered your firſt and longeſt Letter. To your ſecond and ſhorteſt, what can I ſay, but that it gave me infinite Pleaſure. The Affairs of *Spain* are in a fair Way, provided I can but ſee *Balbilius* (3) in Health and Proſperity, for I conſider him as the Staff of my old Age. I am ſorry for what has happened to *Antonianus*, becauſe *Viſellia* is greatly attached to me. But we are born to Accidents of that Kind. You tell me you know nothing of *Brutus*. But I underſtand from *Silicia*, that *Marcus Scaptius* is arrived, but keeps incognito;

(1) He was a Friend to our Author, and probably had received ſome Injury from *Antony*.

(2) This was *Marcellas* the Conſular, who had retired from *Rome*, and took no Concern in Party Matters.

(3) He very probably was the Son of *Balbus*, and one of *Cicero's* Friends. There are ſeveral other Strokes of private Hiſtory in this Epiſtle which we know nothing of.

that

that he is to ſee her privately, and that I ſhall know every Thing. When I do I ſhall inſtantly acquaint you. Mean while, the ſame Lady informs me (1), that a Slave of *Baſſus* is arrived, who tells her that the *Alexandrian* Legions are in Arms; that they have invited *Baſſus* (2) to their Aſſiſtance, and that *Caſſius* is expected. In ſhort, our Country ſeems now to be in the Way of recovering her Freedom. But let us ſee a little farther (3), for you know how well the other Party is experienced in all the Arts of Treaſon and Violence.

I am greatly pleaſed with *Dolabella* (4), and yet, while I am writing this, now that the ſecond Courſe is put upon the Table, I underſtand that he is arrived at *Baiæ*, though I received a Letter from him as I was coming out of the Bath, which he writ to me from *Formiæ*, informing me, that he had done every Thing I required for ſecuring to me the Payment of the Money he owed me. He lays the Blame that it was not done ſooner upon *Veſtenus*; I ſuppoſe he is ſhuffling with me, as ſuch People uſe to

(1) Monſieur *Mongault* very properly agrees with *Grævius*, that the Original here ought to be read, *Inter ea narrat eadem*. But he will have *eadem* to the Ablative, and *via* to be underderſtood, and he tranſlates it accordingly. This ſurely cannot be *Cicero*'s Meaning; for why ſhould a Slave of *Baſſus* come along with *Scaptius*, who wanted to remain incognito? Beſides the Conſtruction is forced, and I have therefore underſtood it to be the Nominative, by which all Difficulties of the Senſe are removed.

(2) He is mentioned before in the 9th Letter of the 14th Book.

(3) *Orig. Sed ne quid ante.* Which Monſieur *Mongault* tranſlates, *Pourvu que les partizans d'Antoine ne vous prevennent pas.* But I think both the Words, and the Connection, more naturally points to my Senſe.

(4) Who had promiſed to ſerve *Atticus* in his *Buthrotian* Affair.

do

do in Money Matters (1). But he tells me, that that excellent Perſon, and my very good Friend *Seſtius*, has undertaken the whole Affair. But give me leave to aſk you what *Seſtius* could do in this Matter that might not have been done by any one of us? However, if Things ſhould fall out beyond my Expectation let me know. If the whole Affair is deſperate, as I ſuppoſe it is, inform me by a Letter; for it will give me no great Concern.

I am now purſuing the Study of Philoſophy (2), and I am engag'd in a ſpecious Work upon the moral Duties (3), which I addreſs (4) to my Son, as the moſt proper Preſent a Father can give to a Child. I will afterwards purſue other Studies. In ſhort, I ſhall have ſomething to ſhow for my thus retiring from *Rome*. *Varro* is expected here to-day or to-morrow. For my Part I am running, as faſt as I can, to *Pompeii*, not that it is a more agreeable Place, but that there I am leſs plagued with Interruptions. Let me know, I beg you, what *Martillas* was accuſed of, for I underſtand he is executed, and if it is certainly known who put him upon the Attempt (5). While I write this, I am

(1) *Orig. Tricatur ſcilicet, ut homo talis.* Which Monſieur *Mongault* underſtands of *Vectenus*; but I can, by no means, be of his Opinion. The Word *Tricari* is properly applied to thoſe who ſhuffle off the Payment of Money without refuſing it; nor is the Expreſſion *homo talis*, as Monſieur *Mongault* ſuppoſes, always made uſe of to denote Contempt; and, from what follows in this Paragraph, I think it very plain, that *Dolabella* is here mentioned.

(2) *Orig.* φιλοσοφέμενα. *Philoſophica argumenta.*

(3) *Orig* τὰ περὶ τὸ καθήκοντος. *Quæ de officiis ſunt.*

(4) *Orig.* προσφωνοῦμεν. *Inſcribimus.*

(5) This is a very dark Piece of Hiſtory, and probably alluded to ſome Perſon that *Antony* had put to death under pretext of being employed to aſſaſſinate him. *Vide Appian de Bel. Civ. lib.* iii.

thinking that you have received my Oration. How apprehenſive am I leſt you ſhould diſlike it, and yet why ſhould I be apprehenſive ſince it is not to be publiſhed, unleſs our Country ſhall recover her Liberty, a Subject upon which I dare not truſt my Sentiments to writing.

EPIST. XIV.

ON the 27th I received a Letter from *Dolabella*, (of which I have ſent you a Copy,) acquainting me, that he has done every Thing you deſired of him. I immediately wrote him an Anſwer, in which I returned him a thouſand Thanks. But leſt he ſhould be ſurprized at my Writing twice to him on the ſame Subject, I made a Pretext, as if I had had no Opportunities of knowing from your own Mouth, the Services he had done you. But, to make ſhort, my Letter was as follows.

Cicero *to his* Dolabella *Conſul.*

"I Formerly learned, by a Letter from my Friend *Atticus*, how very generous and kind you had been to him; and you yourſelf acquainted me by another Letter, that you had done every Thing we deſired of you. In Anſwer to which I wrote you a Letter, to let you know that you could not have done me a more agreeable Piece of Service. But when *Atticus* came in Perſon to my Houſe at *Tuſculum*, on Purpoſe to teſtify to me the Obligations he was under to you, for your extraordinary and wonderful Kindneſs to him in the Affair

Affair of *Buthrotum*, and the matchleſs Affection you bore him, I could not contain myſelf from making this ſecond open Declaration of my grateful Senſe of your Favours. For, my *Dolabella*, you muſt know, that of all your diſtinguiſhed Proofs of Zeal and Kindneſs to me, there is none I think does me ſo much Honour, or gives me ſuch Pleaſure as your giving *Atticus* to underſtand how much I love you, or you me. I have nothing more to ſay than, that, as Men generally ſupport by their Power, what is beſtowed by their Kindneſs, you will protect by your Authority and Aſſiſtance, the Intereſt and the Inhabitants of *Buthrotum*; and though it already owes its Being to you, let me beg of you once more, as I have often already done, to recommend it to your Friendſhip. This will be for ever a ſufficient Protection to the *Buthrotians*, and you will deliver both *Atticus* and me from great Pain and Anxiety, if you will do me the Honour to undertake this, and to preſerve them under your perpetual Tuition, which, in the moſt earneſt Manner, I conjure you to do."

Having finiſhed this Letter, I applied myſelf again to compoſing (1) the Work I am about, but I am afraid that it will require to be marked in a great many Places, by your red Pencil, ſo undetermined and embarraſſed (2) am I by thinking upon my important Concerns.

(1) *Orig.* συντάξεις. *Compoſitiones librorum.*
(2) *Orig.* μετέωρος. *Animi pendens.*

EPIST. XV.

A Curſe upon *Lucius Antonius* for plaguing the *Buthrotians* ſo much. I have drawn up my Certificate (1) which you may ſeal when you pleaſe. If the Ædile, *Lucius Fadius*, aſks from you the Money for my Houſe at *Arpinum*, you may pay him, though it were the whole Sum. I wrote you, in the other Letter, about the eight hundred Pounds which muſt be paid to *Statius*. If therefore *Fadius* ſhould call for the Money, I deſire it ſhould be paid to him, and to him only. If I miſtake not there is ſome Money in my Hands, which I have written to *Eros* to deliver up (2).

I hate the Queen of *Ægypt*. *Ammonius* (3), who anſwered for her performing her Promiſes to me, knows with how much Reaſon. The Favours ſhe promiſed me, I aſſure you, were ſuch as that I need not be aſhamed of, though they were proclaimed from the Roſtrum. They were only ſuch as befitted a Man of Learning (4), and became my Dignity. As to *Sara*, beſides my knowing him to be a worthleſs Fellow, he behaved very diſreſpectfully to me in

(1) That *Cæſar*, before his Death, intended to grant to the *Buthrotians*, the Favour which *Atticus* was ſolliciting, and this Certificate muſt be ſealed by *Atticus*, as well as our Author. This was no very Patriot Conduct in thoſe two Friends, who, when the Affair was to bring no Profit to themſelves, were extreamly diſguſted that any Regard ſhould be paid to *Cæſar*'s Acts or Intentions.

(2) All this is private Affairs, nor am I quite certain as to the Senſe of the Originial.

(3) He was an old Servant of her Family.

(4) *Orig.* φιλολόγα. *Eruditi propria.*

par-

particular; I never ſaw him but once which was at my own Houſe. When I aſked him very civilly (1) in what I could ſerve him, he told me, he came to look for *Atticus* (2). As to the Haughtineſs the Queen herſelf expreſſed when ſhe was at the Gardens (3) beyond the *Tyber*, I never can reflect upon it without ſtrong Reſentment. I will therefore have nothing to do with that Gang, who ſuppoſed me to be void of Spirit and even of Feeling.

I perceive that the ill Management of *Eros*, in my Affairs, will hinder my Departure from hence. For, according to the Accounts given into me, on the 5th of *April*, I ought to have Money in Hand, and yet I am obliged to borrow. I ſuppoſe, that the Money, ariſing from my Rents, has been ſet a-Part for the Building the Temple I have ſo often mentioned (4). I have however recommended theſe Matters to *Tyro*, whom I have ſent to *Rome* for that very Purpoſe, for you have now too much Buſineſs upon your Hands for me to give you more. The more modeſt my Son is in aſking for

(1) *Orig.* φιλοφρόνως. *Humaniter.*

(2) Monſieur *Mongault* thinks that the Offence of *Sara*, mentioned here, is not quite ſatisfactory for accounting why our Author ſhould abuſe *Sara* as he does. But we have had many Opportunities, in the Courſe of theſe Letters, to obſerve how very ſuſceptible our Author was of the ſmalleſt Piece of Diſreſpect to his Perſon.

(3) This Hint agrees extremely well with the haughty imperious Character of *Cleopatra*, who lived with *Cæſar* at the Time of his Death.

(4) We ſee that our Author had not yet given over the Thoughts of deifying his Daughter, nor is it quite certain that he did not actually build ſomewhat of that Kind. At leaſt ſome of the *Italian* Antiquaries have pretended to make Diſcoveries as if *Tullia* had been deify'd by her Father.

Money, I am the more concerned, leſt he ſhould want it. He has wrote me nothing upon this Head, though it is natural to think, that I ſhould be the firſt Perſon he would apply to. He has, however, written to *Tyro*, that he has received no Money ſince the firſt of *April*, for his Year was then out. I have always underſtood, that your own Diſpoſition, as well as a Regard for my Character, led you to think, that I ought to ſupply him with what may ſufficiently enable him to make not only a decent, but a diſtinguiſhed, Appearance. I therefore beg, (and indeed, I would not give you this Trouble, could I employ any Body elſe in this Matter) that you will take Care he ſhall receive a whole Year's Supply at *Athens*, and you ſhall be reimburſed by *Eros*. I have ſent *Tyro* to *Rome* for this very Purpoſe. You will therefore, charge yourſelf with this, and write to me what you think proper on this Head.

EPIST. XVI.

I HAVE at Length received a Letter from my Son, and take my Word for it, ſo handſomely (1) wrote, as ſufficiently denotes his Improvement in Learning (2). All my other Friends there, write me mighty Things of him. *Leonidas*, however, ſtill qualifies his Commendations with his old "At preſent." But *Herodes* commends him wonderfully,

(1) *Orig.* πεπιτωμένως. *Eleganter.*
(2) *Orig.* προκοπὴν. *Progreſſum in litteris.*

derfully, and without Reſerve. To tell you the Truth, this is a Subject in which I may be eaſily impoſed on, and on which I am, with Pleaſure, credulous. I beg that you would let me know, if *Statius* has written any Thing to you of my Concerns. I tell you again, that this Part of the Country where I am, is very pleaſant, and very retired, and free from Company, in caſe one has a Mind to compoſe any Work of Learning. And yet, how can I help it, I am charmed with my *Tuſculanum* (1). How I long to be there! Mean while, I believe, I ſhall ſoon be tired of this lovely Landſkip (2), for, indeed, if our Prognoſtics do not fail (3), we ſhall have rainy Weather, becauſe the Frogs are croaking (4). I beg you will let me know where, and on what Day I can ſee our Friend *Brutus*.

EPIST. XVII.

ON the 14th I received two Letters, the one dated the ſame Day, and the other on the 13th. Now, as to the firſt, let me know, when you have any News of *Brutus*, I had heard of the pretended Fears of our Conſuls (5). For *Sica*, from the Abundance of his Affection (6), but a little too haſtily indeed, gave me Notice of it. But what

(1) *Orig.* οἶκος φίλος. *Domus cara.*
(2) *Orig.* ἐκφρασεαφία. *Deſcriptio, pictura cum virgultorum & plantarum ibi virentium repræſentatio.*
(3) Our Author tranſlated the Prognoſtics of *Aratus* upon the Weather, of which the Croaking of the Frogs was one.
(4) *Orig.* ἐντορμύουσιν. *Rhetoriſſant.*
(5) *Viz.* That the Conſpirators intended to aſſaſſinate them.
(6) *Orig.* φιλοσόρως. *Peramanter.*

do you ſay of it?—Well, we muſt be contented with what we get (1). For, I perceive, you have not had a Scrap from *Siregius* (2). This is vexing. I take it amiſs, that any body ſhould hear of what has happened to your Neighbour *Plætorius* ſooner than myſelf. You have managed the Affair of *Syrus* with great Addreſs. I believe, it will be no hard Matter for you to intimidate *Lucius Antonius*, by Means of his Brother *Marcus*, from harraſſing the *Buthrotians*. I forbad you to pay that Money to *Antro* (but you had not received my Letter) or to any Body but *Lucius Fadius* the Ædile, for I could not otherwiſe, either lawfully or ſafely do it. You write me, that you want the eight Hundred Pounds, which you advanced for my Son. If you pleaſe, you may call for it from *Eros*, who has the Rents of my Houſes in his Hands. I am not a bit offended at *Arabio* in the Affair of *Sitius*. I do not think of ſetting out until my Accounts are ſettled (3), and, if I miſtake not, you are of the

(1) *Orig.* τὰ μὲν δοθέντα. *Quæ dantur* ſub. *neceſſe eſt accipere.*

(2) There is a very quick Tranſition here, from public to private Affairs. We know nothing about the Perſons here mentioned.

(3) *Orig. Niſi explicato* Λ. This Mark has given the Commentators infinite Trouble, though nothing can be more clear, than that the Meaning of *Cicero* is as I have expreſſed it. Monſieur *Mongault*, after informing us of the ridiculous Conjectures of the Commentators, gives us no Opinion of his own. Mine is, that the Mark here exhibited is a Dipla or a Caret, and it certainly was made Uſe of by the *Romans*, as it is by us to point at an Interlineation, or at ſome remarkable Paſſage in a Letter. Very poſſibly *Atticus* had interlined in his Letter ſomewhat about *Cicero*'s Debts, and nothing can agree better with our Author's Manner, than to hint at this Caret, to expreſs the State of his Accounts. Or, perhaps, the *Romans* made Uſe of that Mark, to denote a Deficiency, as the Senſe is very clear, the Interpretation is only a Matter of mere Curioſity.

ſame

ſame Opinion. So much for your firſt Letter. Now for your ſecond.

I beg you would act like yourſelf, in ſerving *Servilia*, that is, *Brutus*. I am glad, that you are ſo far from having any Concern about the Queen of *Ægypt*, that you approve of what I have written with Regard to her. I have received *Tyro*'s Report of the Accounts of *Eros*, whom I have ordered to attend me. You do me a very ſenſible Pleaſure, in promiſing to ſupply my Son with every Thing. *Meſſala* talked Wonders of him, when he paid me a Viſit in his Return from *Lanuvium*, where he had been to ſee our Friends, and, by Heavens, he writes ſo affectionately (1), and at the ſame Time, ſo elegantly (2), that I ſhould not be afraid of reading his Letters before an Aſſembly of Critics, therefore, I think, he merits the more Indulgence. I ſuppoſe *Seſtius* will not be greatly afflicted at what is happened to *Bucilianus* (3). When *Tiro* comes to me, I think of going to my Houſe at *Tuſculum*, and I recommend it to you, to write me inſtantly, whatever you think is proper for me to know.

EPIST. XVIII.

THOUGH upon the 15th, I informed you ſufficiently of what I wanted, and of what I ſhould be glad you would do, yet after I was ſet

(1) *Orig.* φιλοστόργως. *Peramanter.*
(2) *Orig.* εὐπιθῶς. *Eleganter.*
(3) *Seſtius* and *Buſilianus* were two of the Conſpirators againſt *Cæſar.*

out

out, and while I was ſailing on the Lake (1), I reſolved to ſend *Tyro* to you, that he might be preſent at whatever was tranſacted. I likewiſe, have written to *Dolabella*, that I wanted to be gone if he thought proper, and I aſked him to furniſh me with Mules (2) for carrying my Baggage on my Journey. I know, that you have your Hands very full of the Affairs of the *Buthrotians*, as well as of *Brutus*, the chief Care, and likewiſe the Management of whoſe Plays I apprehend, is particularly truſted to you. But, I beg you will beſtow but a little, and a very little, Attention will do, it upon the following Affair. The Situation of public Affairs, ſeems to me, to point towards a general, and that too an inſtant, Maſſacre. You ſee the Agents, you ſee the Armaments. I muſt tell you, I do not think myſelf in Safety. Should you think otherwiſe, I beg you would let me know by a Letter. For could I do it conſiſtently with Prudence, I would much rather chuſe to live at Home.

EPIST. XIX.

YOU write me, that you have danced all your Attendances upon the Great for the *Buthrotians*, to no Purpoſe. What then can you attempt farther to ſerve them? Let me know, how *Brutus* intends to proceed. I am ſorry, by Heavens, that you are ſo much embarraſſed, which

(1) Viz. *Lucrinum*.

(2) This was done at the public Expence to the Lieutenants, and the Governors of Provinces.

I attri-

I attribute to thoſe ten Fellows (1). What you have done for me, has been a troubleſome Piece of Work, (but you muſt put up with it) and has laid me under the greateſt Obligations. I think a declared War is inevitable. Let us therefore, fly hence, but as you write to me, not before we talk together. I know not what *Theophanes* means, for he has written me a Letter, to which I ſent the beſt Anſwer I could. He tells me, in it, that he wants to pay me a Viſit, to inform me of his own Affairs, and ſome Things that concern myſelf. I look for a Letter from you.

Take care, I beg of you, that we do nothing raſhly (2). *Statius* has written to me, that our Nephew has told him very peremptorily, that he could not put up with what was doing, and that he was determined to go over to *Brutus* and *Caſſius*. I ſhould be glad to learn, for I cannot poſſibly apprehend, what he means. He may, perhaps, be in a Paſſion with *Antony*; he may be ambitious to retrieve his Reputation, by changing his Party, and ten to one, but the whole is a Flaſh. Mean while, I am apprehenſive, and my Brother is confounded, for he is no Stranger to what *Antony* ſaid of his Son, and indeed, formerly he told me very dreadful Things of him. In ſhort, I know not what he would be at. *Dolabella* is to charge me with ſuch a Commiſſion as I wanted, that is, for form Sake only. Let me know, whether *Caius Antonius*

(1) *Viz.* The Commiſſioners which *Antony* had made, for the Diviſion of the public Lands to his Veterans. Our Author, by Way of Contempt, calls them *decem homines*, inſtead of *decem viri*.

(2) *Viz.* In the Affair of the younger *Quintus*, which the Reader will be acquainted with in the Sequel.

wants

wants to be made one of the ſeven Commiſſioners (1). He certainly has a Title to that Poſt. It is with Regard to *Menedemus* as you write. Pray inform me of every Thing.

EPIST. XX.

I HAVE returned *Veſtenus* my Thanks, for no body could have acted with greater Honour than he has done. I don't care what *Dolabella* ſhall charge me with. Let it be any Thing; were it only to talk with his Friend *Niccias* (2), for every Body knows, that that is a Matter of meer Form; nor is there a Man of Senſe, who does not perceive, that I ſet out, not upon public Buſineſs, but becauſe I think Matters are deſperate. You tell me, the People, and even Patriots, talk as if our Country was undone. For my own Part, I began to have my own Apprehenſions ever ſince the Day when I heard the Appellation "of a moſt illuſtrious Hero," given to that Tyrant in an Aſſembly of the People. But afterwards, when I found, while I was at *Lanuvium* with you, that all the Hopes our Friends had of living, depended upon the Will of *Antony*, I then entirely deſpaired. Therefore, my deareſt Friend, I beg you will receive this Information as intrepidly as I write it. Lay your Account with dying the worſt of Deaths (3),

(1) *Viz.* For dividing public Lands that lay within *Italy*.

(2) He was a particular Friend of *Dolabella*, and then at *Athens*

(3) The Original here is very obſcure, but I believe, I have hit upon *Cicero*'s Meaning.

for

for *Antony* has already, as it were, pronounced our Doom. I am determined to leave the Bottom on which we are now embarked, not in Hopes to ſave my Life, but to meet with a more honourable Death. All this Misfortune is owing to *Brutus*. You write to me, that *Pompey* has been admitted into *Cartheia* (1). An Army is ordered to march againſt him, and which Camp ſhall I join? for *Antony* has declared againſt all Neutrality. One Party is weak, the other wicked. Let us, therefore, make Haſte. But aſſiſt me with your Counſel where I ought to embark, at *Brunduſium*, or at *Puteoli*? As to *Brutus*, he ſets out inſtantly, and in this he does wiſely. His Departure gives me Concern. Alas! when ſhall I ſee him again. But we are born to theſe Afflictions. You yourſelf will not be able to ſee him. May Heavens confound him who is dead (2), and who put you to this Trouble about *Buthrotum*. But what is paſſed cannot be recalled. Let us, therefore, look forward.

Though I have not as yet ſeen *Eros* himſelf, yet from his Letters, and from the Information of *Tyro*, who has examined his Accounts, I can form a pretty exact Judgment of them. You tell me, that I muſt borrow one Thouſand ſix Hundred Pounds, for five Months, that is, to the firſt of *November*, when my Brother's Money becomes due to me. I therefore beg, becauſe I am informed by *Tyro*, that you think it is improper for me to come to *Rome* on that Account, that you will, if it is not

(1) This was a Sea-Town in the farther *Spain*.

(2) Viz. *Cæſar*, who it ſeems, had aſſigned to his Soldiers ſome Part of *Buthrotum*, and perhaps, *Atticus*'s Eſtate there.

incon-

inconvenient to you, to look out for the Money, and borrow it in my Name. I perceive, I have immediate Occaſion for it. I will inform myſelf more particularly of every Thing from *Eros* in Perſon; and eſpecially concerning the Rents of my Wife's Eſtate (1); which, if they are punctually paid to my Son, will go very near towards ſupplying him with every Thing as plentifully as I could wiſh for, let me be ever ſo liberal. Mean while, I perceive, that I ſhall have Occaſion for travelling Expences; but let thoſe Rents be paid to my Son, as they fall due, for I muſt have the Money, I ſhall have Occaſion for, altogether. Though I think, the Perſon who is afraid of his own Shadow, points (2) towards a Maſſacre, yet I will not ſet out until I have ſettled all my Payments. When I meet with you, I ſhall know whether my Funds will anſwer or not. I have written this with my own Hand, becauſe, I thought it proper I ſhould. You are to pay *Fabius*, as you ſay you will, but no body elſe. I wiſh you would anſwer this Letter to-day.

EPIST. XXI.

MY Brother, let me tell you, is quite overjoyed. For his Son has written to him, that he intended to fly over to *Brutus*, becauſe, that when *Antony* put it upon him to name him Dictator, and ſeizing ſome ſtrong Poſt, he refuſed

(1) This probably was ſome Part of *Terentia*'s Eſtate, which ſhe had either ſold to *Cicero*, or given to him for the Maintenance of her Son.

(2) Meaning *Antony*.

to

to do either, for fear, as he ſays, of offending his Father. He adds, that *Antony* is on that Account, become his Enemy. But then, reſumes he, I ſtopt ſhort from an Apprehenſion, leſt out of Spite to me, he might do a Miſchief to you. I have therefore, appeaſed him, and he is to pay me three Thouſand Pounds down, and the reſt afterwards (1). Now, *Statius* writes, and to my great Surpriſe (2), he ſeems glad at it, that he is deſirous of living with his Father. Did you ever hear of ſo great a Villain?

I very much approve of your Heſitation in the Affairs of *Canus* (3). I had not the leaſt Notion of that Debt, and I imagined that every Farthing of her Fortune had been paid her back. I wait to ſee you in Perſon, to be informed fully of what you hint at. You may keep this Expreſs as long as you pleaſe, becauſe I know you are buſied. You have done right with Regard to *Xeno*. When I have finiſhed what I am now compoſing, you ſhall have it. You tell my Brother, that you have ſent him a Letter, but no-body has yet delivered it. *Tyro* ſays, that you are now againſt my embarking at *Brunduſium*, and that you are under ſome

(1) This I take to be the Words of the Letter which young *Quintus* wrote to his Father.

(2) Becauſe *Statius*, who was his Freedman, had great Sway over the elder *Quintus*. Our Author, is therefore ſurprized, that he ſhould be fond of the younger *Quintus* coming to live with his Father.

(3) His Daughter was to be married to *Cicero*'s Nephew, and it ſeems, ſhe was accounted to have a large Fortune. But when her Circumſtances were enquired into, it appeared, that being a Widow, great Part of her Fortune was mortgaged for the Payment of her Huſband's Debts, for which ſhe ſtood engaged.

Appre-

Apprehenſions of the Troops thereabouts. But I had already reſolved to embark at *Hydruntum* (1). I was pleaſed with what you ſaid, that I ſhould be only five Hours in my Paſſage. But I ſhall be a great deal more, if I go from this Place. We ſhall, however, talk about that. I have nothing from you upon the 21ſt; and indeed, what could you write? Let me therefore, ſee you as ſoon as you can. I make the more Haſte leſt *Sextus Pompeius*, who I hear is on his March, ſhould arrive in *Italy* before I leave it.

EPIST. XXII.

I Congratulate you upon our Nephew's leaving *Rome*, for he will give us no more Trouble. I have no Doubt, that *Panſa* makes fair Profeſſions. I know him to have been all along cloſely connected with *Hirtius*, and could he find his Account in it, I ſuppoſe, he would be ſo with *Brutus* and *Caſſius* likewiſe. But when is he to ſee them?—— You ſay he hates *Antony*. When did that appear, or how ſhall we believe it? Is there no End of our being duped? You muſt know, that when I wrote to you, that *Sextus Pompeius* was upon his March, I did not mean, that he was actually at Hand, but becauſe I knew it to be an agreed-upon Meaſure, and that no-body now thinks of quitting his Arms. If he advances, there can be no Doubt of a War commencing. This Gallant of *Cytheris* (2) ſays,

(1) This was a City in *Apulia*, now called *Otranto*.

(2) *Orig. Cytherius hic.* Meaning *Antony*, who kept a famous Courtezan, called *Cytheris*.

that

that every Man muſt purchaſe his Life by Conqueſt. What does *Panſa* ſay to all this? Should War, which ſeems to be unavoidable, be declared, what Party will he joyn? But we will talk over thoſe, and other Matters at meeting, which will, according to your Letter be to-day or to-morrow.

EPIST. XXIII.

I AM wonderfully perplexed, though not pained, with a thouſand Reaſons that occur from both Sides, about this Journey of mine. And how long ſay you, will your Perplexities laſt? Why, I tell you, as long as I am undetermined, that is, till I get on Ship-board. If I ſhould receive an Anſwer from *Panſa*, I will ſend it to you, with a Copy of mine to him. I will give the Memorial (1) I am compoſing to *Silius*, whom I look for. Let me know, if there is any Thing new. I have written to *Brutus*; and I beg likewiſe, if you know any Thing of his ſetting out, that you will inform me.

EPIST. XXIV.

THE Meſſenger whom I ſent to *Brutus*, returned on the 26th. *Servilia* told him, that he had ſet out that Day about Ten in the Forenoon. It gives me real Pain, that he did not receive my Letter. *Silius* has not been with me. I have written out the Memorial, and ſent it to you. I ſhould be glad to know on what Day I am to expect you.

(1) *Orig.* ὑπόμνημα. *Commentarium.*

EPIST. XXV.

A Great many People, who viſit me, are divided in their Sentiments as to my Journey. But as it is a Thing of ſo great Conſequence to me, I beg that you would take it into your Conſideration. Do you approve of it, provided I can be in *Rome* by the firſt of *January?* I am quite indifferent in the Matter, if I can but keep free of public Cenſure, and you too give me a very pretty Hint of our "old Anniverſary of the Expiation (1)," meaning "the Prophanation of the Myſteries." Well—Come what will, I ſhall be regulated according to Events, as to the Time of my Journey: Let us therefore ſuſpend our Judgment a little; for a Winter Voyage is extreamly diſagreeable, and, for that Reaſon, I was glad to know your Opinion about returning by the Day of the Myſteries. I ſuppoſe, as you intimate in your Letter, that I ſhall ſee *Brutus*. I have fixed my Departure from hence to the laſt of this Month.

EPIST. XXVI.

I Perceive you have done all that lay in your Power in my Brother's Affair. Mean while, he is in great Pain whether he ſhall humour *Lepta*, or

(1) The Original here is extremely perplexed. All we can gueſs at is, that *Cicero* hints at the Celebration of the ſacred Myſteries in which *Clodius* was detected, and, which happening to fall in *December*, our Author was fond of being at *Rome* the Day of their Celebration, as he was of every Opportunity to put the *Romans* in mind of his former Glory. But the Truth is this, all that the Commentators have ſaid on this Head is mere Conjecture.

diſtruſt

diſtruſt *Silius*. I underſtand, and I beg you will inform me what is in it, that *L. Piſo* wants to abſent himſelf under the Sanction of a forged Reſolution (1) of the Senate (2). The Expreſs which I told you I had ſent to *Brutus* at *Anagnia*, came to me on the laſt Day of the laſt Month, in the Night Time, with a Letter from him; in which he makes one Requeſt, which is, by no Means conſiſtent with his great good Senſe; that I ſhould be a Spectator at his Shews. My Anſwer was, in the firſt Place, that I was now gone too far to retract my Journey; and, in the next Place, that it would appear exceſſively abſurd (3), if I, who had kept entirely from *Rome* ever ſince it had been filled with Soldiers, not ſo much from the Fear of Danger, as from a Regard to my Dignity, ſhould all of a ſudden come to it that I might ſee Plays. I agreed that it ſuited his Dignity to exhibit Shews, becauſe it was Part of his Duty; but as it was no Part of mine, neither could it be for my Credit to ſee them. Believe me, when I tell you, I am extreamly deſirous that he ſhould exhibit them, and that they ſhould be well received, as I hope they will be; and I recommend it to you that, from the Time of their Commencement, you will let me know how they are received, and the Succeſs they meet with every Day during their being exhibited. But enough of Shews.

Brutus ſeems to be pretty much indetermined in the remaining Part of his Letter; though here

(1) *Orig.* ψευδεγγράφῳ. *Falſe perſcripto.*

(2) We have already obſerved, that it was no unuſal Thing for a Faction, or a leading Man in the Senate, to obtain thoſe forged Reſolutions.

(3) *Orig.* ἀτοπώτατον, *Abſurdiſſimum.*

and there it ſparkles with manly Reſolution; but I ſend you a Copy of it that you may be able to judge for yourſelf; though my Meſſenger told me, that he had brought a Letter to you from *Brutus*, and that he had ſent it to you from *Tuſculanum*. I have calculated my Journey ſo as to be at *Puteoli* the 7th of *July*. For though I am in great Haſte, yet I will take all Precautions that Man can take before I go on board.

You may rid *M. Ælius* of all his Fears of my carrying a few Water Pipes under ground, through the Extremity of his Field (1), ſo as to imply a Servitude, by telling him that I have long ago laid aſide all Thoughts of that Project, nor was I ever very much in earneſt about it. But, as you ſay to me, this muſt be very gently handled, and in a Manner that may ſeem calculated rather to make him eaſy than to give him any Suſpicion that I am diſobliged with him. I likewiſe beg that you will talk roundly with *Caſcelius* about that Debt due from *Tullius*; the Thing is of no great Importance, but you watched him narrowly (2); and he did not act quite openly. For my Part, if he had got any Advantage over me, as he was very near doing, (but you was too ſharp for him (3)), I ſhould have patiently put up with it. Therefore, let

(1) The Original is ſo depraved here, that I tranſlate it upon little more than Conjecture.

(2) *Orig. Sed tu bene attendiſti.* Which Monſieur *Mongault* tranſlates, *Comme vous l'avez fort bien remarqué.* But I think upon conſidering the Context, that he is miſtaken, and that the Meaning muſt be as I have tranſlated it.

(3) *Orig. Niſi tua Malitia affuiſſet.* The Word *Malitia* is a civil law Term to denote Quickneſs and Sagacity. *Niſi malitia ſupplet ætatem*, that is, unleſs, the Want of Years is made up by the Forwardneſs of natural Parts.

the

the Worſt come to the Worſt, I chuſe to put a Stop to the Affair.

You may remember, that I ordered one Eighth of the Lights in the Houſe next to *Strena*'s Temple (1) to be ſhut up. You will order thoſe Effects to be delivered over to the Perſon for whom *Cærellia* ſolicites, at the higheſt Price that was offered in the Sale. It was, I think, two thouſand Pounds. I beg you would let me know your News as frequently as you can, nay, your Conjectures, and your Thoughts as to what may happen. I entreat, as I have already recommended to you, that you will make my Apology to *Varro*, for my Delay in Writing to him. I hope *Mundus* will get the better of that Fellow (2). I beg you will gratify my Curioſity, by letting me know in what Manner *M. Ennius* has conceived his Will. Dated from *Arpinum* the 10th.

EPIST. XXVII.

I Rejoice that you adviſe me to the very Meaſure which, of myſelf, I had executed the Day before. For Yeſterday, on the 12th of this Month, I charged the Expreſs, by whom I ſent a Letter to you, with another Letter in the moſt affectionate Terms (3) to *Seſtius*. With Regard to him, his Viſit to me at *Puteoli* was civil, but his Complaint unjuſt. It was not ſo much to be expected, that I was to be upon the Watch for him, as he returned

(1) The Original here is unintelligible.

(2) *Orig. Mundus iſtum.* This *Mundus* is taken notice of as being a Friend of our Author.

(3) *Orig.* πάνυ φιλοστόργως. *Valde amanter.*

from his Houſe at *Coſa* (1), as it was that he ſhould have either ſeen me before he went, or have been more quick in his Return; becauſe he knew that I intended to ſet out ſoon, and he had written to me that he was to pay me a Viſit at *Tuſculum*.

It gave me great Concern to underſtand, that you ſhed Tears when you parted with me, had you done it before, you might have perhaps altered the whole Scheme of my Journey. But you did well in comforting yourſelf with the Hopes of our ſpeedy Meeting together again (2), and the ſame Hopes likewiſe ſupport me. I ſhall often write to you, I will let you know every Thing concerning *Brutus*, ſoon ſend you my Treatiſe concerning Glory (3), and write ſomewhat in the Manner of *Heraclides* (4), which muſt be concealed in your Repoſitory. I have not forgot *Plancus*. *Attica* has a Right to complain. It is with great Pleaſure I received your Accounts of *Bacchides*, and the

(1) This was a Sea Town of *Tuſcany*.

(2) *Atticus* was at this Time thinking of going to *Greece*.

(3) It was divided into two Books, and a Copy of it was in being after the Art of Printing was diſcovered. *Petrarch* received it as a Preſent from *Reymundus Superiantius*, and unfortunately lent it to his School-maſter, who put it into Pawn to relieve his Neceſſities, but died before he could take it out, and thus *Petrarch* never could hear of it. About two hundred Years after it was in the Poſſeſſion of *Bernardus Juſtinianus*, who bequeathed it to a Monaſtery of Nuns, from whence it could never be recovered. The Conjecture of learned Men is, that *Petrus Alcyonius*, the Phyſician to that Nunnery had purloined it, and tranſcribed what he thought proper into his own Writings, which the Critics obſerve to be of a very unequal Compoſition eſpecially his Book *de Exſulio*. If this Conjecture be true, it is natural to ſuppoſe that *Alcyonius* deſtroyed the Original to prevent the Diſcovery.

(4) *Orig.* ἡρακλείδιον. *Heraclidium opus.*

Garlands

Garlands put upon the Statues (1). I beg that henceforward you will not neglect to ſend me Accounts of all ſuch, and even the moſt minute, Occurrences. I ſhall keep in my Mind the Affairs of *Herodes* and *Mettius*, and of every Man whom I can ſo much as ſuppoſe you wiſh well to. While I write, this ſcandalous Fellow, this Siſter's Son of yours, is arrived in the Evening (2), while we are at Supper.

EPIST. XXVIII.

I Still intend, as I wrote you Yeſterday, to be at *Tuſculanum* on the 7th, and there I ſhall, every Day, expect your News, eſpecially concerning the Shews, of which you are likewiſe to write to *Brutus*. I ſent you, the Day before, a Copy of his Letter, tho' I myſelf am at a Loſs for its Meaning. I beg you will make my Apology to *Attica*, in a Manner that ſhall lay the whole Blame upon yourſelf, and, in the mean Time aſſure her that *Greece* has not engroſſed the whole of my Affections; for I have left Part of them behind.

EPIST. XXIX.

I Have ſent you *Brutus*'s Letter. What Irreſolution (3)!—But read it and judge for yourſelf. I am quite of your Opinion, that his Shews will be greatly crowded. There is no Occaſion for your

(1) Theſe probably were ſome republican Statues, which had been crowned by the People

(2) *Orig.* βελύσει *Solutione ab aratro, veſpera.*

(3) *Orig.* ἀμηχανία. *Conſilii inopia.*

going on Purpoſe to the Houſe of *Marcus Ælius* for you may do that Buſineſs any Time you meet him. As to the Debt of *Tullius*, you will apply to *Marcus Axianus*, as you propoſe. You have made an admirable End of that Affair with *Coſianus*. It gives me Pleaſure that you expedite not only my Buſineſs, but your own. I am very glad that you approve of my Legation. May Heavens grant you to perform what you promiſe. For what can give me Pleaſure equal to the Company of my Friends, though I am a little apprehenſive of facing the Lady you except (1)? As ſoon as I have ſpoke with *Brutus*, I will write you an Account of it. I heartily wiſh a Confirmation of the News concerning *Plancus* and *Decimus* (2). I ſhould be ſorry if *Sextus Pompeius* ſhould leave the Field (3). Inform me if you know any Thing of *Mundus*. Having thus fully anſwered yours, you are now to read my Epiſtle.

The younger *Quintus* gave me the Convoy as far as *Puteoli*. He is at preſent as wonderful a Patriot as you would have me to believe *Favonius* and *Aſinius* are. He had two Motives for his Complaiſance to me, firſt, that it might be known that he was in my Company; and ſecondly, becauſe he wants to make his Terms (4) with *Brutus* and *Caſſius*. But what is your Opinion? For as you are

(1) This probably was a private Joke between *Cicero* and *Atticus*, whoſe Wife perhaps affected to take it amiſs, as we ſee in the Cloſe of the laſt Epiſtle, that our Author had ſhown ſo much Indifference at parting with her.

(2) *Viz.* That they had joined their Army in Favour of the Conſpirators.

(3) *Lepidus*, about this Time, had offered him very great Terms if he would diſband his Army, and return to *Rome*.

(4) *Orig.* σπείσασθαι. *Paciſci.*

a Friend

a Friend to the *Othos*, you muſt know our Nephew tells me, that *Julia* intends to marry him, a Divorce being already reſolved upon. My Brother queſtioned me about the Character ſhe bore. As I was entirely ignorant of the Motives of his Enquiry, I told him, that I had heard nothing about her, but concerning her Perſon and Family. But reſumed I, why do you enquire? Why, ſays he, ſhe intends to marry my Son. Though this ſhocked me (1), yet I told him, that I did not think every Thing the World ſaid of her was true. Now, my Brother's View (2) is to be excuſed from parting with any Thing to his Son, for he thinks, that this will not prevent the Match on her Part (3). But I ſhall not be diſappointed if our Nephew is duped as uſual. I beg you will enquire into this Affair, as you may eaſily do, and let me know farther.

But what in the Name of Heaven have we got here. After this Letter was ſealed, the *Formians* who ſupped with me, told me, that they had ſeen our *Buthrotian* Friend *Plancus* (4) yeſterday (being the 5th) in a very ſcurvy Condition; and that his Slaves gave out, that the *Buthrotians* had forced both him and his Land-Hunters to move out of the Country —So much the better. But as you love me, let me know the whole of this Affair.

(1) *Orig.* ἐδελυττόμην. *Abominabar.*
(2) *Orig.* σκοπὸς. *Scopus, finis.*
(3) *Orig.* ἀ παρὰ τοῦτον. *Non ab hoc.*
(4) This *Plancus* was employed to divide ſome Lands in *Buthrotum* to the Veterans, and our Author had applied to him in Favour of the *Buthrotians.*

CICERO's

CICERO's EPISTLES TO ATTICUS.

BOOK XVI.

EPIST. I.

YESTERDAY being the 7th, I arrived at my Houſe at *Puteoli*, and I write this as I am ſetting out to viſit *Brutus* at *Neſis* (1). But while I was at Supper on the Day I arrived at *Puteoli*, I received your Letter from *Eros*. —Confuſion!—What!—The 9th of JULY! (2).———Damnation ſeize thoſe Fel-

(1) This was a ſmall Iſland near *Puteoli*, where the younger *Lucullus* had a Country-houſe.

(2) The anti-republican Party had prevailed ſo far, that they got the Name of the Month *Quintilis* turned into that of *July*, which it retains to this Day, and the Advertiſement of *Brutus*'s Plays which were celebrated in his Abſence, intimated that they were to be performed the 7th of *July* inſtead of the 7th of *Quintilis*.

lows

lows—But if every Mortification ſhould trouble us, we muſt have Trouble every Moment. And yet—What can be more ſcandalous than for the Word JULY to be authorized by *Brutus*? Well, I can't help ſaying again, never did I know any Thing ſo ſhameful (1). But I beg you would let me know what Truth there is in what I hear of the Rout of thoſe Land-Jobbers at *Buthrotum*. Nay, I am told, that *Plancus* never ſtopt Night nor Day in his Flight. If it is ſo, I beg earneſtly you would inform me.

I rejoice that my Journey meets with Approbation. It can be no Surpriſe, that the *Dymæans* (2) infeſt the Seas, now that they are driven from their Poſſeſſions. Perhaps, it would be right in me not to embark (3). If I do, it will be moſt ſafe for me to ſail along with *Brutus*. But if I miſtake not, his Ships are very ſmall. I will, however, inform myſelf, and let you know to-morrow. I take that Report about *Ventidius* to be idle (4). It is confidently affirmed, that *Sextus Pompeius* has made his Terms. If this holds true, I perceive that we muſt be Slaves, without having ſo much as a Struggle for our Liberty. How is that, ſay you? Do you hope for nothing from *Panſa* by the 1ſt of *January* next? Yes, they are fine Talkers (5) over a Bottle half aſleep and half awake (6). That

(1) *Orig.* Ἔτι ἰῶμεν. *Adhuc ſinemus.*

(2) They formerly were Pyrates, and they had been ſettled by *Pompey* at *Dymæ*, a Town in *Achia*, but were now turned out of their Poſſeſſions by *Cæſar*.

(3) *Orig.* ἐν ὁμοπλοίᾳ. *In ſocietate navigandi.*

(4) *Orig.* παυικὸν. *Inanem terrorem.*

(5) *Orig.* λῆρος πολὺς. *Nugæ multæ.*

(6) Our Author, as we have already ſeen had no very good Opinion, and his Brother a far worſe of *Hirtius* and *Panſa*, who were Conſuls elect for the next Year.

two

two thouſand Pounds will come very conveniently for anſwering the Occaſions of my Son. For *Ovius* is lately come from him, and amongſt a great many other agreeable Accounts, he gives me the Pleaſure to let me know, that my Son has charged him to tell me, that ſix hundred Pounds a Year will do more than defray his Expence. But that *Xeno* furniſhes him very ſparingly (1), and with very little Money at a Time. The Money you lent him above the Rent of that Eſtate, muſt be put to the firſt Year's Account, which comprehends the Charges of his Journey; and after the 1ſt of *April*, his Allowance muſt be ſeven hundred Pounds a Year, which is the preſent Rent of my Eſtate in the City. I muſt ſee what ſeparate Maintenance I can allow him when he comes to *Rome*, for I don't ſuppoſe that I ſhall be able to bear with his propoſed Mother-in-law (2). I have given a flat Denial to *Pindarus* the Farmer of the Revenue.

Now you muſt underſtand, the Reaſon why I ſent this Expreſs. Our Nephew promiſes to behave like another *Cato*, and both he and his Father have been earneſt with me to anſwer that you will give him your Countenance, but upon Condition, that you are not to truſt him till you try him. I ſhall give him a Letter to you according to his own liking, but you are not to mind it, and I have ſent you this leſt you ſhould think that he has been able to make any Impreſſion upon me. May Heavens grant him to perform what he promiſes,

(1) *Orig.* γλισχρως. *Tenuiter.*

(2) All this is private Hiſtory, and the Particulars are not now to be recovered. Only it is probable, that our Author had a Wife in his Eye for his Son.

which will give Joy to us all. But I will ſay nothing farther to you. He leaves this Place on the 9th, that he may, as he ſays, on the 15th pay away ſome Money, for which he is greatly dunned. By what I now write, you will be able to judge how you ought to anſwer my Letter. I will write you farther by *Eros* when I ſee *Brutus*. I am ſatisfied with the Apology of *Attica*, who is very dear to me, and I offer my Compliments to her and your Wife.

EPIST. II.

ON the 10th I received two Letters from you, one by my own Letter-Carrier, and another by that of *Brutus*. You give us an Account of the *Buthrotians*, very different from what we had in this Country. But we muſt put up with that as well as with many other Things. I have ſent back *Eros* ſooner than I intended, both that I might have ſomebody to deal with *Hortenſius*, and becauſe he ſays, that he appointed to pay the Money to the Commiſſioners of the Treaſury on the 15th (1). As to *Hortenſius*, his Demands are very impudent. For there is nothing due to him but from the third Payment, which is to be made on the 1ſt of *Auguſt*, and moſt of that Payment has been made before it fell due. With Regard to *Publilius*, I think, the Draught I am to give him will, I

(1) *Orig. Equitibus.* We are in the dark, as to this Paſſage. Theſe Equites were the monied Men of *Rome*, and poſſibly *Publilius*, or ſome of *Cicero*'s Creditors, had given them a Draught upon him.

believe,

believe, be anſwered upon Sight, as ſoon as they become due (1). But when you ſee how much I have given up of my own Right, when of three thouſand Pounds which was due to him, I paid one thouſand five hundred Pounds of ready Money, and am to give him Draughts for the reſt, you may endeavour, if you think proper, to prevail with him to accept of ſuch a Time for the Payment of thoſe Draughts, as may ſuit my Conveniency; eſpecially as I have given up ſo much of what I might have inſiſted upon by Law. But my dear dear *Atticus* (you ſee how I can coax when I have a Turn to ſerve) I beg, while you are at *Rome*, that you will manage, direct and govern all my Affairs without my being concerned in them in the leaſt. For though in the Main, my other Funds anſwer pretty exactly (2), yet it often happens, that ones Debtors are not ſo punctual. Should any Thing of this Kind happen, let my Credit be your firſt and only Conſideration. You are not only to borrow Money, but to ſell my Effects to ſupport it, ſhould there be Occaſion.

Brutus took great Delight in your Letter. For ſoon after I received it, I ſpent ſeveral Hours with

(1) I have tranſlated this very differently from Monſieur *Mongault*. It appears to me, as if one half of the Money here mentioned, had been paid in Caſh, which *Cicero* was not obliged ſtrictly to have done, and that he was to have given Draughts or Aſſignments for the Remainder. And all the Favour he aſked of *Publilius* was, that he might not be obliged to give them for too ſhort a Time.

(2) I have likewiſe differed from Monſieur *Mongault* in the Meaning of this Paſſage. The Original is, *Quanquam enim reliqua ſatis apta ſunt ad ſolvendum; tamen fit ſæpe, ut ii qui debent non reſpondeant ad tempus.* Which he tranſlates, *Je laiſſe aſſez de fonds; mais comme mes debiteurs pourroient ne pas payer exactement.*

him

him at *Neſis*. He ſeemed quite pleaſed with *Tereus* (1), and expreſt himſelf to be more obliged to *Accius*, the Author of the Piece, than to *Antony*, the Preſident at the Play. Now, my Way of thinking is, that the more public Joy that is expreſſed, the greater ought to be our Indignation and Grief, that the *Roman* People ſhould employ their Hands in clapping Plays, and not in defending their Country. In my Opinion, their Applauſes will have the Effect of provoking our Enemies to haſten the Execution of their villanous Meaſures. But let them have Pain, let them wince, no Matter by what Means.

I am pleaſed with your telling me, that my Reſolution is approved of every Day more and more, and I am impatient to hear farther from you on that Head, for I have heard various Opinions upon it. This was the Reaſon why I was ſo long in coming to any final Reſolution. But as I am now in a Manner goaded out of *Italy*, I think of embarking at *Brunduſium*; for it would be both more eaſy and more practicable for me to avoid the Enemy's Troops, than the Pyrates which are ſaid to infeſt thoſe Coaſts. This Day I look for *Seſtius*, but I do not yet hear of his Arrival. *Caſſius* is here with his little Squadron. After I have ſeen him to-morrow I intend to go to *Pompeii*, and then to *Aculanum*. You know the reſt of my Rout.

I am not diſappointed in what you tell me of *Tutia*. I am as eaſy as you are about that Affair of *Æbutius*, to which I give no Credit. I have

(4) This was a Play compoſed by *Accius Nævius*, exhibited at *Brutus*'s Shews, in which many Strokes againſt Tyranny were greatly applauded by the People.

(only

(only becauſe you deſired me) written to *Plancus* and *Oppius*. Perhaps, when you have read my Letter to them, you will not think it neceſſary to deliver it. For as all they have done has been upon your Account (1), I am afraid, leſt they ſhould think my Letter ſuperfluous; at leaſt, it may appear ſo to *Oppius*, whom I know to be your intimate Friend. But you are to do in that as you think proper. You do me great Pleaſure, in informing me, that you are to paſs the Winter in *Epirus*, provided you are there before the Time which you yourſelf have preſcribed for my returning to *Italy*. Write to me as often as you can; when you have nothing of Importance to write, you may truſt your Letter to any accidental Conveyance; but ſend me every Thing that is of Importance expreſs by one of my Domeſtics. If I arrive ſafe at *Brunduſium*, I will ſet about the Work I propoſe in the Manner of *Heraclides* (3). I have ſent you my Treatiſe concerning Glory. You will therefore, keep it by you as uſual. But let the

(1) I again differ with Monſieur *Mongault* in his Tranſlation of this Paſſage. The Original is, *Cum enim tua cauſſa fecerint omnia*, which he tranſlates, *Comme ils ont fait pour vous tout ce que vous ſouhaitez.*

(2) I read the Original with Monſieur *Mongault*, *Sed notentur eclogarii quos (viz. eclogarios;)* but I differ with him in tranſlating, *Eclogarii*; *les plus beaux endroits*. Neither he, nor any of the numerous Commentators upon this Paſſage have reflected, that it appears by End of the 14th Epiſtle of the preceding Book, that it was cuſtomary to *Atticus* to mark the exceptionable Paſſages of our Author's Compoſitions with a red Pencil, and I can ſee no Manner of Abſurdity in applying that Paſſage to this one, ſince the Works mentioned in both are the ſame, nor in ſuppoſing our Author to deſire his Friend to take the Senſe of any favourable Company, who might be at his Houſe, upon thoſe Paſſages.

(3) *Orig.* Ἡρακλείδιον. *Heraclidium opus.*

exceptionable

exceptionable Paſſages be marked, and when you have got a well diſpoſed Company, *Servius* may read them, but only while you are at Table. I am greatly delighted with them myſelf, but I rather wiſh you were ſo. A thouſand Times adieu.

EPIST. III.

I COME at laſt to anſwer your Letter; and you muſt know, that I think you have acted wiſely in meeting with *Antony* at *Tibur*, in ſeeming to agree with all his Meaſures, and even returning him your Thanks; for your Obſervation is juſt, that we muſt forfeit our Liberty ſooner than our Property. Your telling me that you are more and more in Love with my Treatiſe (1) upon old Age, gives me new Spirits for writing. You ſay, that you hope *Eros* will not come without ſome ſmall Preſent, and I am glad that you have not been diſappointed in that Reſpect. Mean while, the (2) Work I have ſent you is the ſame you ſaw before, but more correct, and I ſend you the original Copy (3) amended and touched up in a great many Paſſages. When you have got it handſomely tranſcribed, you may read it in Secret to your Gueſts; but as you love me, let them be in good Humour, and have good Cheer, leſt they diſcharge all their Spleen at you in ill Nature againſt me.

(1) *Orig. O Tite ſi quid ego.* Theſe are the firſt Words of that Treatiſe.

(2) σύνταγμα. *Opus.*

(3) Ἀρχέτυπα. *Archetypum exemplar.*

I hope the Accounts I have of my Son are true; I will know all about that Affair of *Xeno*, when I am upon the Spot, mean while, I cannot think he has acted either indolently or unhandſomely. I will take your Advice concerning *Herodes*; and I ſhall inform myſelf of what you mention, by *Saufeius* and *Xeno*. I am glad that you received the Letter about our Nephew, which I ſent you by the Expreſs, ſooner than that which I ſent you by himſelf.—You would not, however, have been impoſed upon—but it is as well as it is.—I long to know what he ſaid to you, and you to him.—Both of you, I ſuppoſe, went on in your old Way. But I am in hopes to receive an Account of that in the Letter I am to get by *Curius*, who though he is in himſelf amiable and dear to me, is become doubly ſo, through your Recommendation.—So much in anſwer to your Letter.

I am now to acquaint you with what I am ſenſible is unneceſſary for me to write, yet write it I muſt. I am ſhocked with a great many Circumſtances in my leaving *Italy*; and by Heaven, the chief is, my being ſeparated from you. I am likewiſe under Apprehenſions from the Fatigues of the Voyage, which are ſo unſuitable not only to my Age, but my Dignity, and from the unfavourable Juncture, in which I am to ſet out. I leave my Country in Peace, to return to it in War; and I ſpend, in rambling Abroad, the Time I might ſpend in my Country Retirements, which are ſo elegantly built, and ſo delightfully ſituated.—But on the other Hand, I comfort myſelf with the Thoughts that I ſhall either be of Service to my Son, or I ſhall be able to judge how far he is capable of Improve-

provement; and, in the next Place, with the Hopes of ſeeing you according to your Promiſe. Should that happen, I ſhall think that every Thing goes well with me.

But above all Things I am vexed with the thoughts of the Debt I leave behind me; for though I have ſettled the Funds for diſcharging it, yet the Money owing to me by *Dolabella*, makes Part of it, and I am ſo uneaſy at my being a Stranger to the Circumſtances of thoſe upon whom he has given me Aſſignments, that this Matter, of all my other Concerns, gives me the greateſt Pain. It was I think not amiſs in me to write in plain Terms to *Balbus*, deſiring him to aſſiſt me in Caſe it ſhould happen that thoſe Aſſignments ſhould not anſwer; and I have likewiſe begged the Favour of you to ſpeak to him, if any ſuch Thing ſhould happen; you will therefore, if you pleaſe, talk to him, and the rather becauſe you are to ſet out for *Epirus*.

I write this as I am preparing to embark at *Pompeii*, in three ten-oared Gallies. *Brutus* is ſtill at *Neſis* and *Caſſius* at *Naples*. If you are in Love with *Dejotarus*, are you not ſo with *Hieras* (1) likewiſe, who, ever ſince *Blæſamius* waited upon me, has neither ſpoken to our Friend *Sextus*, nor to any of us, though he had expreſs Orders to do nothing but by his Advice.—I think, even at this Diſtance, that I fondle (2) my *Attica*, ſo dearly do I value the

(1) This is ironical, and alludes to a Contract which this *Hieras* and *Blæſamius*, who were Agents for *Dejotarus*, had made in the Name of their Maſter for a large Sum of Money he was to pay to *Antony* upon his reſtoring to him the leſſer *Armeniæ*, which had been taken from him by *Cæſar*.

(2) *Orig. Συαγιαρι*, which being a childiſh Word, I have tranſlated

Compliments ſhe ſent me in your Letter. You will therefore make her a thouſand Acknowledgements on my Part, and the ſame to *Pilia*.

EPIST. IV.

AS I told you yeſterday, or perhaps not till to-day, (for our Nephew ſaid he would be two Days upon the Road) I was at *Neſis* on the 8th, where I ſaw *Brutus*. What Pain did the Nones of *July* give him, it was amazing to ſee how much he was ſhock'd. He therefore told me he would write an Order to *Rome*, that the Advertiſement of the Hunting Diverſions which were to be exhibited the Day after the Appolinarian Games ſhould run for the 12th of *Quintilis*. While I was there *Libo* arrived, and told us that *Philos Pompey*, and *Hilarius*, his own Freedman, were arrived with a Letter from *Sextus Pompeius* to the Conſuls, if you pleaſe to give them that Appellation (1);) and he read to us a Copy of it, upon which I gave my Opinion. There was ſome Impropriety (2) in the Stile, but in other Reſpects, it was written with Abundance of Dignity and Moderation; Only it was thought proper, as it was addreſſed "To the Conſuls" only, that the Addreſs ſhould run. "To the Prætors, Tribunes of the Commons and the Senate," for fear

tranſlated it accordingly; nor is there any Abſurdity in thoſe two great Men, *Atticus* and our Author adopting the Language of Fondneſs upon ſuch an Occaſion.

(1) Becauſe they were not duly choſen but nominated by *Cæſar*.

(2) *Orig.* παρὰ λέξιν. *Non proprie dicta.*

the

the Conſuls ſhould not publiſh a Letter which was directed to them only.

Now, they told us that *Sextus Pompeius* had been at *Carthage* with a ſingle Legion, and that he received the News of *Cæſar*'s Death the very Day on which he took *Borea*; that when the City was taken the News occaſioned wonderful Rejoicings, a vaſt Alteration of Sentiments, and a Reſort to him from all Quarters, but that he himſelf was returned to join the ſix Legions which he had left in the farther *Spain*. He had however acquainted *Libo* by a Letter that he would hear of no Terms unleſs the *Pompeian* Palace (1) was reſtored to him to live in. The whole of his Propoſals conſiſted in his demanding, that all the preſent Generals of Armies, be where they will, ſhould reſign their Commands. This is all I think that I have learned of *Sextus*.

I laid myſelf out all I could, but without Effect, to get ſome News of the *Buthrotians*. Some ſay that the Land-hunters are routed. Others that *Plancus* has run away from them, after receiving a Sum of Money. Therefore I don't ſee that I can learn how that Matter ſtands, unleſs I very ſoon get a Letter. My Journey to *Brunduſium*, of which I had ſome Doubts, ſeems now to be quite ſtopt, for I am told that *Antony*'s Troops are upon their March that Way. As to the Voyage from hence it is not without great Riſks, and therefore I reſolve to ſail in Company (2). I perceive *Brutus* is in more Forwardneſs for his Departure than I heard of. For *Domitius* has with him a good Squa-

(1) *Orig. Niſi ad Larem ſuum liceret.*
(2) *Orig.* Συμπλοια. *Navigandi ſocietate.*

dron, and the Veſſels of *Seſtius Lucilianus*, and others are in very good Condition. As to *Caſſius*'s Fleet, which is indeed a fine one, it can be of no Service to me beyond the Streights of *Sicily*. I am vexed that *Brutus* ſeems not at all diſpoſed to make any Diſpatch in his Voyage. In the firſt Place he waits for the News of his Shews being finiſhed. In the next Place, ſo far as I underſtand, he will ſail very ſlowly, and ſtop at a great many Places. But I think it is better to ſail ſlowly, than not to ſail at all. And yet, after I have ſet out, I ſhall be more able to determine how I am to act. We ſhall have the *Eteſian* Winds.

EPIST. V.

BRUTUS is now looking out for a Letter from you, and I gave him the firſt News of the Succeſs of *Attius*'s *Tereus*. He thought that the (1) *Brutus* had been play'd. But a Kind of a Rumour had got abroad, that there would be but a thin Audience at any Thing repreſented in the *Greek* Taſte. This was no more than I apprehended, for you know what an Opinion I have of *Greek* Plays.

Now I muſt tell you a Piece of News more intereſting to us than any Thing elſe can be. Our Nephew has been with me for ſeveral Days, and had I deſired it, he would have been longer; but, ſo long as he ſtaid, you cannot imagine how much I was charmed with him in every Reſpect, eſpe-

(1) This was a Play ſo called.

cially

cially upon the Head of which we were moſt doubtful. The whole Man was ſo much changed by ſome of my Works, which I was then compoſing; he was ſo touched by my conſtant Converſation, and the Rules I laid down to him, that for the future, his Sentiments in public Matters will be according to our own Heart. He did not merely aſſure, but he convinced me, of this, and he was extreamly earneſt with me to undertake for him to you, that he would yet do Credit to us all. Mean while, he does not deſire to be truſted at firſt Sight, but that, upon proving him, you will give him your Affection.

Had I not been thoroughly convinced, had I not been entirely ſatisfied, that he will perſevere, I would not have taken the Step I am now to acquaint you of. You muſt know, I carried the young Fellow to *Brutus*, who was ſo convinced of his Sincerity, and was ſo perſuaded, that what I write you is real, that he refuſed to take me as a Security for his Performance. *Brutus* amidſt the Careſſes he beſtowed upon him mentioned you moſt affectionately, and he embraced and kiſſed him at parting. Therefore, though it would be more proper for me to compliment, than to entreat, you, yet entreat you I do, that if heretofore, through the Giddineſs of Youth, he has been guilty of any Slips or Inconſiſtences, you will now look upon him as thoroughly reformed, and take my Word for it, that your Authority will do a great deal, nay, it will do every Thing towards fixing him in thoſe Sentiments.

When I took many Opportunities to mention to *Brutus* my ſailing along with him, he did not ſeem

ſo fond of it as I imagined he would be. I believe he was ſomewhat indetermined, and ſo, by Heavens, he was, chiefly on Account of his Plays. But upon returning to my houſe, *Cnæus Lucceius*, who is very intimate with *Brutus*, told me, he was very dilatory, not that he had changed his Reſolution, but that he was ſtill waiting to ſee what might happen. Therefore, I am in ſome Doubt, whether I ſhall go to *Venuſia*, and there wait the Motion of *Antony*'s Troops, and if, as ſome People think, they are not to march that Way, I will go to *Hydruntum*. But if I am ſafe neither Way, I will return hither. You, perhaps, think I am not ſerious, but may I periſh, if any Thing detains me but yourſelf. Well may you turn away your Head, for indeed, I bluſh at what I ſay. How patly has *Lepidus* marked the Days for the augural Meetings, and how well do they tally with the Time when I propoſe to return. I am greatly encouraged by your Letter to be gone. I wiſh I could ſee you there. But let that be as is moſt convenient for you.

I look for a Letter from *Nepos* (1). What! is he, who thinks that Manner of Writing which does me the moſt Honour (2) not fit to be read, ſo very fond of my Compoſitions? You ſay, that he is next to "the faultleſs (3);" I ſay, you are "the faultleſs (4)," and that *Nepos* is divine (5). There is no Collection (6) of my Letters. But *Tyro* has about

(1) This was *Cornelius Nepos* the Hiſtorian.
(2) λαυρίω. *Glorior.*
(3) μετ' ἀμύμων *Poſt carentem nævo.*
(4) ἀμύμων. *Nævo carens.*
(5) ἀμβροτως. *Immortalis.*
(6) συναγωγή. *Collectio.*

ſeventy

ſeventy of them, and you can furniſh ſome more, I muſt look over, and correct them, and then they may be publiſhed.

EPIST. VI.

I AM now come to *Sica*'s Houſe at *Vibo*; after a Voyage that has been leſs quick than it has been pleaſant, for the Seaſon-Winds not blowing, we were obliged, for the moſt Part, to ply our Oars. It happened luckily enough that, of the two Bays, that of *Pæſtum*, and that of *Vibo*, which we were to paſs, we had the Wind full in our Back in both. I therefore came, upon the eighth Day of my Voyage, from *Pompeii* to *Sica*'s Houſe, after ſtopping one Day at *Velia*, where I have been often ſo agreeably entertained by our Friend *Thalna*; and indeed, conſidering that he was from Home, I could not have been treated more politely. Upon the 24th, I came to *Sica*'s Houſe, where I live as if I were at my own; I have, therefore, ſpent another Day here. But when I ſhall arrive at *Rhegium*, before I venture upon the long Seas, I muſt conſider, whether I ought to go to *Patres* in a Tranſport Veſſel, or in my light Gallies directly to *Leucopetra* of *Tarentum*, and from thence to *Corcyra*; and if I make Uſe of a Tranſport Veſſel, whether I ſhall not ſail directly to *Greece*, or call at *Syracuſe*. When I arrive at *Rhegium*, I will write to you how I proceed.

But, my deareſt *Atticus*, I often queſtion myſelf, by Heavens I do, "how can this Voyage avail thee? Why am I not with my *Atticus*? Why loſe the Sight of my lovely Villas, thoſe Beauties

of

of all *Italy*!"—but enough and too much of this—— Why my *Atticus* am I not with thee? What do I fly? Danger. If I miſtake not, the Danger is at preſent over. But I muſt encounter it, when I return by your Advice; becauſe you write me, that the Public applauds my Voyage, provided I return by the firſt of *January*, as I moſt certainly ſhall endeavour to do; for I would prefer Danger at *Rome*, to Safety at your beloved *Athens*. Mean while, be you upon the Watch till we ſee what Turn Affairs will take; and either write to me, or let me ſee you in Perſon, which would give me a thouſand Times more Joy. But enough upon this Subject.

I hope you will not take it amiſs, that I recommend once more to you what I know you have more at Heart than I have myſelf. I conjure you by the Gods, to ſettle and pay off my Debts. I have left you ample Funds; but they muſt be carefully looked after, ſo as that the Coheirs of *Cluvius* may be paid for that Houſe by the firſt of *Sextilis*. You will take Care to ſettle with *Publilius*. As I have taken no Advantage of the Law, he ought not to preſs me too much, but I am very deſirous that he ſhould be made quite eaſy. What ſhall I ſay to you as to *Terentia*? Let her, if poſſible, be paid, even before what I owe her becomes due. If, as I hope you are, you are ſoon to be in *Epirus*, I beg that you will make Proviſion for the Debt for which I ſtand engaged, nay, that you will ſettle and pay it off before you leave *Italy*. But enough, and I am afraid you will think, too much, of theſe Matters.

I am now to give you an Inſtance of my Heed-

Heedleſſneſs. I have ſent you my Treatiſe upon Glory, but I have prefixt to it the Introduction to my third Academic; which happened through my having by me a Collection of Introductions, from which I make Choice of one when I ſet about any Work. Therefore, while I was at *Tuſculum*, forgetting that I had already made Uſe of that Introduction, I prefixt it to the Book I ſent to you, but as I was peruſing my Academics, while I was on Ship-board, I perceived my Miſtake. I therefore inſtantly ſcribbled out a new Introduction, which I have ſent to you, and which you may glue on in the room of the other. My Compliments to *Pilia*, and to my dear, dear, charming *Attica*.

EPIST. VII.

AFTER ſetting ſail from *Leucopetra*, for I embarked there for *Greece* the 16th of *Sextilis*, I ſailed about thirty-ſix Miles, and I was then forced back to *Leucopetra* by a ſtrong South Wind. While I remained there (in the Houſe of our Friend *Valerius*, where I enjoyed myſelf quite at my Eaſe,) waiting for a Wind, ſome of the moſt diſtinguiſhed Inhabitants of *Rhegium* came thither directly from *Rome*, and amongſt them the Landlord of our *Brutus*, whom he left at *Naples*, with the important News of the Edict of *Brutus* and *Caſſius*, and that there would be a very full Meeting of the Senate the 1ſt of *September*: That *Brutus* and *Caſſius* had iſſued Letters to all the Members who had paſſed the Conſular or Prætorian Chairs, requiring their Attendance

Attendance that Day; That there was great Room to hope *Antony* would ſubmit; that Matters would be compromiſed, and our Friends return to *Rome*; that I was wanted; that I was blamed.

Upon this News, I entirely dropt all Thoughts of my Voyage, the Thoughts of which, by Heavens, never had given me any Pleaſure. But upon reading your Letter, I own I was aſtoniſhed at your ſudden Change of Sentiments; though I ſuppoſed, that you had your Reaſons for what you wrote. For granting that you did not perſuade, that you did not compel, me to undertake this Voyage, you certainly approved of it, upon Condition that I ſhould return to *Rome* by the firſt of *January*; and thus I was to be abſent from *Rome* while every Thing appeared peaceful, and drop into the very Criſis of Danger. But that Meaſure, though not quite prudent, is not, however, to be charged entirely upon you. In the firſt Place, becauſe it was the Reſult of my own Opinion; and in the next, becauſe, granting you had been my ſole Adviſer, a Friend is anſwerable only for his good Meaning in the Advice he gives.

I cannot, however, ſufficiently wonder at the following Paſſage of your Letter, "Return then, ſay you, you who are ſo fond of a glorious Death, return, for why ſhould you abandon your Country?" What! did I abandon her? Was you of that Opinion when we parted? You who not only conſented to, but approved of, my Departure. You go on in a ſtill more reproachful Strain, "I wiſh, ſay you, that you would draw me up an Apology, ſetting forth the Neceſſity of your Conduct." How! my *Atticus*, can my Conduct ſtand in Need

of

of an Apology, eſpecially to you who ſo wonderfully commended it? For my own Part I am not againſt compoſing ſuch an Apology to thoſe who oppoſed and diſſuaded my leaving *Italy*.—Yet after all, have I not dropt that Deſign, then what Occaſion have I to apologize? Perhaps you will tell me that my dropping it implies Levity. But let me tell you, that of all the numerous Authors who have treated that Subject, no Man of Senſe has affirmed a Change of Reſolution to be Levity.

You then proceed, "Had the Caſe been that of our Friend *Phædrus* (1), it had been eaſy to have made an Apology for him, but what can we ſay as the Caſe is yours?" A Meaſure therefore that does not come up to all the Rigour of Stoiciſm, muſt be flagitious and ſcandalous becauſe it is mine. I wiſh that had always been your way of Thinking: In this Caſe, as in all others, I would have appealed to you as to another *Cato* for the Rectitude of my Conduct. But your Expreſſion, in the Cloſe of your Letter is the moſt ſtinging of all. "For, ſay you, our Friend *Brutus* is ſilent." Meaning, (for I can find no other Meaning in your Words) that "he does not preſume to give Advice to one of my Age;" and I will fairly give you my Reaſons for my thinking ſo.

Brutus, who with his Squadron lay at the Mouth of the River *Heletes*, came immediately on foot to *Velia*, which is about three Miles, as ſoon as he underſtood of my Landing there. Good Heavens! how overjoyed he was at my Return, or rather my being put back. He then gave a full looſe to

(1) He was an Epicurean.

all

all he had concealed before, which puts me in Mind of your Expreſſion, "For our Friend *Brutus* is ſilent." Above all Things, he regretted my being abſent from the Senate the 1ſt of *Sextilis*. He extolled *Piſo* to the Skies, and expreſſed great Pleaſure in my having eſcaped two Subjects of ſtrong Reproach. The chief was that by my undertaking that Journey, I ſeemed to abandon the Public, becauſe I thought its State to be deſperate; and indeed I every Day met with the like Reproach from People with Tears in their Eyes, whom I could not convince of my Returning by the 1ſt of *January*. *Brutus*, and all his Company, which was very numerous, expreſſed themſelves to be highly pleaſed that I had eſcaped the ſecond Subject of Reproach, which was a general Belief that I was gone to ſee the *Olympian* Games. Had this Belief been well grounded, no Step could, at any Juncture, have been more ſcandalous, but at this, it would have been quite indefenſible. For my Part I cannot ſufficiently expreſs my Obligations to the Wind, which ſaved me from ſuch a Load of Infamy.

Such are my Patriot Reaſons for my Return, and they muſt be owned to be ſtrong and weighty. But no Reaſon was more ſtrong than what you hint at in another of your Letters. "If you owe any Money, ſay you, take Care to have ſufficient Funds for paying it, for the Apprehenſions of public Commotions are ſo ſtrong, that you cannot believe how hard it is to borrow Money." I read this Letter when I was in the Middle of the Sea, nor could I poſſibly conceive any other Way of taking the care you recommend, but by managing my own

Affairs

Affairs in Perſon. But enough of this; the reſt at Meeting.

Brutus ſhowed me *Antony*'s Edict, and their Anſwer to it, which I think is very finely drawn up. But I own myſelf at a Loſs to conceive what Purpoſe thoſe Edicts can ſerve, or what is their Meaning; nor do I intend, as *Brutus* ſuppoſed, by thus returning, to take any Lead in public Matters. For what can I, or any Man, do? Shew me the Senator who ſupported *Piſo*? Did he return to the Senate next Day? But I am told that, at my Years, a Man is not at Liberty to go far out of the Road to his Grave.

But what, I pray you, is in the News I had from *Brutus*, who told me that you Wife was afflicted with a paralytic Diſorder, and he gave your Letter to him for his Authority? This gave me ſenſible Concern, though *Brutus*, at the ſame Time, told me, you have wrote to him, that you hoped ſhe was Recovering. I ſincerely wiſh it may be ſo. Pray make my Compliments a thouſand Times to her and your dear *Attica*. I write this on the 19th on Ship board, as I approach near to *Pompeii*.

EPIST. VIII (1).

I Will let you know the Day of my propoſed Arrival in *Rome*, when I know it myſelf. I muſt wait for my heavy Baggage which is coming from *Anagnia*, and my Domeſtics are ſickly. The

(1) The laſt Letter was wrote in *Auguſt*, this in the Beginning of *November*, and in the intermediate Time our Author, on the 1ſt of *September*, pronounced his firſt Philippic in the Senate at *Rome*.

firſt

firſt of this Month in the Evening, I had a Letter from *Octavianus*, who forms mighty Projects. It is not at all ſurprizing that he has gained over to his Deſigns, the Veterans of (1) *Caſilinum* and *Calatia*, for he gives them five Pounds a Man; and he intends to make a Tour through all the other Colonies. There can be no Doubt that his Views are to act as Commander in Chief in a War againſt *Antony*; and therefore I foreſee that Hoſtilities will commence in a few Days. But what Party am I to follow? Conſider what a Name *Octavianus* has aſſumed; and think of his Youth; mean while he requires to have a ſecret Conference with me at, or near to, *Capua*. It is really childiſh if he imagines that ſuch a Conference can be kept a Secret, and I wrote to him that it neither was neceſſary nor practicable. His Meſſenger to me was one *Cæcina* of *Volaterra*, who is intimate with him and told me, that *Antony* was advancing with the Legion of the *Alaudæ* (2) towards *Rome*, that he had laid the Corporation Towns under Contribution, and that his Troops were marching in military Order. *Octavianus* wanted to know my Opinion, whether he ought to advance to *Rome*, with his three thouſand Veterans, or maintain *Capua* againſt *Antony*, or march towards the three *Macedonian* Legions who are advancing along the Shore of the *Adriatic*, and who he has good Reaſon to believe, are in his Intereſt. For, according to *Cæcina*, they refuſed the Money offered them by *Antony*, and after upbraid-

(1) It lies near to *Capua* upon the River *Vulturnus*, and *Calatia* lies about ſeven Miles to the Northward of it.

(2) This celebrated Legion was ſo called from a Kind of a Creſt which they wore reſembling a Lark.

ing

ing him ſtrongly, left him while he was haranguing them.

To make ſhort, *Octavianus* offers to be our Leader, and he depends upon my not abandoning him. I have taken upon me to adviſe him to advance to *Rome*; for, in my Opinion, he will there find the inferior Sort, and, if he ſtands to what he promiſes, even the Men of Property and Principle in his Intereſt. My *Brutus*, where are you? What an Opportunity are you loſing? This is an Event, which, if I did not preciſely foreſee, I partly conjecturd. And now I apply for your Counſel. Shall I come to *Rome*, or remain here, or, for Security, ſhall I fly to *Arpinum*. I prefer *Rome*, leſt, upon any Emergency, I ſhould be wanted. Reſolve me therefore in this; for never was I in greater Perplexity.

EPIST. IX.

I Have, in one Day, received two Letters from *Octavianus*, who now importunes me to repair inſtantly to *Rome*, where he ſays he will treat under the Sanction of the Senate. My Anſwer to him was, that the Senate cannot (and I believe ſo really) be aſſembled before the 1ſt of *January*. He adds, "I will be directed by you." In ſhort, he inſiſts, and I evade. I cannot truſt his Youth; I am ignorant of his Intentions, nor will I take a Step without your Friend *Panſa*. I am afraid of *Antony*'s prevailing. I am unwilling to leave the Sea-Coaſt; and I dread leſt any glorious Meaſure ſhould be executed in my Abſence. *Varro* diſlikes the Boy's Conduct; but I don't. He has a well appointed

Army, and he may join with *Decimus Brutus*. He proceeds openly, muſters his Troops at *Capua*, and pays them regularly. Now I ſee a War is inevitable, and at Hand. Write me your Opinion of all this. I am ſurprized, that my Letter-Carrier who left *Rome* the firſt of this Month, ſhould return without any Letter from you.

EPIST. X.

ON the 7th, I came to my Houſe at *Sinueſſa*. There was that Day, a current Report, that *Antony* was to lye at *Caſalinum*. I therefore have altered my Reſolution into that of going directly to *Rome* by the *Appian* Road. He might eaſily have come up with me; for he is ſaid to be a ſecond *Cæſar* for Activity. Therefore, at *Minturnæ* I ſtrike off towards *Arpinum*, intending to-morrow the 9th, to lye at *Aquinum* or *Arcanum*. Now, my *Atticus*, give your whole Attention to this Affair; for it is of great Importance to me. I have the Choice of three Things before me; to remain at *Arpinum*, to advance farther, or to go quite to *Rome*. I will do as you direct, but you muſt do it inſtantly. I am impatient for a Letter from you. Dated the 8th, from my Houſe at *Sinueſſa* in the Morning.

EPIST. XI.

ON the 5th, I received from you two Letters, the one dated the firſt of this Month, and the other the Day before. To begin therefore, with the

the oldeſt. I am glad you like my Oration, and perceive you have tranſplanted its Flowers, which, in my Eye, flouriſh more fair, through your Approbation; for I dread thoſe little red Daſhes of yours. You are in the Right as to *Sica*; but it was with Difficulty that I have contained myſelf. I ſhall therefore manage ſo, as to give no Affront either to *Sica*, or *Septimia*, only that the Sons of our Sons may know, in a Stile no Way ſarcaſtic (1), that he had Children by the Daughter of *Caius Fadius*; and I wiſh I could ſee the Day, when that Oration ſhould become ſo public as to find its Way even into the Houſe of *Sica* (2). But before we can ſee that, we muſt ſee the Times of the laſt Triumvirate reſtored (3); let me die, if your Joke upon that is not an excellent one.

Be ſure to read my Work to *Sextus*, and let me know his Opinion of it; for with me it outweighs that of a thouſand other Judges. Take care, that neither *Calenus* nor our bald Friend (4) be preſent. You ſay, you are afraid I may think you too loquacious. What! to me? How, what

(1) Orig. *Valo Lucilliano Lucilius* was a famous Satyriſt, but there ſeems to be a Corruption in the Reading, which, perhaps, ought to be, *Sine ſtilo Lucilliano*; the Matter alluded to here, relates to a Paſſage in our Author's ſecond Philippic, in which he reproaches *Antony*, for marrying and having Children by the Daughter of this *Fadius*, who had been a Slave; ſo there appears, to have been a Connection between him, and *Sica*, and *Septimia*, who were our Author's Friends.

(2) The ſecond Philippic was never actually pronounced, and was at this Time privately handed about, few People daring to diſoblige *Antony*.

(3) Meaning no Doubt the Triumvirate, of *Pompey*, *Cæſar*, and *Craſſus*, during which, great Liberties were taken both in ſpeaking and writing.

(4) Orig. *Calvena*, meaning *Matius*.

do you mean? ſo far from it, that as *Ariſtophanes* (1) ſaid of the Verſes of *Archilochus*, I always think your longeſt Letter the beſt. As to your giving me your Advice, I am ſo far from taking it amiſs, that I ſhould be glad, even if you cenſured me; becauſe the Cenſure of a Friend is attended both with Prudence and Affection. I therefore chearfully agree to your Corrections in the Paſſage you mention. I admit the Name of *Scipio* inſtead of that of *Rubrius* (2), and I will retrench the Overflow of *Dolabella*'s Praiſes. Yet, if I miſtake not, there is a fine Irony in the Paſſage, in which he is mentioned to have fought in three Battles againſt his Countrymen. I likewiſe prefer your Alteration of, *Quid indignius*, into *Indigniſſimum eſt hunc vivere*. I am glad that you are pleaſed with the Peplography of *Varro* (3), from whom I have not been able to draw that Work of his in the Manner of *Heraclides*. You exhort me to write, and in this you act as a Friend; but, let me tell you, I do nothing elſe. Your Indiſpoſition gives me Pain; I beg, that you will obſerve your uſual regular Regimen. It rejoyces me, that my Treatiſe on old Age has been of any Service to you. The *Anagnians* I mentioned to you in my ſecond Philippic (4), are *Muſtella*, who is a fencing Maſter, and *Laco*, who is an eminent Drunkard. I will retouch and ſend you the Book you want of me.

(1) He was a Grammarian.

(2) Theſe Corrections refer to our Author's ſecond Philippic, which the Reader may conſult.

(3) We are at a Loſs to know the real Meaning of this Word; in all Probability it was a Work, in which ſome very eminent Men were either the Subjects, or the Interlocutors.

(4) *Viz.* In the ſecond Philippic, which at its firſt Appearance contain'd only the Names of thoſe Perſons.

I now

I now come to anſwer your ſecond Letter. My Treatiſe concerning Duties, of which *Panætius* has likewiſe written, conſiſts of two Books; his, of three. But his firſt Diviſion, relates to the Manners of examining a Duty which, he ſays, are three. Our firſt Deliberation, according to him is, whether the Thing is virtuous, or ſcandalous; the next, whether it is advantageous, or prejudicial; and laſtly, when Virtue cannot be reconciled to Utility, how we are to reſolve. For Inſtance, the Caſe of *Regulus*. His Honour commanded his Return to *Carthage*, his Safety bad him ſtay at *Rome*. *Panætius* has given us a noble Treatiſe on the two firſt Heads, and promiſed to treat of the laſt; but he never did it. *Poſſidonius* continued his Work, and I have both ſent for his Treatiſe, and have written to *Athenodorus Calvus* (1), to ſend me its Contents, which I am now looking for; and I beg, that you will earneſtly exhort him to ſend it by the firſt Opportunity. It treats of Duties, which vary according to Circumſtances. You aſk me about the Title. At preſent I am quite ſatisfied that our Word *Officium* anſwers to the *Greek* καθηκον, unleſs you can ſuggeſt ſomewhat elſe; but the Title will run more full if made *de officiis*. My addreſſing it to my Son, is, I think, by no Means, amiſs.

You have quite cleared up to me that Affair of *Myrtelus*.—How you always paint out thoſe Fellows!—A Curſe upon them! and do they lay ſuch Traps for *Decimus Brutus*? I have not, as I mentioned in mine, as yet ſhut myſelf up in *Pompeii*; in the firſt Place, as nothing can be more uncomfortable than the Weather has been, and in

(1) He as well as *Panætius* was a ſtoic Philoſopher.

the next Place, becauſe every Day I have Letters from *Octavianus* inviting me to take upon me the Direction of his Affairs, to come to *Capua*, and again to ſave the State. He propoſes himſelf to march directly to *Rome*.---I

Bluſh to refuſe, and to accept it fear (1).

Mean while, his Inſtances have been, and ſtill are, very ſtrenuous. He is to march into *Rome* with a ſtrong Body of Troops; but he is no better than a Boy; he imagines that the Senate will inſtantly aſſemble.—But who will attend? And ſhould any attend, who, in this unſettled State of Affairs, will venture to attack *Antony*? By the 1ſt of *January*, *Octavianus* may perhaps ſecure the Freedom of the Senate; or, perhaps there may be a Battle in the intermediate Time. Our Corporation Towns are wonderfully in the Boy's Intereſt; for in going to *Samnium* he ſtopt at *Cales*, and lay at *Theanum* (2). You cannot believe, what a Reſort there was to him, and what Encouragement he met with. Could you have imagined this? This will bring me to *Rome* ſooner than I purpoſed. I will write to you when my Reſolution is fixed: *Eros* is not yet arrived, and therefore I have not ſeen the Agreement you mention; yet I beg that you would finiſh that Affair by the 12th. I could, to better Purpoſe, ſend Letters to *Catina*, *Taurominium*, and *Syracuſe* (3), if *Valerius*, the Linguiſt, would ſend me the Names of the moſt popular Men in thoſe Parts; for Intereſt is a very fluctuating Matter, and moſt of my

(1) This Line is from *Homer*, *Vide* Vol. 1. p. 414.
(2) Theſe were two Towns of *Campania*.
(3) Theſe were the chief Cities of *Sicily*.

Intimates

Intimates there are dead. I have, however, written ſome general Letters, which *Valerius* may deliver, or he muſt ſend me the Names I want. *Balbus* has informed me of the Holy-Days marked by *Lepidus*, and I have leave of Abſence to the 29th. I look for a Letter from you, and I ſuppoſe, by the Time that this reaches you, that you will be no Stranger to that trifling Affair of *Torquatus*.

I have ſent you my Brother's Letter, that you may be ſenſible how very fond he is of his Son, and what Pain it gives him that you are not fond of him likewiſe. Give your Daughter a Kiſs for me as ſhe is ſo merry, which in young Folks is an excellent Sign. Adieu.

EPIST. XII.

I Have ſent you a Copy of *Oppius*'s Letter, becauſe it is ſo very genteel. As you demur concerning the Affair of *Ocella*, without writing me any Thing about it, I have even come to a Reſolution within myſelf. Therefore I think of being at *Rome* on the 12th. It is more proper for me to be there, though there ſhould be no Occaſion for my Preſence, than to be abſent if there ſhould; not to mention, that, I am under ſome Apprehenſions of the Roads being beſet. There is nothing now to hinder *Antony*'s Approach; though various are the Reports that run, and ſome of them ſuch as I wiſh to be true; but we know nothing certain. Be that, however, as it will, it is better for me to be with you, than to be in this undetermined State of Mind, while we are ſeparated, and that too upon your Account as well as mine. But what ſhall I

ſay?—Let us have good Courage. How very witty you are upon that Heraclidian Work of *Varro*. Never did any Thing give me ſo great Pleaſure; but we will talk of that, and other more weighty Matters, when we meet.

EPIST. XIII.

WHAT a wonderful Chance it was? On the 8th, having, before it was light, left my Houſe at *Sinueſſa*, and come, by break of Day, to the Bridge of *Minturnæ*, where the Road ſtrikes off to *Arpinum*, your Expreſs met me at the very Time when I was thinking of ſetting out on a grand Tour of Travels (1).—Have you got any Letters from *Atticus*?--Let me have them,--quick! ſaid I, without reflecting that I could not yet ſee to read, having ordered the Flambeaux to be put out (2), nor was there yet enough of Day-light. But when it grew light, your Letter, which was firſt dated of the two, was firſt read to me. May I periſh if I write not as I think, when I tell you,

(1) *Orig.* δολιχὸν πλόον ὁρμαίνοντα. *De longa navigatione deliberante.* This alludes to a Paſſage of *Homer*'s *Odyſſe*, where *Neſtor* tells *Telemachus*, that *Menelaus* had joined him, and ſome other Princes at *Leſbos*, juſt at the Time when they were conſulting whither they ſhould ſteer their Courſe, above, or below, the Iſland of *Chios*. *Cicero* adopts this Paſſage of *Homer* to expreſs his being in ſome Doubt, whether he ſhould go to *Rome*, directly by the *Appian* Road, or go round by *Arpinum*. The Application of *Homer*'s Lines, was ſo very familiar to the learned Men of Antiquity, that *Atticus* could be at no Loſs for the Application here. But it is probable, that he himſelf had firſt thrown out the Hint to our Author.

(2) This is a very natural Picture of the Abſence of Mind that is incident to the greateſt of Men through Affection or Anxiety.

that

that nothing can come up to its Elegance, nor did I ever read any Thing more genteely turned. I will therefore come whither you call me, provided you aid me with your Counſels. But, at firſt Sight, I thought nothing could be more abſurd, than for you to write to me in ſuch a Strain, in Anſwer to the Letter I ſent you, begging your Advice; when behold another Letter, in a poetic Strain, giving me the Hint to go to *Arpinum*, by Mount *Appenin* (1).—That Night therefore I lay at *Arpinum*, after a dreary Journey through bad Roads. Next Morning as I was ſetting out I wrote thus far.

P. S. It is very inconvenient for me (2), that *Eros*'s Letters oblige me to ſend *Tiro* to *Rome*. He will himſelf inform you of the Affair; do you conſider how he is to proceed. Beſides, I hope you will frequently write to me whether I ought to go further from *Rome*, or come nearer to it; for I ſhould wiſh rather to be at *Tuſculum*, or ſome where in the Out-ſkirts of the City. You will have daily Conveyances to me. Now while I am abſent from you, it is difficult for me to ſend you any Opinion as to what you want to know, or how I think you ought to proceed. All I can ſay is, that if the two Parties are pretty equally matched, we ought to lye by; if they are not, public Deſtruction will ſpread, firſt over our Order, and then over

(1) *Orig.* παρ' ἠιμόεντα Μίμαντα, Νήσῳ ἐπὶ Ψυρίης. *Appiam.* ἐπ' ἀριστερ' ἔχοντα. *Præter ventoſam Mimanta Inſulam ad Pſyriam, ſiniſtra habentem.* This Verſe is from *Homer* likewiſe, in a Continuation of the former Alluſion.

(2) I have thrown what follows this into the Form of a Poſtſcript, but it is uncertain, whether it is not a quite different Letter.

all.

all. I am impatient to know your Reſolution. I dread being abſent from *Rome*, if it would do me more Credit to be there; yet I dare not venture. I now hear Accounts of *Antony*'s Marches, very different from what I have written above. I beg therefore you will clear up all thoſe Matters, and let me have ſome Certainty.

What can I ſay as to other Matters?—I am quite on fire to begin this Hiſtory; for you cannot imagine how ſtrongly I am affected by the Encouragement you have given me. But I can neither begin, nor compleat it, without your Aſſiſtance; we muſt therefore reſerve this Subject till we meet. Mean while I beg you will let me know in a Letter, under what Cenſors, *Caius Fannius*, the Son of *Marcus*, was Tribune of the Commons. I think I have heard he was under *Publius Africanus* and *Lucius Mummius*. Pray ſet me right, if I am miſtaken. I beg you will write me certain and true Accounts of all public Occurrences. Dated the 11th from my Houſe near *Arpinum*.

EPIST. XIV.

I Really have nothing to write to you; for when I was at *Puteoli*, I daily heard ſome News concerning *Octavianus*, and many Lies concerning *Antony*. In Anſwer to your Letters, three of which I received on the 11th, I entirely agree with you, that ſhould *Octavianus* come into Power, the Acts of *Cæſar* will receive a firmer Sanction than they did in the Temple of *Tellus*; and this will turn out to the Diſadvantage of *Brutus*. But ſhould *Octavianus*

vianus be worſted, you will find *Antony* an intolerable Tyrant; thus, one does not know which to wiſh for.

What a Raſcal was that Meſſenger of *Seſtius*, for promiſing to be at *Rome* the Day after he left *Putéoli!* You adviſe me to proceed ſoft and fair, and I agree with you, though I had ſome Thoughts of doing otherwiſe. The Examples of *Philippus* and *Marcellus* (1) make no Impreſſion upon me. Their Motives either are, or ſeem to be, different from mine. Young *Cæſar* has abundance of Spirit; yet he has no great Weight. Mean while, you will conſider whether it will not be convenient for me to be at *Tuſculum*, where I can live with more Freedom, and be well informed of every Thing that paſſes, or whether I ought not to remain here till *Antony*'s Arrival at *Rome*.

But to paſs from one Thing to another, I have no Manner of Doubt that our Word *officium* anſwers to the *Greek* Word Καθηκον. As to your Doubt whether that Word can be properly applied to public Matters, do we not ſay *Conſulum officium*, *Senatus officium?* I think it a very proper Word, unleſs you can furniſh me with one that is more ſo. Your ill News of the Death of *Nepos*'s Son, by Heavens, gives me great Concern and Affliction. I was quite ignorant that he had a Son. I have loſt *Caninius*, who, I ſpeak for myſelf, was by no Means an ungrateful Perſon. You have no need to preſs *Athenodorus*; for he hath ſent me a Memo-

(1) Both thoſe Noblemen were nearly related to young *Cæſar*, the firſt being his Father-in-Law, and the latter his Brother-in-Law, notwithſtanding which, they had not broken off all Meaſures with *Antony*.

rial

rial which is politely enough drawn up. I beg you would employ all Kinds of Remedies for your Indiſpoſition. Our (1) Nephew has written to my Son, that, upon the 5th of *December*, (the Aniverſary Day, which was ſo glorious for (2) me) he will lay open, before the People, the whole Affair of the Temple of *Ops*. You will learn what he means, and let me know by a Letter. I expect to have the Opinion of *Sextus* upon my Oration.

EPIST. XV.

YOU are not to imagine that, becauſe I am lazy, I make uſe of another Perſon's Hand in writting to you; and yet, upon my Oath, I have no other Excuſe to offer but Lazineſs. Mean while, I think I can, in your Letters, trace out the Hand Writing of *Alexis*; but to come to Buſineſs. Had not *Dolabella* behaved to me like an arrant Scoundrel, I might have been in ſome Heſitation, whether I ſhould deal gently or rigorouſly with him. But now I am overjoyed, that I have an Opportunity of making him, and all the World, ſenſible, that I have no Affection for him, and I will publicly avow that I hate him, both on my own Account, and my Country's; becauſe, after I had perſuaded him to eſpouſe her Cauſe, he not only abandoned it for a Bribe, but did all he could to ruin it.

(1) *Orig. Quintus ævi tui pronepos, ſcribit ad patris me Nepotem.* We have already ſeen Inſtances of this whimſical Way of Writing, which, more than probable, was owing to ſome private Piece of Humour in *Atticus*, which is not now to be accounted for.

(2) By his putting to death the Accomplices in *Catiline*'s Conſpiracy.

You

You aſk me, what I would have done, when the Day of Payment comes (1). In the firſt Place, I wiſh that Matters were ordered ſo, as that I could, without any Inconveniency, be at *Rome* in Perſon, but in this, as in all other Matters, I will be guided by your Judgment. However, in the Main, I would have him brought to a ſtrict and rigorous Account. I think, we cannot without bluſhing call upon his Sureties, but I wiſh you would conſider this Matter; for we can call upon his Sureties by his Managers, who will not ſtand a Trial. I am ſenſible, by this Means, that the Sureties cannot be affected by this Action; but I think, it will be ſcandalous in him, if his Managers ſhould not pay a Debt, for which he himſelf has engaged Sureties; and it is inconſiſtent with my Reputation to ſhow any vindictive Acrimony againſt him, in reclaiming my Property. I beg you will let me know your Sentiments on this Matter in writing; and I make no Doubt, that it will be managed with great Moderation. I now return to public Matters.

I have, it is true, ſeen many Proofs of your profound Skill in Politics, but none beyond your laſt Letter, where you ſay, "Though at preſent, the Boy makes a gallant Oppoſition to *Antony*; yet we ought to wait the Event;" but what a Harangue has he made (2) to the People! for it was ſent to me. He there ſwears, "ſo, ſays he, may I attain the Honours of my Parent," ſtretching forth

(1) All this relates to a Debt due to our Author by *Dolabella*, as the Arrears of *Tullia*'s Portion, which the Latter ought to have refunded when he divorced her.

(2) *Viz.* In the Temple of *Caſtor* and *Pollux*.

his right Hand at the ſame Time, to the Statue of *Cæſar*. No, no ſuch Saviours for me (1). But, as you write, the trueſt Touch-ſtone of his Intentions will be, when *Caſca* (2) comes to take upon him the Tribuneſhip. I delivered the ſame Opinion to *Oppius*; for when he preſſed me to declare without any Reſerve for the young Man and his Intereſts, and for his Body of Veterans, I told him, I could by no Means do that, till I was quite ſatisfied that ſo far from oppoſing, he would befriend, the Tyrannicides. When *Oppius* told me, that *Octavius* would do ſo, "then, Where, ſaid I, is the Hurry of my declaring myſelf, ſince he can have no Occaſion for my Aſſiſtance before the firſt of *January*? Now, we can be quite convinced of his Intentions, by the 13th of *December*, from his Behaviour in the Affair of *Caſca*. *Oppius* agreed to all I ſaid. I have therefore little more to write to you on this Head; only, that you will every Day have Opportunity of writing to me; and I believe, every Day will preſent you with ſomething freſh to write. I have ſent you a Copy of *Lepta*'s Letter, by which it appears to me, that the Bully (3) is quite beat out of his Guard. But you ſhall read it, and judge for yourſelf.

After this Letter was ſealed up, I received one from you, and another from *Sextus*, and nothing can be more agreeable or affectionate than his is. As to yours, it was ſhort, though the former a very full one. You adviſe me like a Man of Senſe,

(1) *Orig.* μηδὲ σωθείην ὑπόγε τοιούτῳ. *Ne ſalvus quidem ſim a tali.*

(2) He gave the firſt Blow, in the Murder of *Cæſar*. Notwithſtanding which *Octavius* did not oppoſe his being Tribune.

(3) *Orig.* στρατύλλαξ, *de gradu dejectus*. Meaning *Antony*.

and

and a Friend, to remain where I am, 'till I hear of the Event of our preſent public Commotions. But, my *Atticus*, it is not, indeed it is not, any public Conſideration that determines me at preſent. For though the public is, and ought to be to me, the deareſt Object of my Love; yet *Hippocrates* forbids us to apply Medicine when the Diſeaſe is deſperate. Adieu therefore to public Matters. What affects me, is the State of my private Affairs, nay, a Regard to my Honour; for though my Funds are ſo large, I have not yet been able to pay to *Terentia* what I owe her. But why do I talk of that? You know, it is ſome Time ſince I promiſed to pay for *Montanus* two hundred Pounds (1). My Son, in the moſt genteel Manner, begg'd that Favour of me, and ſaid, he would look upon it as done to himſelf. Knowing, that it would be agreeable to you, I promiſed it moſt readily, and ordered *Eros* to lay by the Money; but he was ſo far from doing it, that *Aurelius* was obliged to raiſe it at a moſt exorbitant Intereſt.

As to *Terentia*'s Debt, I underſtand by a Letter from *Tyro*, that you ſay, the Money owing me from *Dolabella* will anſwer that. He has a miſtaken Underſtanding, if I may be allowed the Expreſſion of your Words, or rather, he does not underſtand them at all; for you wrote me the Anſwer of *Cocceius*, on that Head, and I had a Letter from *Eros*, to the ſame Purpoſe. I muſt therefore, come to *Rome*, if I ſhould drop even in the midſt of the Conflagration. For it is more glorious to die with my Country, than by myſelf. Therefore, under this

(1) *Vide*, Vol. II. Page 97, and 98.

Conſuſion

Confuſion of Mind, it is impoſſible for me to anſwer with my uſual Serenity, the other Matters mentioned in your moſt affectionate Letter to me.

I beg you will take Care that I may be extricated from my preſent Situation. Several Expedients for that Purpoſe occur to myſelf. But believe me, I can fix poſitively upon none till I ſee you.

EPIST. XVI.

I HAVE read your moſt agreeable Letter, and ſend you a Copy of what I have written to *Plancus*, I ſhall know from *Tyro* himſelf, what paſſed between you and him. You will deal more earneſtly with your Siſter, once you have gained ſome Reſpite from your own Buſineſs.

Cicero *to* Plancus *Prætor, wiſheth Health.*

I AM entirely ſenſible, how gladly you would embrace an Opportunity of obliging *Atticus*. Not to mention, that I believe you to be ſo much my Friend, that very few excel you in your Regard and Affection for me. A ſtrong, an old, and a virtuous Friendſhip, ſubſiſted between your Father and me; and it is continued, with great Improvements, in the great Regard you expreſs for me; to which mine for you is in all Reſpects anſwerable. You are no Stranger to the Affair of *Buthrotum*, it being a Subject which I have often treated of, and fully explained to you. Its preſent Situation is as follows.

As

As ſoon as it was underſtood, that the Lands of *Buthrotum* were to be planted with Soldiers, *Atticus* was ſo much alarmed by it, that he drew up a Remonſtrance which he put into my Hands to give to *Cæſar*, with whom I was to ſup that Evening. I accordingly preſented it to *Cæſar*; who approved of its Contents, and ſignified in a Letter to *Atticus*, that he ſought no more than what was juſt, cautioning him at the ſame Time, that the *Buthrotians* ſhould pay their Arrears the Moment that they became due. *Atticus*, from the Zeal he had to preſerve their State, laid down the Money for them out of his own Pocket. This being done, we went to *Cæſar*, whom we addreſſed in the Name of the *Buthrotians*, and he gave us a full Decree in their Favour, which was atteſted by ſeveral Perſons of the higheſt Rank. As Matters ſtood upon this Footing, I own, that I was a good deal ſurpriſed, that *Cæſar* ſhould ſuffer thoſe who hunted after the *Buthrotian* Lands, to hold their Meetings; nay, that he ſhould appoint you to have the chief Direction in that Affair. I therefore talked to him upon it ſo often, and in ſuch a Manner, that he uſed to reproach me, for having ſo mean an Opinion of his Reſolution. At the ſame Time, he aſſured *Marcus Meſſala*, and *Atticus* himſelf, that they might be quite eaſy on that Head; and he gave the ſtrongeſt Intimations, (for you know how delicate he was in Point of Popularity) that he was unwilling to do any Thing to ruffle the Temper of the Soldiery, while they were in *Italy*; but that as ſoon as they got beyond Seas, he would take care that they ſhould be ſettled in other Lands. The Affair ſtood thus at his Death. When that happened,

pened, as ſoon as the Conſuls by a Reſolution of the Senate, aſſumed a judicial Capacity upon the Validity of *Cæſar*'s Acts, the State of this Affair, as I have repreſented it to you, was laid before them. They, without the leaſt Heſitation, approved of all that had been done, and they ſaid, that they would write to you upon that Subject.

Now, my dear *Plancus*, though I am convinced, that you will pay great Regard to the Reſolution of the Senate, to the Law, to the Decree, and to the Letter of the Conſuls; and though I am convinced of your Willingneſs to oblige *Atticus* himſelf in this Affair, yet I preſume ſo far upon the Intimacy and Friendſhip that ſubſiſts between us, as to beg, as a Favour, the Thing which your matchleſs good Nature, and Politeneſs of Manners, would not ſuffer you to deny. The Favour is this, that you would chearfully, unreſervedly, and immediately do, what I know you would do, were no Perſon to ſolicit you.

No Man ſtands with me upon better Terms of Friendſhip, Company, and Affection, than *Atticus* does. His private Intereſt was deeply engaged in this Affair before, but now it concerns his Reputation likewiſe, that he may make good by your Aſſiſtance, what he had before with great Pains and Intereſt obtained, both in *Cæſar*'s Time, and after his Death. Should he ſucceed in this by your Means, you may depend upon it, my Senſe of your Generoſity ſhall be ſuch, that I ſhall think myſelf indiſpenſibly bound to acknowledge the Greatneſs of the Favour. I ſhall be ready always with the greateſt Zeal and Readineſs, to ſerve you in all your Concerns. Adieu.

Cicero

Cicero *to* Plancus *Prætor, wiſheth Health.*

IT is ſome time ſince I requeſted you by a Letter, to give your Aſſiſtance in the Affair of the *Buthrotians*, which was confirmed by the Conſuls, who had Authority both by the Law, and a Reſolution of the Senate, to examine, reſolve, and judge, upon the Acts of *Cæſar*; and that you would deliver from Uneaſineſs, our Friend *Atticus*, for whom I know, you have a Kindneſs, and myſelf, who am, as anxious, as he is, about this Affair. Now that all Points of it have been ſettled here with great Care, Application, and Difficulty, it depends upon you to put a ſpeedy Period to all our Anxiety. Mean while, we are convinced, that a Man of your good Senſe, muſt ſee the great and general Confuſion, that muſt enſue, if no Regard ſhall be paid to the Decrees of the Conſuls, which paſſed upon the Acts of *Cæſar*. It is true, a great many of them were not confirmed, as many of them muſt have been done in a great Hurry of Buſineſs, yet I always was a keen Advocate for them, for the Sake of Peace and Tranquility. Now, though this Letter is not meant to perſwade, but to petition, you, yet I am of Opinion, that you ought to be in the ſame Way of thinking. Therefore, my dear *Plancus*, I beg, nay, let me periſh, if I do not even entreat, you, with as much Zeal, with as much Fervour of Mind, as I am capable of feeling, that through this whole Affair, you will ſo manage, ſo behave, and ſo conclude, as not only to expreſs your Aquieſcence, but even your Joy, at our having gained what we have gained from the Conſuls, without the leaſt Heſitation, through the meer Juſtice and Equity of our Cauſe. This will

be a freſh Proof of thoſe Aſſurances of Friendſhip for *Atticus*, which you often expreſſed to him in Perſon, and likewiſe to me; and it will be a farther Inducement for me, who have been always your Friend, through my own Inclination, and the Regard I had for your Father, to own that you laid me under the ſtrongeſt Obligations. I therefore, again and again, in the moſt earneſt Manner, beg your Compliance.

Cicero *to his Friend* Capito, *wiſheth Health.*

NEVER did I think the Time would come, that I ſhould apply to you as a Suppliant. But I proteſt, I am glad to have this Opportunity of making Proof of your Affection for me. You know, how great my Regard is for *Atticus*. As you love me, do me the Favour for my Sake to forget, that when one of his Friends, but an Enemy to you, was engaged in an Affair, upon which his Reputation depended, *Atticus* embraced his Intereſt. Your good Nature in the firſt Place, is engaged to forgive this, for every Man ought to defend his own Friends; in the next Place, I conjure you, ſetting all Conſideration of *Atticus* aſide, to grant this Favour without any Reſerve, to your old *Cicero*, for whom you uſed to avow your Friendſhip, that I may have a full Proof of that great Affection which I always believed you entertained for me.

After *Cæſar*, by his Decree, which was atteſted by me, and many other Noblemen of the firſt Rank, had entirely pardoned the *Buthrotians*, and intimated to us, that as ſoon as the Soldiers, to whom the Lands had been aſſigned, were gone beyond Sea, he

he would ſend a Letter, marking out the Settlements which they were to poſſeſs, it happened unexpectedly, that he was diſpatched out of the World. You was preſent when the Conſuls were obliged by a Reſolution of the Senate to ſit in Judgment on the Acts of *Cæſar*. Therefore, you can be no Stranger to what afterwards happened, and that their Conſideration of this Affair, was adjourned to the firſt of *June*. The Reſolution of the Senate was ſtrengthned, by a Law paſt the 12th of the ſame Month, giving to the Conſuls the Cognizance of all Matters, that *Cæſar* had intended, decreed, or executed. The Cauſe of the *Buthrotians* was brought before them; and many of *Cæſar*'s Exhibits were produced; at the ſame Time, the Conſuls, according to the Meaning of *Cæſar*'s Intention, made a Rule in Favour of the *Buthrotians*, and *Plancus* was entruſted with the Execution of it.

Now, dear *Capito*, as I am ſenſible of your uſual Influence over all with whom you are concerned, and far more, with a Man ſo very obliging and good natured as *Plancus* is, exert all your Endeavours, all your Efforts, or rather all your wining Arts, to effectuate that *Plancus*, whom I believe to be the beſt of Men, may be rendered ſtill better by your Interpoſition.

The plain State of the Affair, ſeems to be, that without obliging any Man, *Plancus* has Diſcernment and good Senſe enough, without Heſitation, to ſupport the Decree of the Conſuls, who had the Authority both of the Law and Senate's Reſolution, to examine, and determine in this Affair; eſpecially, as the Authority of *Cæſar*'s Acts, will become doubtful, ſhould their Power of Cognizance

nizance thus eſtabliſhed, be weakened, and as not only they who are intereſted, but as they who condemn them, are willing to confirm them, for the Sake of public Tranquility. Though the Matter ſtands in this ſtrong Light, yet ſtill, it will do Service to *Plancus*, to defend our Suit chearfully, and readily. This he certainly will do, if you apply thoſe Powers of yours, which I have often experienced, and thoſe engaging Arts, in which I know you are matchleſs; that you will do this, is my moſt earneſt Requeſt.

Cicero *to* Caius Cupiennius, *wiſheth Health.*

I HAD the greateſt Eſteem for your Father, and he had the greateſt Regard and Affection for me; nor I aſſure you, did I ever doubt that you love me, for I have always loved you. I therefore, inſiſt upon it in the ſtrongeſt Manner, that you will relieve the *Buthrotians*, and endeavour that our Friend *Plancus*, may immediately confirm and execute the Decree which the Conſuls made in Favour of the *Buthrotians*, when they had a Power of regulating that Affair, both by a Law, and a Reſolution of the Senate. My dear *Cupiennius*, I again, and again, entreat you to do me this Favour.

Cicero *to* Plancus *Prætor*, *wiſheth Health.*

I ASK your Pardon, for writing to you ſo often upon the Affair of the *Buthrotians*, after explaining it ſo fully to you in my former Letters. This, my dear Friend, does not proceed from any Diſtruſt I have either of your Generoſity, or our Friendſhip.

Friendſhip. But an Affair, of very great Conſequence to our Friend *Atticus* is in Agitation; nay, it concerns his Reputation, that the World ſhould know he is able to obtain, that which *Cæſar* granted in my hearing, and was witneſſed by my Hand, when I was preſent both when *Cæſar* made his Decrees and ſignified his Intentions; eſpecially, as it is now abſolutely in your Power, I will not ſay barely to execute, but to execute zealouſly and chearfully, the Decrees which the Conſuls made in Confirmation of *Cæſar*'s Decrees and Orders. Nothing can poſſibly do me greater Pleaſure, than your Compliance with this Requeſt.

I am, it is true, in Hopes, that before you receive this Letter, you have complied with the Contents of my former ones, but I will never forbear ſoliciting you, until I am informed, that you have actually done it; which I wait with the greateſt Impatience to hear, and then, I hope my Letters to you, ſhall run in a different Strain, I mean, that of returning you Thanks, for your very great Favour. Should that happen, I aſſure you, that the Obligation will not lie ſo much upon *Atticus*, whoſe Intereſt is greatly concerned in this Affair, as upon me, who now take an equal Concern in its Succeſs. Adieu.

Cicero *to* Capito, *wiſheth Health.*

I MAKE no Doubt, that you are ſurpriſed, and even piqued, at my ſoliciting you ſo often upon the ſame Subject; but the Intereſt of *Atticus*, the deareſt, and in every Reſpect, the moſt intimate of my Friends, is deeply concerned in it. I am ſenſible of your Zeal to ſerve your Friends,

and of their Zeal to ſerve you. You can aſſiſt us greatly with *Plancus*. I know your good Nature, and I know how well pleaſed your Friends are to oblige you, and no-body can ſerve us in this Affair more than you can. Our Cauſe is perfectly well grounded, and reſts upon a Decree of the Conſuls, confirming *Cæſar*'s Meaſure, when both by a Law and a Reſolution of the Senate, they took his Acts under their Cognizance. But we are convinced, that the whole Matter now depends upon the Generoſity of your Friend *Plancus*. And we hope, that in Conſideration of your kind Interpoſition, and of the public Good, he will confirm the Decree of the Conſuls, as well as from a Willingneſs to oblige me. Lend us therefore, my dear *Capito*, your helping Hand. I beg it again, and again, in the moſt earneſt Manner. Farewel.

FINIS.

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